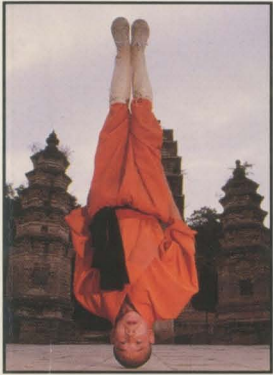


WARNING: contains material that could offend

BIZARRE

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June 1998 £2.60



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POLICE REPORT

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Time: 16.28 hrs

Injuries: None

Driver's Statement:

"I was just trying a hard right, like turn 12 of the Swedish stage in V-Rally. My car never does that".

GMP/RTA/R11-675



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BIZARRE

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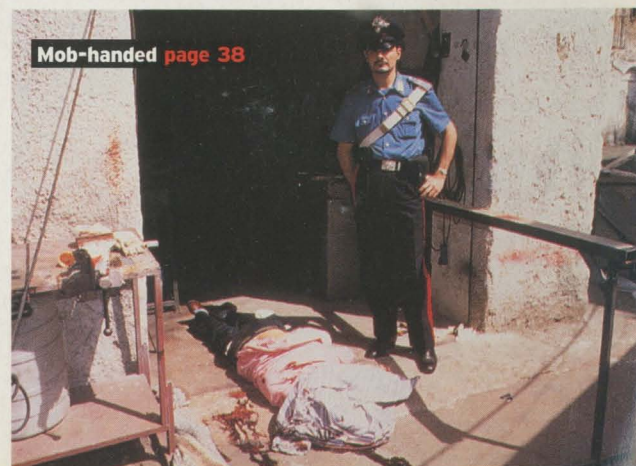
THE BIZARRE QUESTION:

WHAT'S THE MADDEST BAND YOU'VE EVER SEEN?

FIONA JEROME (editor): Nina Hagen
MICHAEL BOOTH (art director): The Mini Pops or the Mentalists
JAMES WALLIS (managing editor): Laibach
MARK BLACKLOCK (associate editor): Flowered Up
MIKE TROW (picture editor): U2 - they were shit; I was mad
CATHI UNSWORTH (sub-editor): Jake Vegas
KATHY POOLE (admin assistant): Shakin' Stevens



Divine page 32



Mob-handed page 38



Unhyena-genic

ON THE OUTSKIRTS of Harer in Ethiopia, the Hyena Man reaches the climax of a weekly ritual with the spotted carnivore that is his people's sacred animal. For half an hour he calls them by the names he has given them, and once around 20 of the beasts have assembled, feeds them putrefied meat by hand and mouth, and play-fights with them.

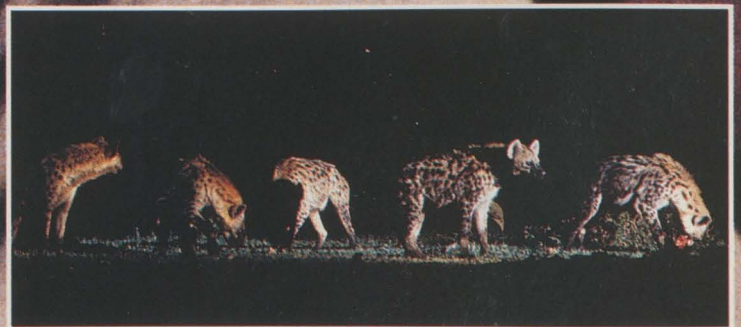
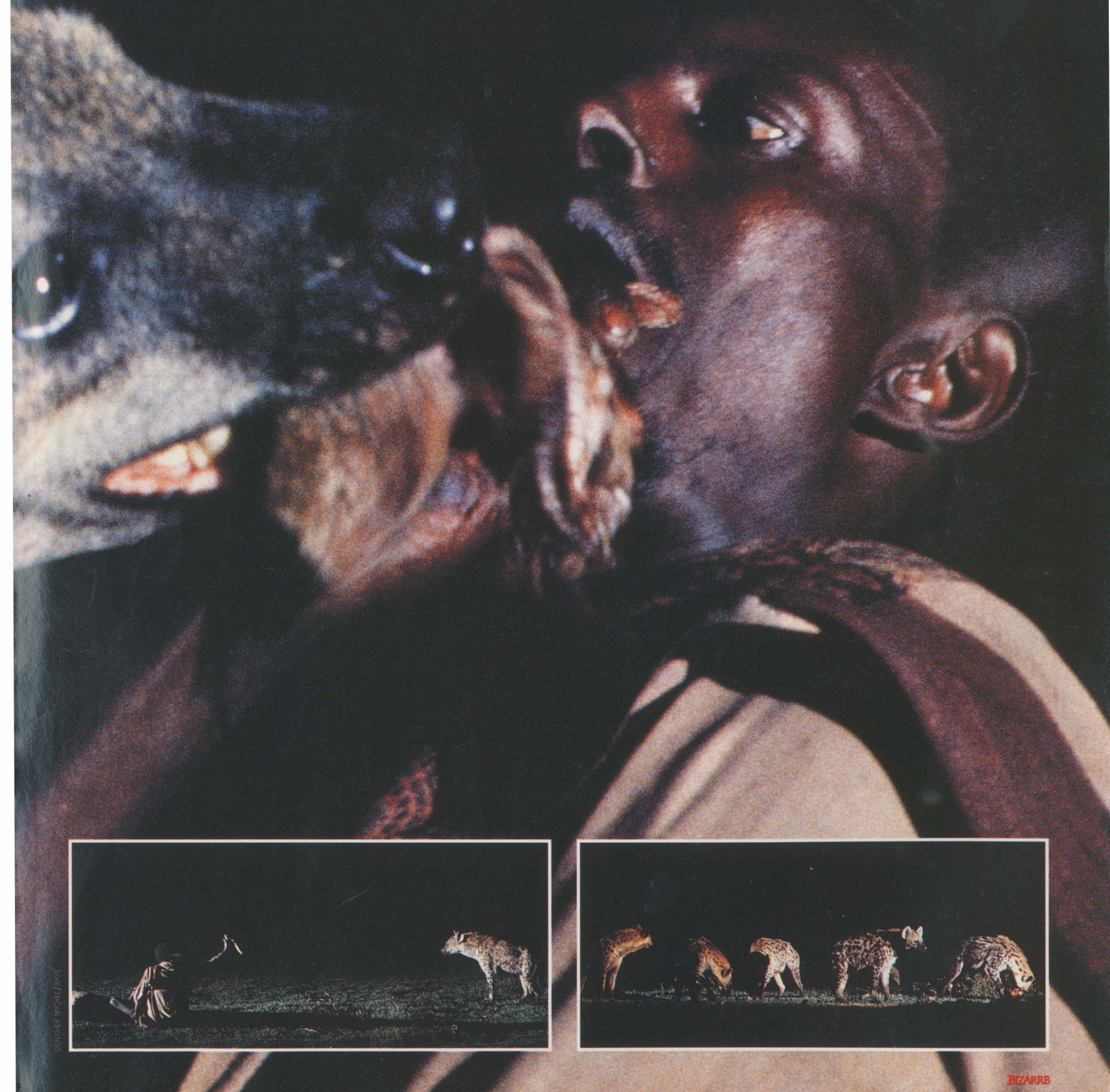
Hyenas have been the totem animal of the Harer region since the Middle Ages, when they cleared the land of the corpses of plague victims and the dead left by other epidemics that swept the country at the time. Today the hyenas still enjoy the freedom of the city. The succession of weekly feeding rituals climaxes with an annual Hyena Festival, in which all the villages in the region participate in a huge feast, and the left-overs are fed to the animals. The more hyenas that attend, the better the omens for the next year.

Despite Harer's reverence for them, hyenas are considered to be witches' familiars in most of Africa. The creatures have never enjoyed a particularly good reputation anywhere; Europeans associate them with sexual perversion, mainly because the male and female have very similar sex organs which look like aroused penises, and mount each other frequently as a greeting rite. They are also generally thought of as scavengers, although hyenas are actually also adept hunters with jaws so powerful that they can support their own weight whilst hanging off prey. Which really gives them something to laugh about.



BIZARRE IMAGES

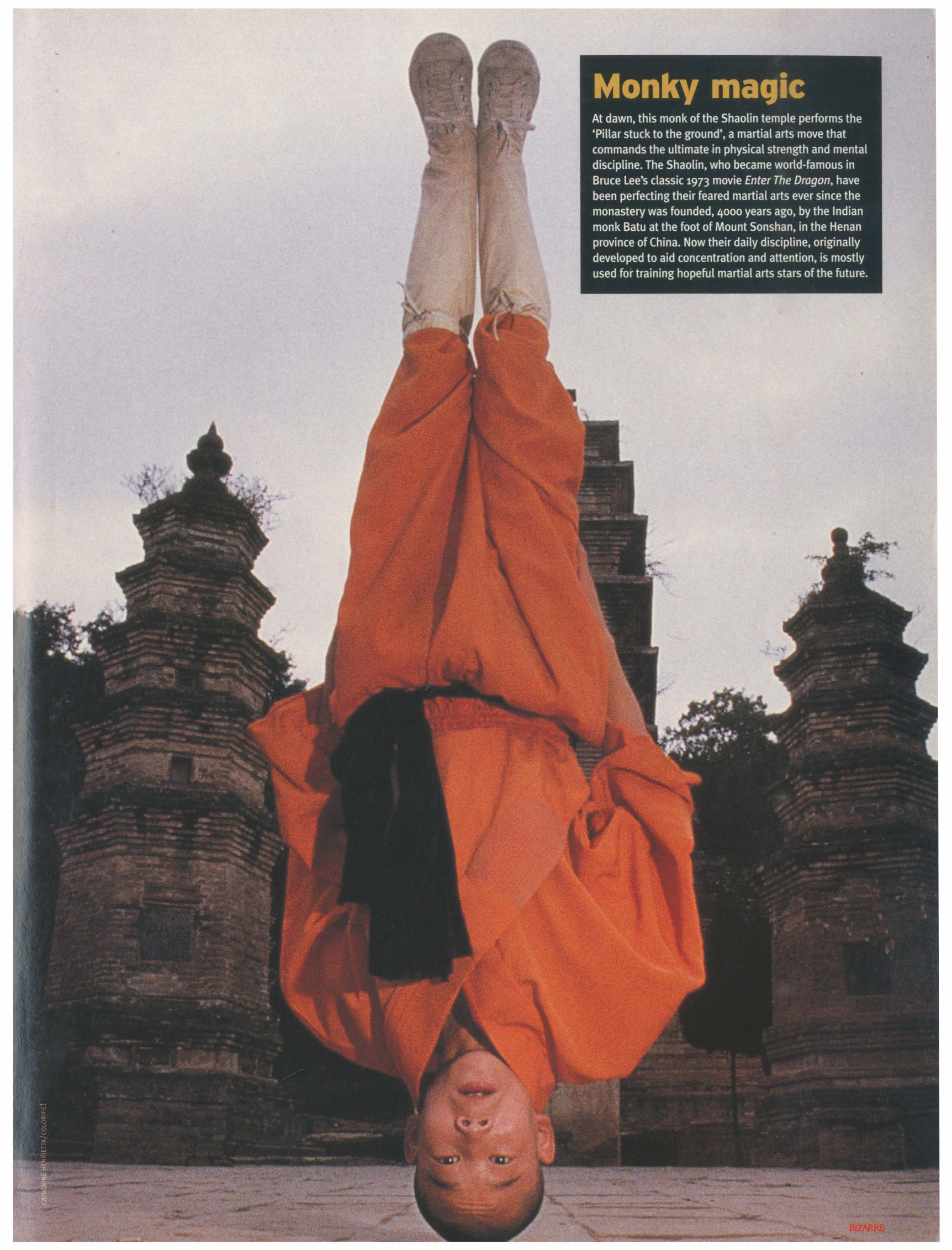
TEN PAGES OF THE WORLD'S MOST INCREDIBLE PICTURES





Safe seat

THE WORLD'S FIRST fine furnishing to be made with over 400 condoms is the work of 19-year-old French art student Marianne Bailet. She reupholstered an armchair with the dyed and water-filled latex lust-balloons for her final show, thereby giving a whole new meaning to the term 'love seat'. The chair would have looked lovely on the set of *Boogie Nights*; the chosen colour scheme just reeking of 1970s porno chic. But Marianne refused to say if she had collected all the condoms she used from past liaisons d'amour.

A full-page photograph of a Shaolin monk performing a handstand. The monk is wearing traditional orange robes and white sneakers, with his legs held straight together in the air. He is positioned in the center of the frame, with his head near the bottom. In the background, two large, multi-tiered stone pagodas are visible against a clear sky. The overall composition is balanced and visually striking.

Monky magic

At dawn, this monk of the Shaolin temple performs the 'Pillar stuck to the ground', a martial arts move that commands the ultimate in physical strength and mental discipline. The Shaolin, who became world-famous in Bruce Lee's classic 1973 movie *Enter The Dragon*, have been perfecting their feared martial arts ever since the monastery was founded, 4000 years ago, by the Indian monk Batu at the foot of Mount Sonshan, in the Henan province of China. Now their daily discipline, originally developed to aid concentration and attention, is mostly used for training hopeful martial arts stars of the future.

Face Off

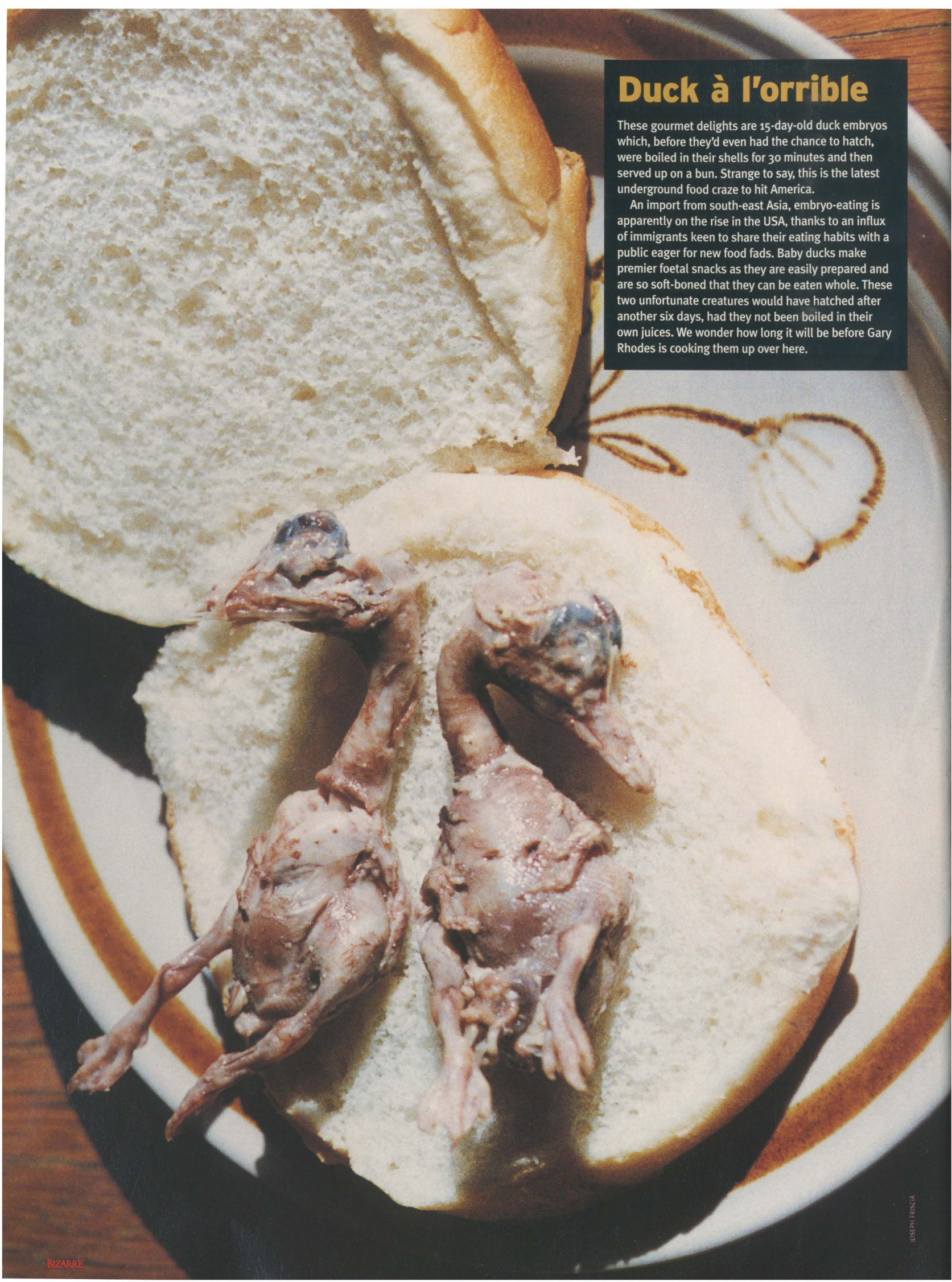
GENE FULLMER, two times NBA World Middleweight Champion, feels the full force of a punch from contender Neal Rivers in this vintage 1957 bout. Despite the facial rearrangement in progress here, Fullmer went on to win the match, leading us to believe that his fizzog is made entirely from rubber. Earlier in the same year, he had snatched his first title from Sugar Ray Robinson, "thoroughly, mauling and manhandling him the entire bout," according to International Boxing Hall of Fame records. But neither Fullmer nor Rivers come close to the top of the ten hardest punchers. According to *Boxing Illustrated*, that honour goes to Jimmy Wilde, the "hardest puncher pound for pound in boxing history." Wussy Joe Louis only comes in eighth.

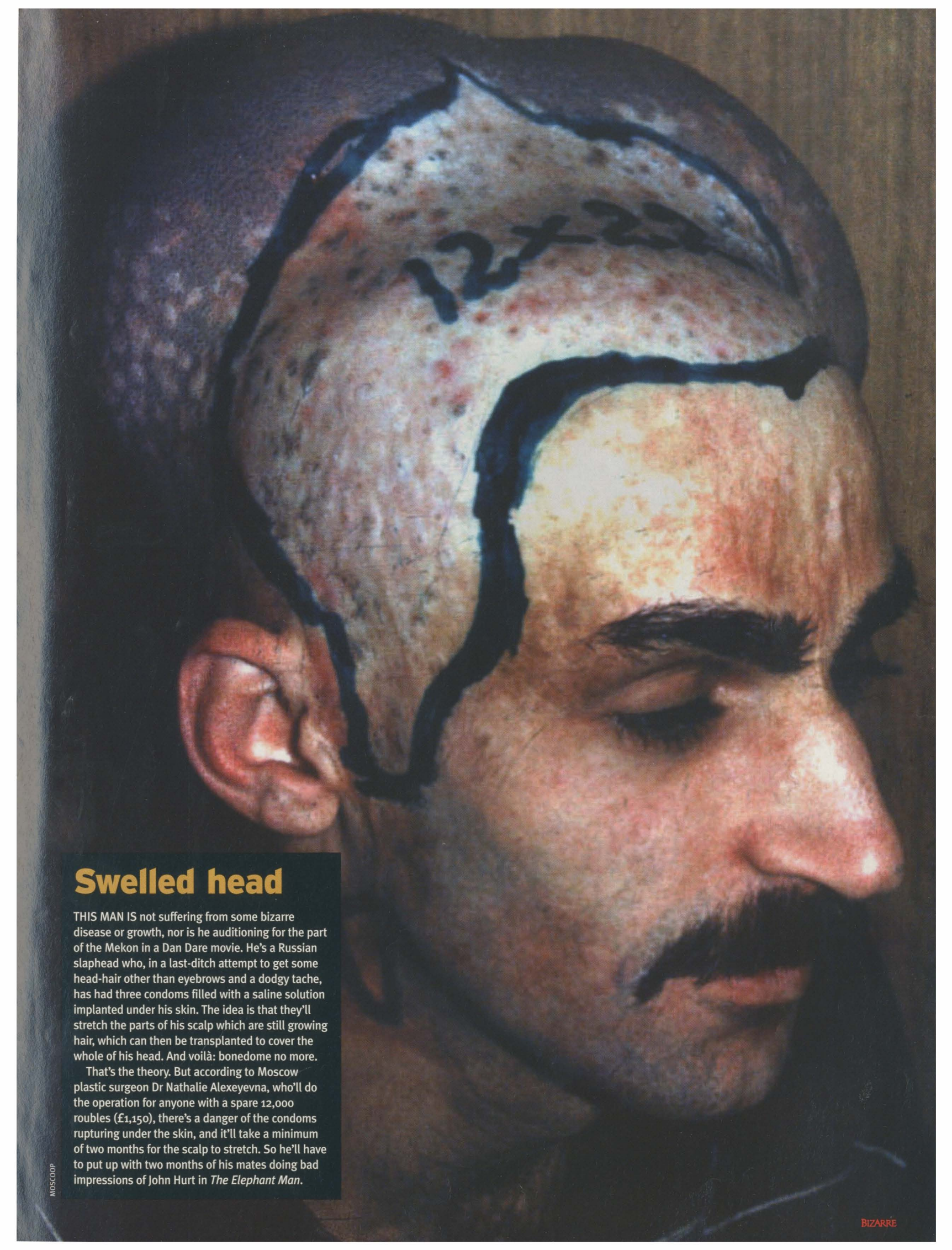


Duck à l'orrible

These gourmet delights are 15-day-old duck embryos which, before they'd even had the chance to hatch, were boiled in their shells for 30 minutes and then served up on a bun. Strange to say, this is the latest underground food craze to hit America.

An import from south-east Asia, embryo-eating is apparently on the rise in the USA, thanks to an influx of immigrants keen to share their eating habits with a public eager for new food fads. Baby ducks make premier foetal snacks as they are easily prepared and are so soft-boned that they can be eaten whole. These two unfortunate creatures would have hatched after another six days, had they not been boiled in their own juices. We wonder how long it will be before Gary Rhodes is cooking them up over here.





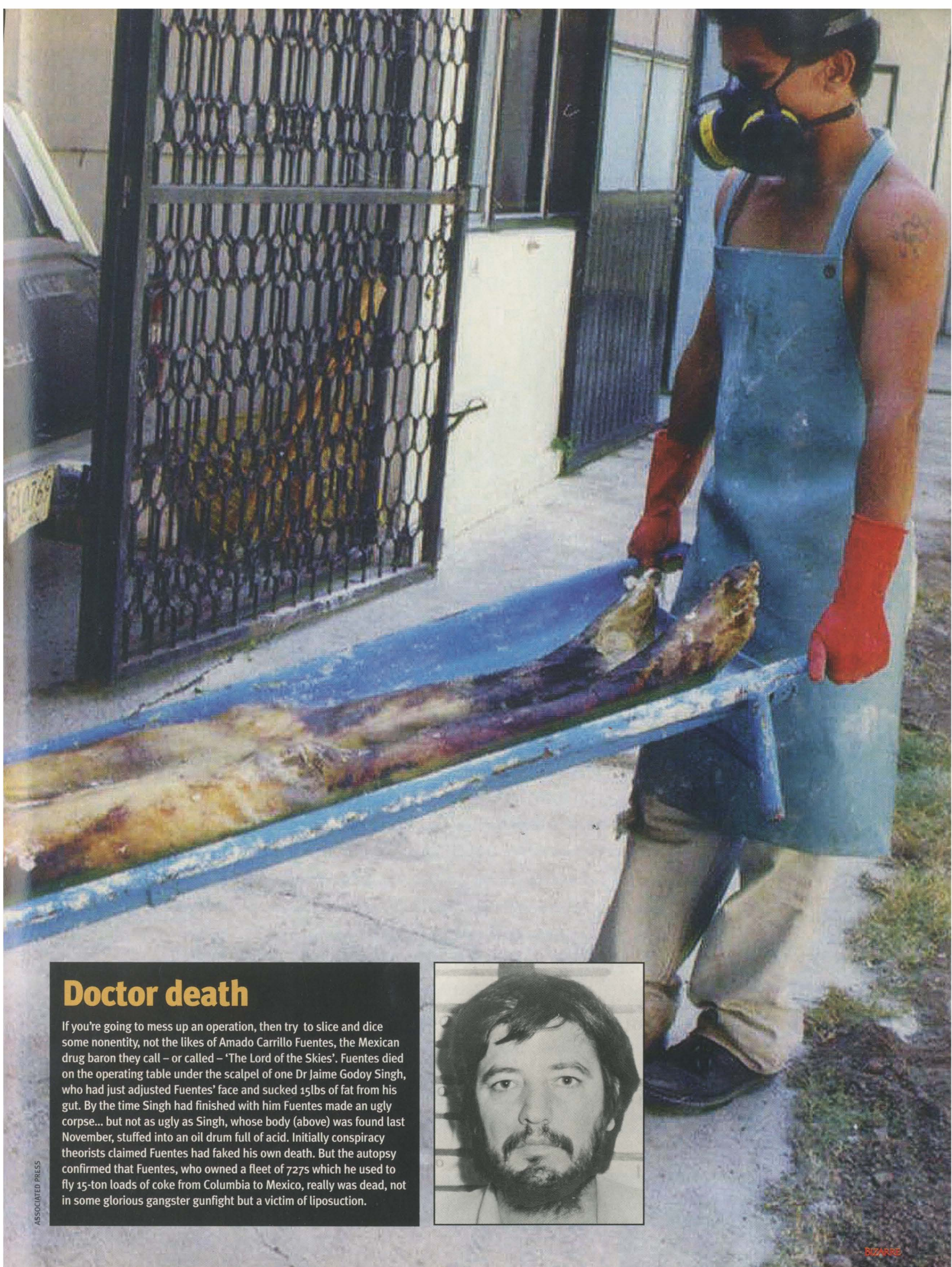
Swelled head

THIS MAN IS not suffering from some bizarre disease or growth, nor is he auditioning for the part of the Mekon in a Dan Dare movie. He's a Russian slaphead who, in a last-ditch attempt to get some head-hair other than eyebrows and a dodgy tache, has had three condoms filled with a saline solution implanted under his skin. The idea is that they'll stretch the parts of his scalp which are still growing hair, which can then be transplanted to cover the whole of his head. And voilà: bonedome no more.

That's the theory. But according to Moscow plastic surgeon Dr Nathalie Alexeyevna, who'll do the operation for anyone with a spare 12,000 roubles (£1,150), there's a danger of the condoms rupturing under the skin, and it'll take a minimum of two months for the scalp to stretch. So he'll have to put up with two months of his mates doing bad impressions of John Hurt in *The Elephant Man*.

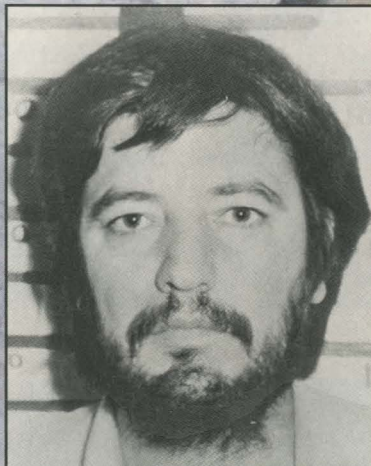
A ESTA SALA





Doctor death

If you're going to mess up an operation, then try to slice and dice some nonentity, not the likes of Amado Carrillo Fuentes, the Mexican drug baron they call – or called – 'The Lord of the Skies'. Fuentes died on the operating table under the scalpel of one Dr Jaime Godoy Singh, who had just adjusted Fuentes' face and sucked 15lbs of fat from his gut. By the time Singh had finished with him Fuentes made an ugly corpse... but not as ugly as Singh, whose body (above) was found last November, stuffed into an oil drum full of acid. Initially conspiracy theorists claimed Fuentes had faked his own death. But the autopsy confirmed that Fuentes, who owned a fleet of 727s which he used to fly 15-ton loads of coke from Columbia to Mexico, really was dead, not in some glorious gangster gunfight but a victim of liposuction.



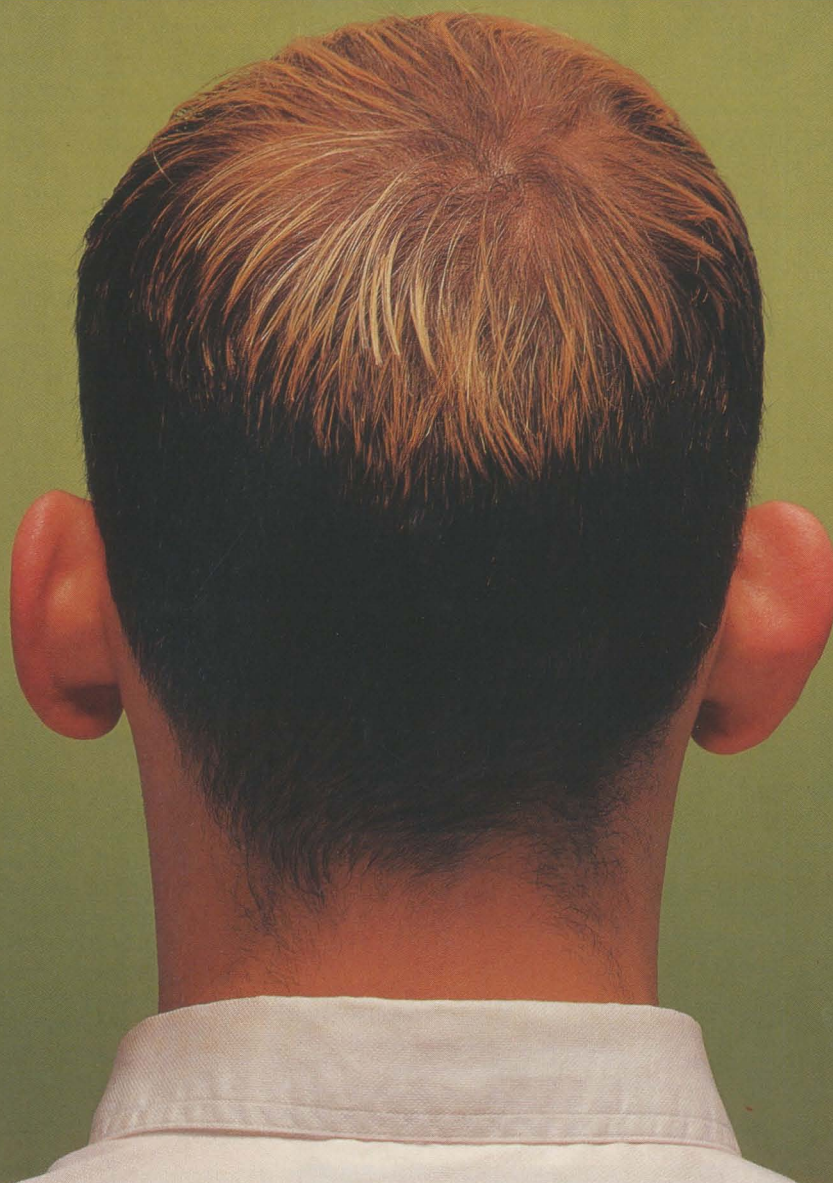
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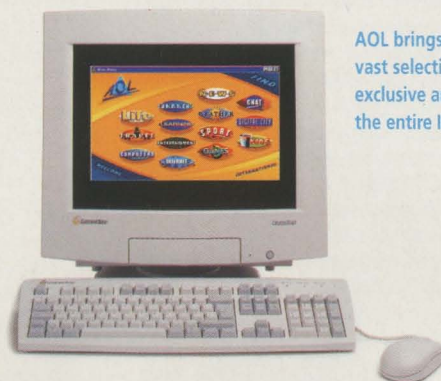
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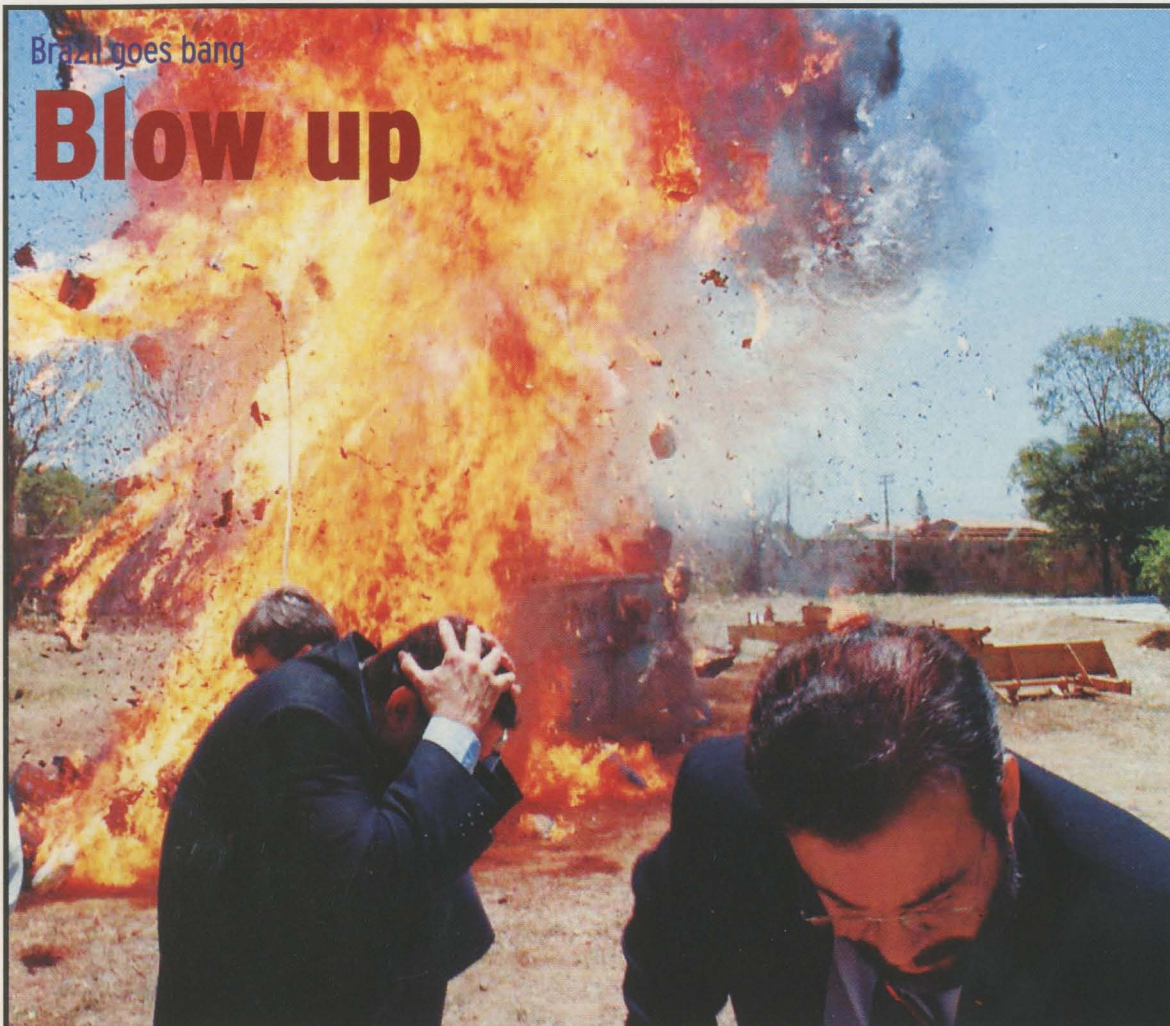


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BIZARRE STORIES

Brazil goes bang

Blow up



THE WAR ON drugs goes on all over the world, even in laid-back Brazil, but now it seems the drugs have started to fight back. This exploding bonfire is actually the 800 kilograms of cannabis which had been confiscated by the country's Federal Police.

The stash of hash was going to be burned in a spectacular anti-drugs public relations event, in the presence of the very important Raul Jungmann, Brazil's Minister for Agricultural Reform.

Unfortunately, in their efforts to make things go off in the most spectacular manner possible, the police added rather too much petrol to the bonfire. When they lit it there was a massive explosion that turned the self-congratulatory event into a doomed drugs débâcle. The watching journalists, stunned rather than stoned, were forced to run for cover.

Luckily for us, however, one brave photographer was able to capture the moment on film at the moment of blast-off. As cocked-up fireworks displays go, we'd say this was a pretty spectacular one.

The news reports didn't say what the bonfire smelled like, or what the effects of so much mary-jane being released into the atmosphere at once were like, more's the pity. Still, another top result for the world's drug police.

"OI!
WHERE'S MY
FREE VIDEO?"

OKAY OKAY, we blew it. It's a fair cop. We promised you a video of the maddest, baddest, bizarrest films coming your way this year and... er... the BBFC

didn't like it. They couldn't cope with the relentless parade of violence, sex, sex-related violence and high-kicking chop-socky action. So we've had to go and tinker with it. But I promise you, it'll be worth the wait when you slide it, hot and panting, into the slot (of your video recorder, silly) next month.

BIZARRE's free video will be available with the July issue of the magazine, on sale 18 June, honest.

In the meantime you can take comfort from the fact that you're reading the second-best magazine launched last year, according to the Association of Circulation Executives. So next time someone tells you you're sick for reading BIZARRE, you make sure you put them right, okay? We're officially nearly as good as girly-read B Magazine, which pipped us to the big prize.

Fiona Jerrome
EDITOR

Hot shit



"FLYING RADIOACTIVE waste" is how Greenpeace has described the pigeons living near the plutonium reprocessing plant at Sellafield in Cumbria. It's tested several birds and found they were contaminated with the radioactive isotopes Caesium-137 and Cerium-144.

Following the discovery of

over 700 radioactive pigeons in a village two miles away from Sellafield, Greenpeace took some sample pigeons and had them tested in a French lab. The birds' Geiger-counter reading is so high that they must legally be classified as nuclear waste, and land covered with their droppings is more radioactive

than the US nuclear test-site of Rongelap, in the Pacific.

Nobody's quite sure how the pigeons become contaminated, although it is known that the chimneys at Sellafield do discharge radioactive gases and particles into the environment. Theoretically, birds roosting there could be irradiated this way. British Nuclear Fuels Ltd (BNFL) insists there is no problem and have applied for permission to increase the amount of radioactive material that it's allowed to discharge.

Greenpeace's spokesman Mike Townsley says: "These pigeons have effectively blown holes in government and industry's radiation protection theories." "How can BNFL pretend that they have their plutonium factory under control when they have nuclear waste flying over the fence?" added Shaun Burnie, the charity's nuclear campaigner.

bangs, bongos, boobs, birds & blockages

Odd job

Fat flusher

Got something unpleasant blocking your drain? Lee West of Thames Water has seen worse

You clear out blockages in sewers?

That's one part of the job. We look after the main sewers, anything above four foot wide, for the whole of London.

Including ones blocked with fat?

Under Piccadilly Circus, yes. It's down to the fast-food restaurants. They're not supposed to dump fat into the sewers, but some of the less reputable ones do. Once the fat hits the water it congeals, and it builds up over the years.

What amount of fat are we talking about?

The one under Piccadilly Circus was a four-foot by two-foot egg-shaped sewer, completely blocked from top to bottom with a plug of fat that was probably about a mile in length. It was incredible. We actually got the whole job finished at the end of last year; we actually cleared the whole length, so it's running normally now.

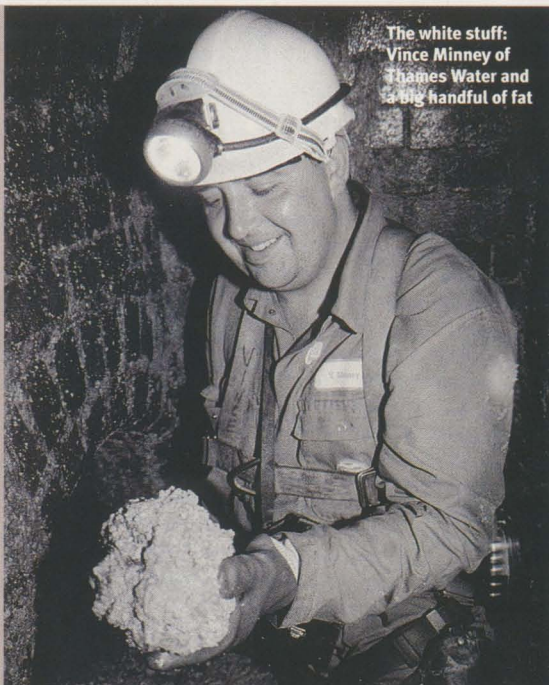
How do you actually clear the stuff?

What we did under Piccadilly is what we call 'winching'. We worked from manhole to manhole, pulling buckets through, which breaks the fat up, and pulls it back to the manhole.

Then we use a big sucking machine to suck the fat out of the manhole, and then that's taken away and dumped.

Is this the only time this operation has been done?

It's been done three or four times, but never finished – normally the money runs out and you have to start again a few years later. This is the first time it's been done from start to finish: we've actually cleared the whole length. Every



The white stuff: Vince Minney of Thames Water and a big handful of fat

month now we go back and flush the system out. That's why the operatives used to be called Flushers.

I've heard there were huge rats under Piccadilly.

No, there was so much fat it didn't cause a vermin problem. Rats only like the market-places, where there's little flow and plenty of food. We do get frogs that live on top of floating matter, and eels where there's an outfall to a river.

So no giant albino crocodiles down there?

Everybody asks that. No, not in London's sewers.

"It was completely blocked by a plug of fat a mile in length"

Practical fashion hints

Eat dust, sucker

IT IS, WE suppose, only a logical extension of the delightful

British habit of dressing up toilet rolls as ladies wearing crinolines.

So if you have an unsightly upright vacuum cleaner standing around the place, and prefer the idea of a giant maid, pig, rabbit or cow in a long, flowery dress standing in the corner instead, then Dress-a-Vac's the product for you.

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ordering



The wet spot

Hot water totty

COULD THIS BE the perfect girlfriend for sad, lonely males? She doesn't take up much room, doesn't interrupt, never wants to watch soap operas and won't complain if you haven't showered. And she's clearly not averse to the occasional pearl necklace. Granted, if it's love, affection and walks through sunlit meadows exchanging meaningful looks you're after, you're probably out of luck. But if all you're looking for in bed is something warm, petite and with perky nipples, then we can recommend one of these. Just don't use boiling water.

£19.99 from Jane Kahn, 4 Pembroke Road, London W11. Or mail order from Presents For Men, 01295 750 100



WORLD WIDE



WEIRD

Bags o'shite



Thieves in North Yorkshire have stolen more than 100 bags of Thoroughbred Waste horse manure from Middlesham's horse racing stables.

They never learn

Mary Kay LeTourneau, a Seattle schoolteacher jailed for having sex with a 13-year-old pupil and then having his child, was released early for good behaviour – and was promptly discovered by police with the same boy, now aged 15, in a steamed-up car at 3am.

Work hard, play hard



A Virginian employer has found the ideal way to keep staff happy and hard-working: pay them in

illegal methamphetamines. Raymond Stewart, who ran Stewart's Tree Service, now faces jail.

And a number 69

When Kelsey Bowser, 17, hit another car and almost slammed into a Chinese restaurant in Tallahassee, Florida, she was covered with embarrassment but nothing else. She and her passenger, Matt Ferguson, 18, had to wait for authorities to arrive and cut them out of the wreckage before they could put their clothes on.

Cock-up

A 30-year-old man identified only as 'S. T.' has sued Dr Robert Stubbs after a penis-extension operation went wrong. 'S. T.' claims Stubbs promised his 'micro-penis' could be lengthened, but didn't mention that the treatment included hanging heavy weights from it. He says he's now deformed.

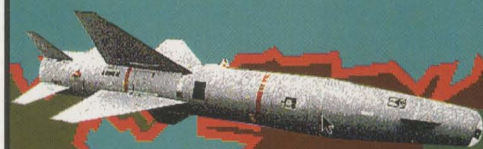
Blown away

Depressed that his car had been towed away from outside his Miami apartment, 57-year-old Rafael Garviso shot his landlord, a neighbour and then himself.

BIZARRE STORIES

War Central

We will fight them on the beaches...



Most ruthless guerrillas: Quantrill's Raiders, 1861-1865

Mild-mannered schoolteacher William Quantrill led the most vicious band of cut-throats ever to draw blood. Fighting for the Confederates in the American Civil War, they looted, raped and pillaged their way across the mid-West for four years. As well as Jesse and Frank James, Quantrill enlisted psychopathic William 'Bloody Bill' Anderson (who wore a necklace of Yankee scalps) as his first lieutenant. The most notorious of their atrocities was a massacre of 183 unarmed men and boys – the entire male population of Lawrence, Kansas.

Most economical victory: Spanish conquest of Mexico, 1518-19

It took Hernan Cortes and his force of 600 soldiers, 17 horses and 10 cannons 18 months to conquer Mexico and bring down the Aztec empire. This economical victory gave the Spaniards control of billions of pounds worth of gold and other mineral resources.

Least competent general: United States, 1862-1865

Ambrose Burnside, a Union general in the American Civil War, led many doomed campaigns. But his poorest performance was the siege of Petersburg in 1865 when, having cannily detonated a huge mine under the rebel positions, he ordered his troops to occupy the crater. There they found themselves trapped by Confederates who lined the rim and mowed them down at their leisure. When news of the disaster reached Lincoln, he remarked: "Only Burnside could have managed such a coup, wringing one last spectacular defeat from the jaws of victory."

Worst casualties: Paraguay, 1864-1870

Sycophantic courtiers told Francisco Lopez, the porky dictator of Paraguay, that he resembled Napoleon so often he came to believe it himself. Dressing in French uniforms, he declared war simultaneously on Brazil, Argentina and Banda Oriental (Uruguay). Outnumbered 10 to 1, the Paraguayans fought for seven years, conscripting every male over the age of 12, until Lopez was finally killed. Afterwards the pre-war population of the country had been reduced from 1.4 million to 221,000 – only 28,000 of whom were adult males.

Most bloodthirsty troops: Switzerland, late Middle Ages

Strange as it may seem, the Swiss had an reputation for savagery in the 15th century, slaughtering every prisoner they took. Their pikemen were much sought as mercenaries throughout Europe, but some things never change – a medieval saying warned: "When the money runs out, so do the Swiss."

Most useless warships: Russia, 1870s

Rumour has it that Admiral Popov suffered terribly from seasickness; certainly he built some of the most stable but least useful battleships ever. The 'Popvkas' were completely circular – good for firing guns from, impossible to steer.

Most humiliating defeat: Adowa, 1 March 1896

Determined to carve out an African empire, the Italians targeted the Christian kingdom of Abyssinia. General Baratieri attacked, despite being outnumbered six to one. More than 5,000 Italian and allied native troops died; 300 prisoners were tortured to death; and 800 of Italy's allies were captured and had their right hands and left feet amputated. Abyssinia became the only nation in the whole of Africa to retain its independence – one reason why Rastafarians regard the country's royal family as gods. And Adowa was the greatest victory by an African army over a European one since Hannibal.

The worm that turned my stomach

Grub's up

IF YOU'RE BORED of Kettle Chips, we've found an ideal party snack for you. Larvets are genuine insect larvae, seasoned in three 'exotic' flavours: Mexican Spice; BBQ; or Cheddar Cheese. They're healthy, with no added salt, sugar or preservatives. Slightly worryingly, they also claim to contain no calories, fat or protein.

They're hollow, a bit crunchy, with a light meaty flavour and an unpleasant lingering



aftertaste. And if you eat any of them in public, we can report, nobody will snog you for weeks.

From Hotlix, 791 Dolliver, Pismo Beach, California 93449, USA. Tel 1-800-EAT-WORM

Pet shop toys



Most comprehensive British defeat: retreat from Kabul, 1842

When a force of 4,500 men were cut off at Kabul, with 12,000 servants, women and children, they conducted a fighting retreat to the Khyber Pass. Afghan guerrillas whittled the invaders down. Only one English soldier – surgeon William Bryden – made it back alive.

Smartest barbarians: the Mongol hordes, 12th–14th centuries

It's assumed that Genghis Khan's lads owed victory to their savagery. Not so. They were frequently outnumbered, but superbly organised. Though generous to opponents who surrendered, they offered no second chances. When citizens in Herat massacred their garrison, the horde stormed the city, decapitated everyone in it, and built a tower 150 feet high from the skulls.

Biggest military smart-arse: India, May 1843

Having overrun the kingdom of Sind, on India's north-west frontier, General Charles Napier told his government of the latest addition to the British Empire with a single-word message: 'Peccavi', Latin for 'I have sinned'.

Best-endowed officer: China, 1920s

A familiar figure in the brothels of Shanghai, Chang Chung Ch'ang was known as 'the General with the three long legs' to the harlots he pleased by the dozen. His other nick was '72-cannon Chang', because his dong was the same size as 72 stacked silver dollars. He packed a mean piece, too.

Strangest war memorial: Japan, 1598

The Thousand Nose Tomb at Bizen, Okayama is the world's strangest war memorial – a mausoleum containing 20,000 noses severed from Korean dead at the end of the sixteenth century. Although this loss of nostrils always angered the Koreans, it was not until 1992 that the missing noses could finally be repatriated.

Strangest civil war: the Taiping Rebellion, 1850–1864

The biggest and bloodiest civil war in Chinese history – an estimated 20 million died in battle or from disease or starvation. It began when Hong Xiuquan, a failed civil servant, had a series of dreams which convinced him he was Christ's younger brother. Preaching a bastard version of Christianity, Hong made enough converts to launch a rebellion in which his forces were guided by communications from God.

Shortest war: Zanzibar, 1896

When a British squadron commanded by Admiral Sir Henry Rawson arrived at Zanzibar to take part in a cricket match, the concentration of warships frightened Sultan Seyid. He declared war and ordered his only ship to sail out and attack. Rawson retaliated by sinking it and reducing the Sultan's palace to charred rubble. Peace was declared after 37 minutes, 23 seconds.

WORLD WIDE



WEIRD

Stop the pigeon

South Africa has a novel way to stop diamond smuggling. "Diamonds are being strapped onto the body of pigeons and flown out of the country,"

said Manda Msomi, chairman of the South African parliament's Public Enterprises Committee. "The law now is to shoot all pigeons on sight." Coo.

Headline-writer's dream

In a Sri Lankan courtroom, Subhasinghe Premasiri was about to enter the witness stand to face a charge of stealing gas cookers when he pulled a plastic bag full of shit from his pocket and threw it at a policeman. It missed, and hit... a fan. The courtroom and its occupants were showered with the stuff. The trial was adjourned.

Hard to swallow

It normally takes three years to learn how to swallow a sword: Tim Ekelman tried it in one evening, with the help of too much beer. The metre-long blade sliced his throat, damaged his voice box and collapsed one of his lungs. "It was an incredibly stupid thing to do. I mean, I love him with all my heart, but what a jerk," commented his long-suffering girlfriend.

Heading for a fall

A holidaying couple on the Oregon coast reported their car stolen after they returned from a toilet break to find it missing. A state trooper arrived and spotted that the car had rolled away and fallen over a 150-foot cliff.

It's parmesan, honestly

When Gerardo Gallo tried to board a flight from Brazil to Italy with a suitcase filled with low-quality Bolivian cheese, customs officials were suspicious. It turned out the cheese had been mixed with 22lbs of cocaine.

Living lava lamps

TO US THE word 'jellyfish' brings back memories of treading on something nasty on the beach at Blackpool. But say 'jellyfish' to your average Japanese and they'll go, "Aaaaaah."

The latest thing in low-maintenance house-mates for the busy Japanese office worker is a couple of moon or octopus jellyfish in a specially designed tank. They resemble living lava lamps, and while they may not fetch sticks, they don't need walking, don't scratch the furniture, don't bleep like tamagotchi... and you can leave them for a week without food. Plus their undulating motions are relaxing to watch. Female office workers are fuelling the trend for keeping small blobs of protoplasm in a glass box. At £10-£20 a time, they seem a steal compared to other popular Japanese pets – until you add the cost of the tank: £300 or so.

WAY TO GO

9. Death by ant

SUSU BORAI MOHAMMED evidently wasn't fond of ants. When she swallowed a few in some drinking water whilst she was working on a farm in Egypt, she was so panicked that when she got home she took a swig of insecticide in an attempt to kill them.

The poison's effect on the creepy crawlies is unrecorded, but it gave poor Susu convulsions and diarrhoea, and had killed her by the time she reached the nearest hospital.



BIZARRE STORIES

Bizarre history

9. Pope Joan

Beneath his vestments, John VII was no ordinary Pope. He was, in fact, a woman

SHE WAS HISTORY'S most outrageous cross-dresser, and she pulled off the ultimate in deception on the Roman Catholic church. For two-and-a-half years in the ninth century, a woman from Wimborne Minster in Dorset ran the Vatican under the name of Pope John VII.

Pope Joan was evidently the daughter of two missionaries who were based at Wimborne, near Bournemouth. They left England to preach in the Germany of the late Dark Ages. Dubbed 'John The English' by chroniclers, Joan was supposed to have been educated at a Benedictine monastery there, securing her place by appearing to be a boy.

She then went to Athens "in men's clothes" with a young male teacher who became her lover, and became an expert in the liberal arts. She moved to Rome to lecture in science at Trivium, a medieval university, where the most important philosophers of the day sat at her feet, believing her to be a man. So great was her popularity as a teacher that when Pope Leo IV died in 855, she was

unanimously elected to get the job.

Unluckily for her, she had also become pregnant – Papal vows of celibacy have always been a bit of a moveable feast – and according to research by historian and author Peter Stanford, her cover was finally blown when she gave birth during a

Papal Procession in Rome. A maddened mob vented their rage at her deception by either tying her to a horse's tail and dragging her around while stoning her, or by throwing her into the Tiber, where she drowned. Her name was expunged from the papal records and a new Pope, John VIII, was installed in her place.

After the fiasco, the Vatican decided to make sure they were never fooled that way again by making a chair with a hole in the seat. Candidates for the papacy had to sit on it, while a young cardinal reached through the hole for a rummage beneath their vestments, to confirm the potential Pope was a man.

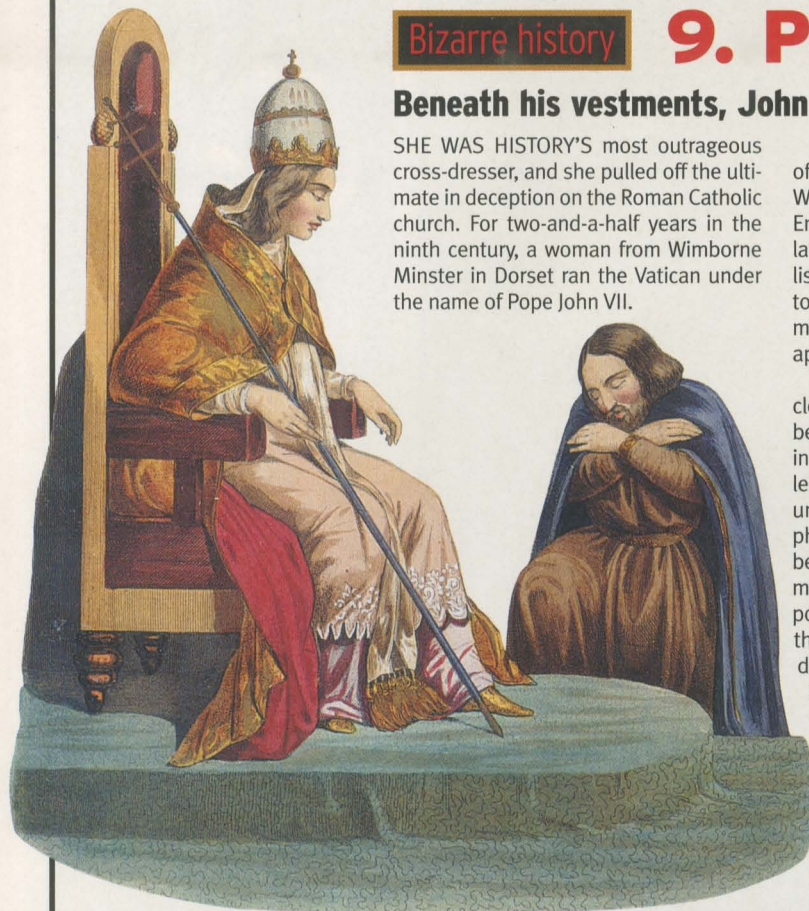
Both the story of Joan and of the sexing seat have long been denied by the Catholic Church.

But Stanford's body of

evidence comes from careful research into over 500 separate accounts of Pope Joan's papal rule.

Furthermore, carvings he found in St Peters in Rome indicate that there is a testament to Pope Joan in the Vatican itself. The Holy City may have seen stranger things – but not by much.

Unluckily, she had become pregnant



Things you find in your toilet

Bog monster

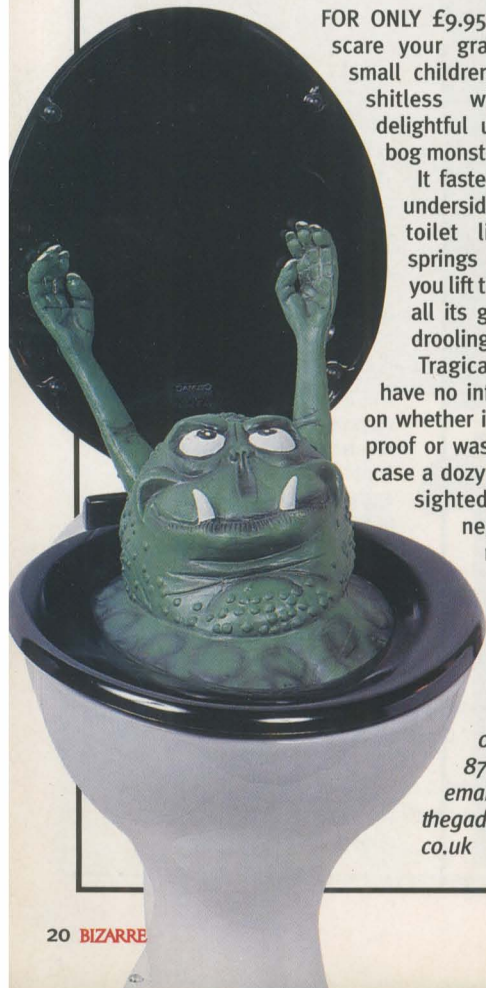
FOR ONLY £9.95 you can scare your granny and small children literally shitless with this delightful underseat bog monster.

It fastens to the underside of most toilet lids, and springs up when you lift the seat in all its green and drooling glory.

Tragically we have no information on whether it's waterproof or washable, in case a dozy or short-sighted relative neglects to notice it's there.

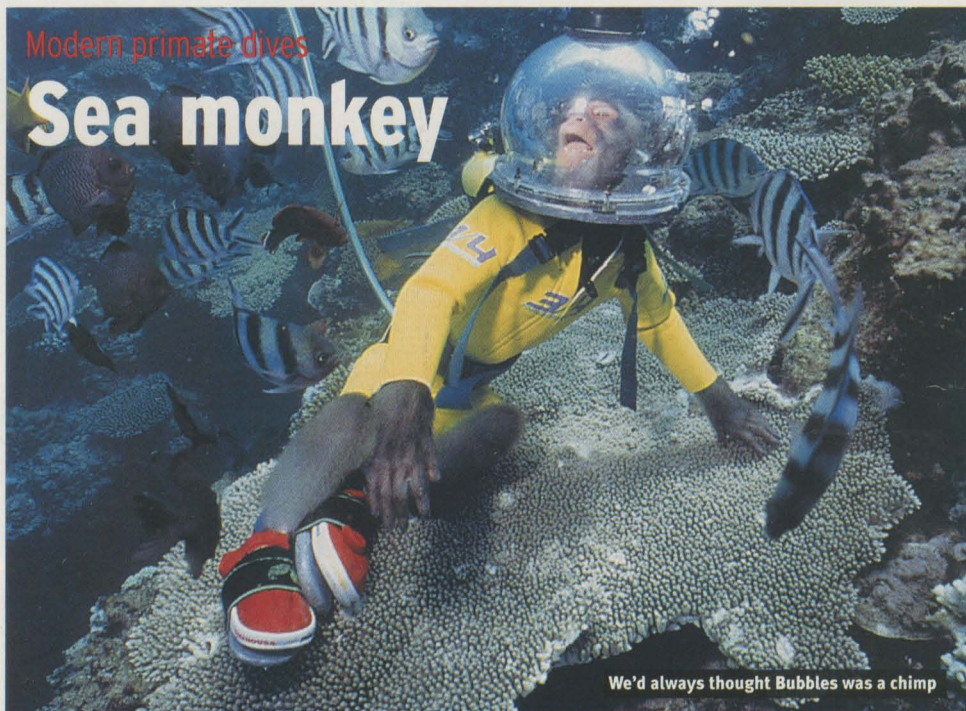
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Modern primate dives

Sea monkey



We'd always thought Bubbles was a chimp

KATSUMA NAKAJIMI OWNS the smartest monkey in Hiroshima, and he's taking full advantage of her aptitude for water sports to make her a TV star in Japan.

Four-year-old Momoko, who was captured in traps left for vermin outside the town, has taken up water ski-ing and windsurfing with an alacrity

which would have delighted the *That's Life* team. She spent New Year's Day snowboarding on Mount Fuji, where she was clocked doing 60kmph on one of the downhill runs.

The 20-inch tall monkey's latest love is scuba diving. After rigorous training sessions in Nakajima's bath tub, Momoko

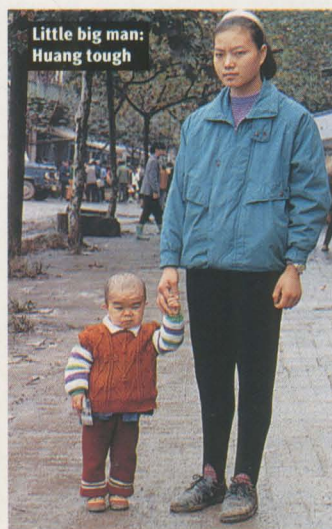
was coaxed under water in the semi-tropical seas off Okinawa for the benefit of the TV cameras and, we hope, herself.

Nakajima told reporters that he was "happy Momoko played with the fishes... Anybody can do like Momoko, who can be said not only a supermonkey, but a superstar in the world."

Arrested development

Dude looks like a baby

HUANG KAIQUAN HAS an old head on his young shoulders. He may look as though he's only two years old, but Huang is actually 28 and the victim of an unknown genetic or glandular disorder which has left him trapped forever in a toddler's body.



Little big man:
Huang tough

A familiar figure in his home village of Sanjiang, in China's Szechuan province, Huang has suffered from arrested development from birth. Weighing in at a healthy 6.6lbs on delivery, he stopped growing immediately after. At three, he was no bigger than a three-month-old, and he didn't start walking until the age of four.

Today, nearly three decades later, he still has the skin of a one-year-old and has never developed body hair. Although he has average intelligence, enjoys adult company and is said to have a fine sense of humour, he is unmarried and still lives with his parents and three sisters.

Chinese doctors have failed to pinpoint the exact cause of Huang's condition. Technically speaking, he's more a midget than a dwarf; midgets are scaled-down adults, with head, torso and limbs in proportion, while dwarfism – which may be caused by a genetic disorder or malfunctioning of the pituitary gland – generally leaves



Cool: He's 28, but still acts like the Fonz

those affected with large heads, barrel chests and disproportionately puny arms and legs. But Huang has the deep voice characteristic of a dwarf, and unless more tests can be carried it's unlikely his parents will ever find out why their two foot six inch son grew up the way he did.

Even so, Huang's small stature has its advantages. In China, where strict government restrictions on family size have created the phenomenon of spoiled only children known as 'Little Emperors', Huang Kaiquan is smaller and more imperious than most.

Top ten

Royal nicknames

So many monarchs, so many Roman numerals... so how do you tell John XXII from John XXIII? By making fun of John XXIII's hairy legs, that's how.

1. Boleslaw The Curly

Prince of Poland 1146-1173. His reign was blighted by old ladies telling him he had 'a lovely head of hair'.

2. Abdul The Damned



Damned Abdul:
He's behind you!

Sultan of Turkey 1876-1909. Mad Abdul was so fearful of assassination that he hid hundreds of pistols around his palace, and shot several ministers and harem girls who came up

on him from behind.

3. Lulach The Fatuous

Succeeded his stepfather, Macbeth, as King of the Scots, 1057-1058. Proved too thick to last for very long on the Stone of Scone.

4. The Universal Spider

Popular nickname for the exceptionally devious Louis XI, King of France, 1461-1483.

5. Malcolm The Maiden

King of Scots 1153-1165. He was thus named after taking a vow of chastity. Concerned for the succession, his mother force-fed him virgins until he eventually cracked.

6. Erik Bloodaxe

Viking King of York twice between 950 and 954. He was always kind to his mother too.

7. Eric The Memorable

King of Denmark 1134-1137. Awarded himself the title after defeating his Uncle Niels at the Battle of Fotevik in 1134. Arrogant twat.

8. Charles The Straightforward

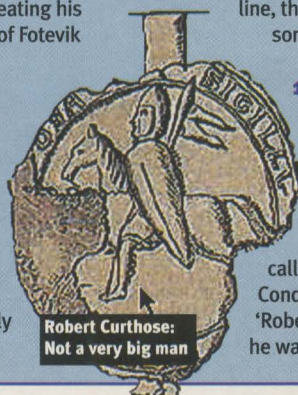
King of the West Franks, 893-923. He was the son of Louis the Stammerer, so his subjects were probably just relieved to have a monarch they could finally understand.



Isabella the Mad: Can you tell?

9. Isabella The Mad

More than usually deranged Queen of Spain, 1833-1868. Given the strain of insanity inherent in the Bourbon royal line, that's really saying something. Shocking.



Robert Curthose:
Not a very big man

10. ROBERT CURTHOSE

Duke of Normandy, 1087-1133. 'Curthose' is only marginally more polite than calling William the Conqueror's eldest son 'Robert Shortarse'. Which he was.

WORLD WIDE



WEIRD

'P-p-p-pick up a...



In New Zealand, Japanese tourist Takehiko Yamasaki was fined NZ\$880 (£290) after he admitted trying to steal two penguins from a nature reserve. When he was caught in a restricted area, police searched his car and found one yellow-eyed penguin and one little blue penguin, a protected species, hidden in a bag.

You number's up

When Kelvin Floyd stole a racing car engine in Aiken, South Carolina, he knew enough to grind the identification number off it – but he replaced it with his Social Security number. He got two months in prison and a \$500 fine.

His heart wasn't in it



When Larry Nettles received a pink bag from the South Carolina funeral home that had buried his father-in-law, he assumed it would contain the dead man's possessions. In fact it contained his heart and internal organs, sent to the family by mistake. Nettles only learned what was in the bag after his cat clawed it open. When he phoned the funeral home to complain, he was told to just bury the organs in the back garden. He's suing.

Having kittens

After a cat dragged a human penis into a Jerusalem student's home, a police hunt was launched, with sniffer dogs searching for the body it had come from. The hunt was abandoned when forensic tests showed the 'penis' was actually a foetal kitten.

Take two men and call me in the morning

Rebecca Black is suing her therapist Gary Solomon in Portland, Oregon, claiming he said she had seven different personalities, prescribed prostitution and sadomasochistic sex to treat them, and considered himself her "therapist/pimp". She wants \$1.5 million.



BIZARRE STORIES

HOW TO FAKE... Lie detector tests



If you're accused of a serious crime, face a rigorous job interview or need to clear your name, you may have to take a polygraph test. But they can be fooled

EVER SINCE WEIRD old ladies were dunked in the river to see if they were witches, the validity of lie detector tests has been under scrutiny. But today lie detectors, or polygraphs, are meant to be up to 98% accurate.

Most polygraph tests measure the heart rate, breathing and sweating, all of which change when you lie. During the test you wear a pressurised cuff around your upper arm. This takes your readings and is linked to a pen-and-paper-roll, which charts sudden changes in your body. If the pen goes doolally then it is generally accepted that you're a lying bastard. Electrodes are also placed on your palms or your fingertips to measure the electrical currents in the skin which indicate sweat gland activity. If you sweat like a pig, you're telling porkies.

Although they're not often used by police, some employers will test their interviewees and employees – although companies are not allowed

to test their staff at random. The examination usually takes 2-3 hours, including the introduction, where the examiner notes your medical history in case it affects the test. Each question is explained to you so that there are no surprises, which might change your heart-rate and alter the reading. Someone explains how the polygraph works, and the test itself begins.

Lawyers in the US have argued that it is possible to defeat the polygraph by biting your tongue or by pressing your toes on the floor. A popular method of 'cheating' is controlling your breathing. One CIA intelligence officer suspected of being a traitor was apparently trained by his Russian contacts how to achieve this. However, as he made it so obvious that this was what he was doing, the examiners soon latched on. Tested every five years, intelligence officers reputedly dread the polygraph.

CIA agents dread it

The best way to cheat a polygraph is not to take it at all, and there are ways you can avoid the test. If you have a serious heart complaint, are pregnant, have damaged nerves, paralysis or a respiratory illness, you can hand in a doctor's note and sit out the fun. If you have a headache then you should be exempted, because that will screw up readings. Medicines such as Valium and Prozac can also

affect the results. However, medical records will be checked, so anti-depressants may not be an effective way of 'cheating',

unless you have enough notice of the test to get a quick prescription.

Anybody who fancies their chances against a lie detector should know what machine they're up against. One method tests voice-stress patterns, but the US Department of Defense's Polygraph Institute has found "no evidence... that voice stress analysis is an effective investigative tool." When recently questioned about an alleged relationship with a former White House trainee, Bill Clinton successfully passed this 'Truster' test. Make of that what you will.

Another test uses computers to slow down video-tape, giving human lie detectors time to pick out visual clues. Apparently a liar will cut down on hand gestures, shift around in their seat, and move their heads – but maintain steady eye-contact.

Of course, the most obvious way of passing the test is not to lie. Or be a girl: females are statistically more likely to pass lie-detector tests. We'll make no comment on that at all.

Use of the Polygraph

THE US SUPREME Court recently ruled that defendants do not have the automatic right to introduce polygraph evidence into a trial as there is no concrete evidence that results are reliable. This decision was made after a military trial in which an American airman passed a lie-detector test question about his use of drugs but whose urine sample tested positive for methamphetamine.

Most civilian courts in the US allow polygraph evidence but criminal and military courts do not – a rule signed by George Bush in 1991 forbade references to polygraphs in criminal trials. Still, that didn't stop the military conducting almost 35,000 lie-detector tests in 1992.

The National Enquirer offered the parents of murdered child beauty queen JonBenet Ramsey one million dollars to take a lie detector test. After detectives and FBI officials had failed to come up with any suspects after an intensive eight-month investigation, the magazine stated: "The Ramseys proclaim their innocence. A lie-detector test can provide a breakthrough in the investigation." The Ramseys refused the money – and the opportunity to clear their name in the *Enquirer's* (and tabloid America's) eyes.

THE POLYGRAPH Step-by-step guide

Step One

The examiner:

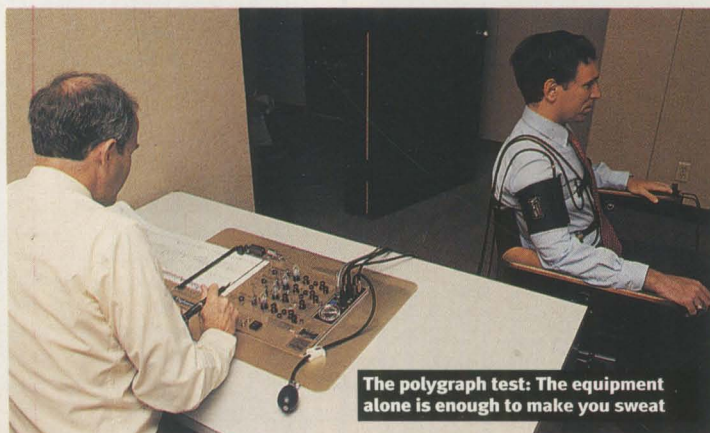
- gives instructions for the test and makes sure you understand the procedure
- explains your legal rights
- explains the polygraph equipment and how it works
- talks about the subject on which you will be questioned
- goes through the questions that will be asked

Step Two

- A blood pressure cuff is wrapped around the upper arm
- Rubber tubes are placed across the chest and stomach
- Metal finger plates are put on the ring and index fingers
- You are asked the questions

Step Three

- The charts are collected
- And analysed



The polygraph test: The equipment alone is enough to make you sweat



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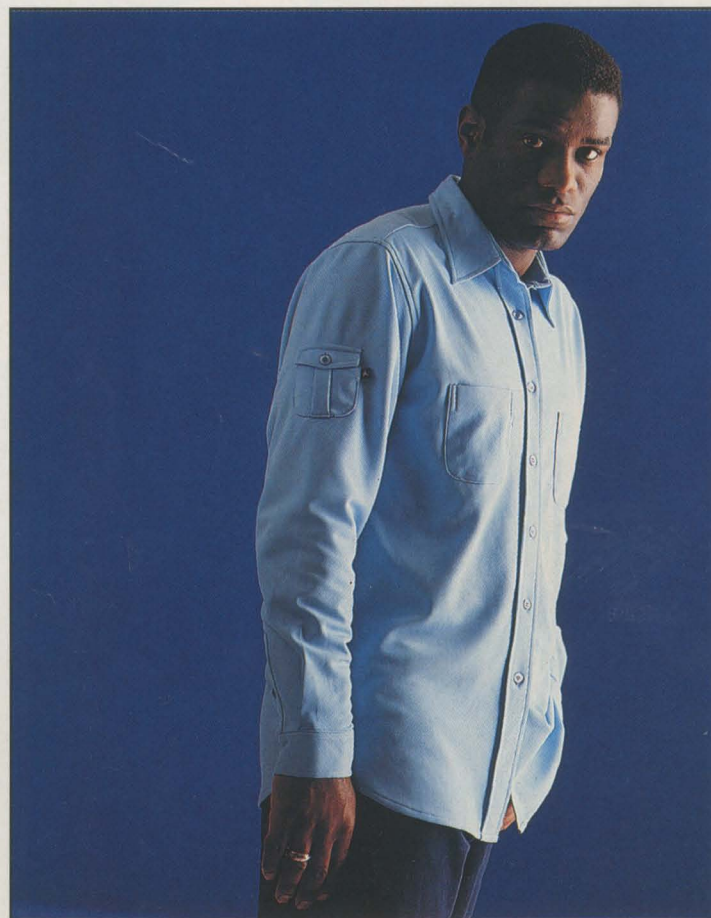
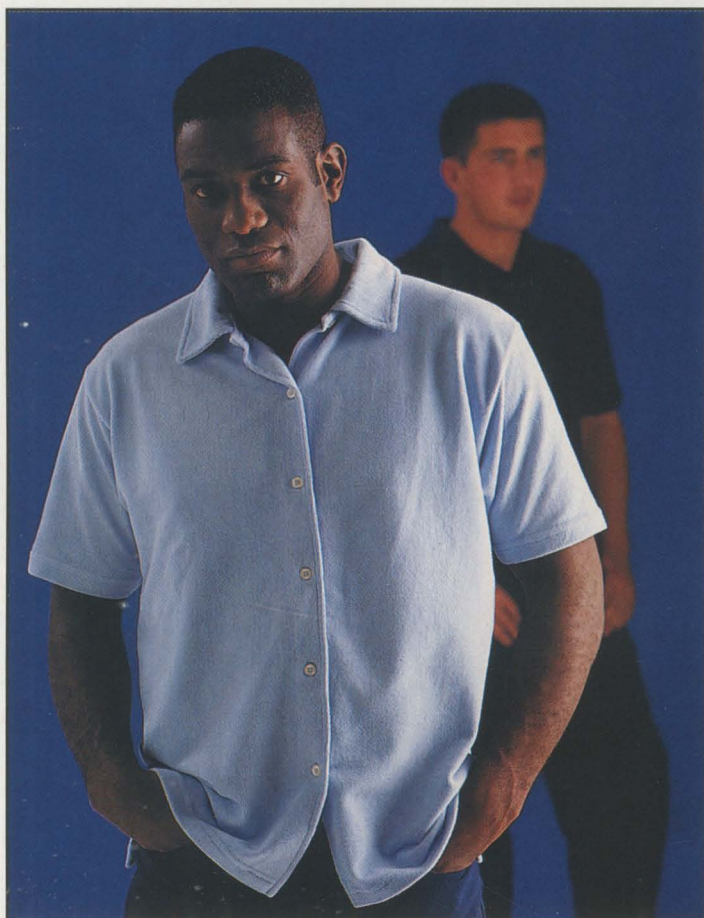
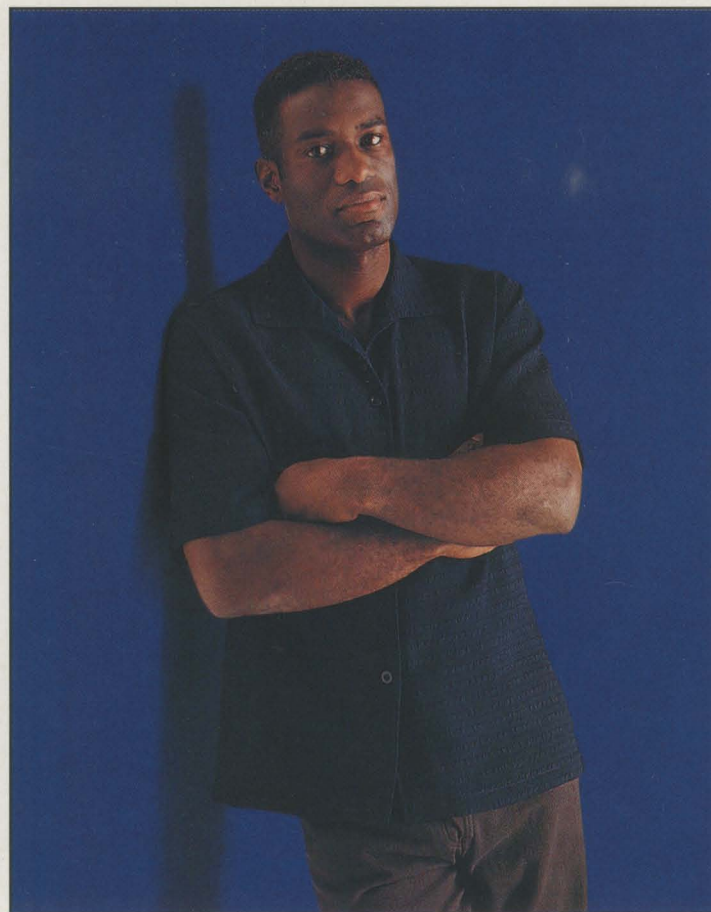
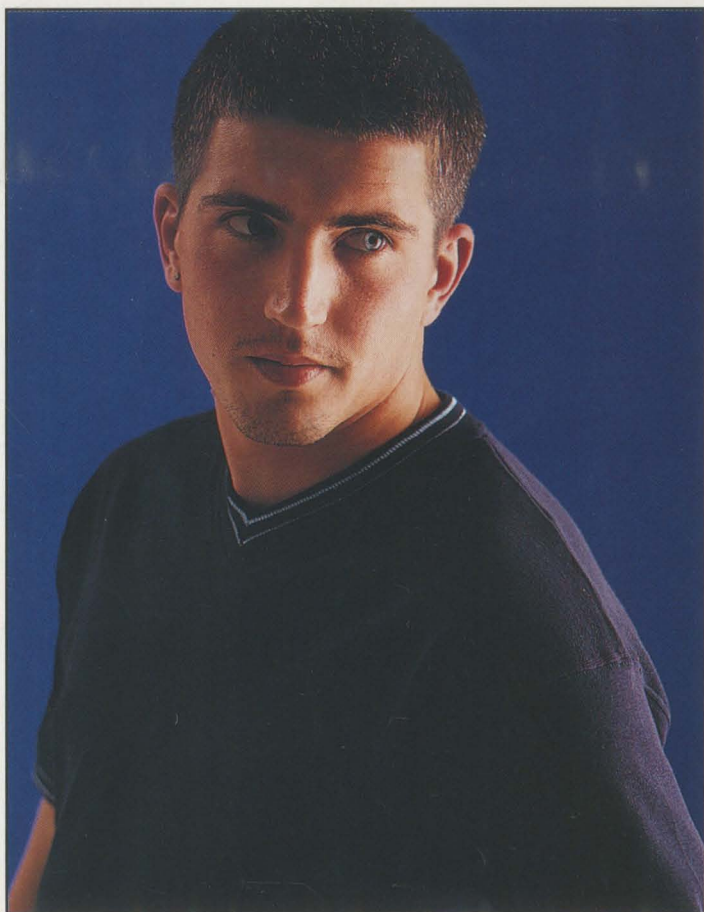
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BIZARRE STORIES



Lisa Marie

She's so out of this world, she's off the planet

MARS NEEDS WOMEN! exclaimed the title of the cult 1966 sci-fi flick. And last year Tim Burton, darkly talented director of blockbusters *Beetlejuice*, *Batman* and *Edward Scissorhands*, lent the Red Planet his own girlfriend, Lisa Marie.

Whether we realise it or not, we've all seen Lisa Marie (not Presley – BIZARRE wouldn't approve someone with no more to her name than a failed marriage to Wacko Jacko and a dad who fat 40-year-olds like to impersonate on the karaoke). She was the only human to play a Martian in Burton's 1997 blockbuster *Mars Attacks!* – all her alien brethren were computer-generated by Industrial Light & Magic – and did so with a mute, otherworldly sexiness that everyone who saw the film will remember. Although she doesn't always carry herself in such an alien fashion, nor really conceal a Martian brain beneath a beehive hairdo, Lisa

Marie's sex appeal is off the planet.

Her public career began at an age so tender it would excite most psychiatrists, whether or not they knew anything about her upbringing. As she told John Epperson in *Interview* magazine, her childhood had not been easy: "My grandparents and my dad raised me, but my grandmother went senile when I was five so she couldn't really take care of the home. My grandfather had a shop and my dad was going to college, so I was like the woman of the house, taking care of everything. Then seeing my grandmother die and my grandfather with a broken heart... I think that's partly why I got out of the house so early. I left when I started high school."

At the age of 15 Lisa Marie made a Dick Whittington-esque journey to New York to pursue a career, not in municipal politics but in dancing. A cousin of hers introduced her to photographer Bruce Weber, a man who



Beehive yourself: Lisa Marie leads the alien invasion to the Boots hairspray counter

has a habit of catching stars before they make it big, and who immediately saw her potential. Her first modelling job was for Calvin Klein jeans and underwear, which made her a very rich teenager indeed. For nine years her full figure and stunning features gained her more high-profile work for photographers like Weber and Robert Mapplethorpe. This wasn't enough for Lisa, though. "I always had the thought in my head that I wanted to be an actress. It was always a dream as long as I can remember. I just knew one day I would do it," she said.

She first got the chance to shake her booty in front of a movie camera in Weber's 1988 directorial debut *Let's Get Lost*, an unfortunately self-indulgent but nevertheless Oscar-nominated documentary about the decline of jazz legend Chet Baker. Lisa Marie got the role of a dancer in a dream sequence, a part she was obviously at home with. On the back of this came work in music videos, most notably The Pet Shop Boys' 'Being Boring' and less notably a feature slot in Malcolm McLaren and The Bootzilla Orchestra's 'Something's Jumping in My Shirt', a part she got more on the basis of her mammalian protuberances than her acting experience. A small role in Woody Allen's 1990 film *Alice* followed, and then a quiet and depressing period in her life: "I was a really blue girl. Things were not happening for me at that time."

In true Hollywood style, however, romance was just around the corner. She was introduced to Tim Burton on New Year's Eve 1992 by a mutual friend, scriptwriter Jonathan Gems (1984, *White Mischief*, *Mars Attacks!*). Despite the venue for this meeting being a strip joint called Goldfingers, it was fluffy bunnies rather than bunny-girls. According to Lisa Marie: "We just met and connected instantly." The experience was no less moving for Burton: "Lisa Marie and I just connected and we talked for I don't



Hey ghoul lookin': as Vampira in Ed Wood

even know how long. Time just went away. It was incredible. It was like something I always dreamed of but never thought was possible. I certainly wasn't expecting it there! But it's something so powerful, like a fairy tale." And this from the man behind *Edward Scissorhands*.

Although one would never want to suggest nepotism, such a strong bond with one of Hollywood's most lauded directors was never going to harm Lisa Marie's acting career. However, when Burton cast her as Vampira in his critically acclaimed 1994 film, *Ed Wood*, Lisa's ghoulishly perfect performance settled any doubts in critical minds. Her next movie was to be *Mars Attacks!*, about which enough has already been said.

Her future projects sound just as quirky as what's gone before. Fans should watch out for *Frogs for Snakes*, directed by Amos Poe and billed as 'an edgy comic thriller', in which she stars alongside Robbie Coltrane. The *New York Post* quoted a behind-the-scenes source as commenting: "The crew couldn't take their eyes off her. She looked gorgeous. She was in this skin-tight dress and she couldn't move. She was just bulging out all over the place."

Lisa Marie? Approved!

"She was bulging out all over the place"

BIZARRE STORIES

Pap Muzak



The sound of mu-sick

A strange presence fills the world's supermarkets, lifts and offices with pan-pipes, vibes and light orchestral interludes. It is the sound of Muzak

A HUNDRED MILLION people hear it every day, yet no one admits to liking it. Its syrupy tones have resounded across the White House, accompanied man into space and even provided a surreal backdrop to the storming of the US Embassy in Saigon during the Vietnam War. In lifts, airports and supermarkets no one is safe from its pernicious grip. Muzak is everywhere.

The name has entered common use as a term of abuse for music, but Muzak itself is a 70-year-old empire which pipes its own programmes of 'mood music' from central headquarters direct to the offices of the world. It was the brainchild of General George Owen Squier, the chief of the US Army's Signal Corps and a canny visionary who saw the potential of a nation on the brink of being wired for sound as early as 1928. His weirdly prescient idea involved music being transmitted via telephone lines, which anticipated cable broadcasting at a time when radio was still in its infancy.

In the late 1930s, several quasi-scientific studies were commissioned with the aim of 'humanising' the workplace, and research showed that listening to music improved workers' productivity. When future US Senator William B. Benton bought out the infant Muzak Corporation in 1941, he

immediately went to work piping asinine music into munitions factories so that the workers could enjoy making high explosives to soothing easy-listening vibes.

After the war the company just kept on growing, as more Americans took boring desk jobs, and bosses needed something to keep their minds from wandering. The Muzak Corporation developed its Stimulus Progression programme in the 1940s and today it continues to produce and broadcast 24 hours of music every day. The

Only Andy Warhol ever publicly admitted liking it

programmes are all designed to keep the attention stimulated, rather than distract the listener. Muzak engineers calculate that workers hit low

spots in their days at 10-11am in the morning, after lunch and at 3.30pm, so they programme more uplifting tracks at these times. Although no one wants to get too carried away. "If your head goes up to the ceiling," says current Muzak Vice President, the very entertainingly monikered Bruce Funkhauser, "then we've blown it."

Needless to say, this insidious form of mind control is not without its detractors. J. B. Priestly boasted that he'd "had it turned off at some of the best places," while gun-toting rocker Ted Nugent once offered to buy the company for \$10 million, just for the

pleasure of erasing the tapes. Veteran BBC news presenter John Humphreys recently launched a campaign against what he described as the "mildly sinister" influence piped music has on our daily lives. Only Andy Warhol ever publicly admitted to liking it. But that hasn't stopped everyone else from finding themselves humming along to its melodies, from the Stuttgart whorehouse madams who requested Muzak's Light Industrial Program to help their workers service clients with

a smile, to the employees of a 39-story high-rise cemetery in Rio de Janeiro.

Despite its worldwide popularity, Muzak has struggled to keep up with changes in musical taste. In the 1950s, when the aesthetic of functional music was at its peak, everyone's space-age bachelor pad resounded to mush maestros like Mantovani and Andre Kostelanetz, courtesy of Muzak. But by the 1970s the swinging cocktail era was long departed and Muzak was floundering in a mire of string-and-woodwind versions of pop chestnuts performed by Czechoslovakia's mighty Brno Radio Orchestra. The company's fortunes reached their nadir with a version of 'Puff The Magic Dragon' so offensively twee that to this day Muzak staffers fall silent at the very mention of it.

But, undaunted, the corporation persevered, throwing Perry Como filth at our punk kids when they'd rather have been pogoing to the Ramones. Muzak changed hands several times in the 1980s, from Teleprompter to Westinghouse to Marshall Field V, none of whom could figure out what to do with it. In 1988 it merged with a company called Yesco, which is a specialist in new compilations from original artists. Yesco's repertoire, combined with Muzak's huge back catalogue of adult-orientated, middle-of-the-roadmungous light orchestral sounds, have forged a company that is once more an unstoppable force.

Today the Muzak Corporation markets 16 programmes, from the classic Environmental channel to light classical, 1970s music and daunting 'Eurostyle' and 'Urban Beat' selections which might as well be called 'Rap Lite'. The Cocteau Twins, Cowboy Junkies and The Style Council are all fixtures on the play-list. The new Muzak ethos is best summed up by programming manager Steve Ward: "We all remember stepping into the dentist's office and hearing 'Hard Day's Night' done by 101 Strings. We don't want to hear that again."



Mmmm, delightful Moog sounds... just the thing for an inspired radish and onion selection

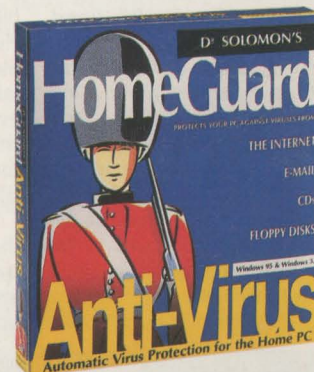
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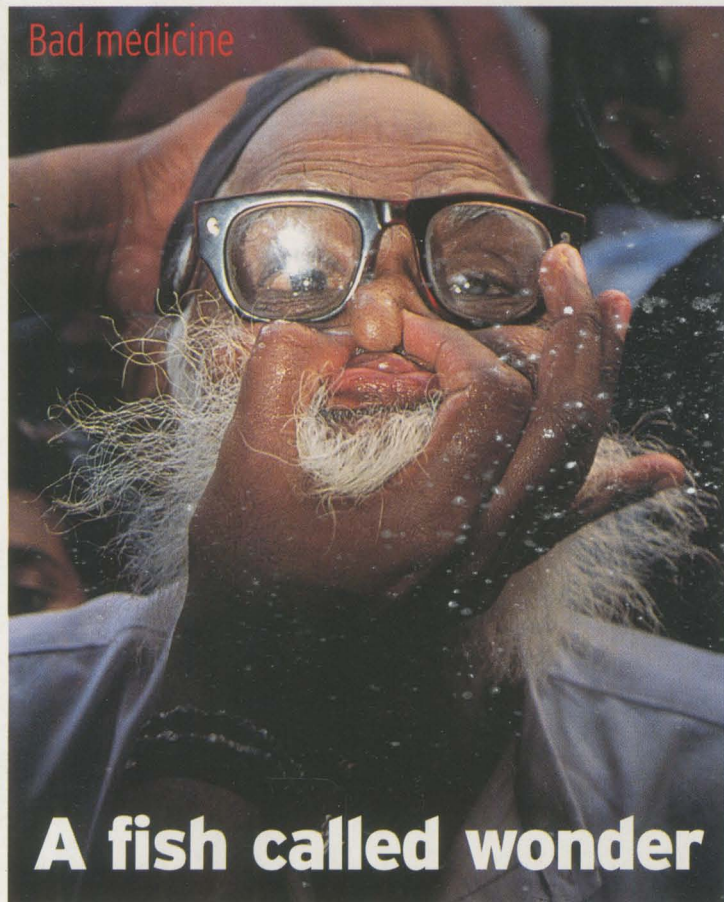
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BIZARRE STORIES

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A fish called wonder

A family in India have a peculiar cure for asthma. It involves magic water, stellar constellations... and fish

IN A LAND where miracles are an accepted part of everyday life, half a million Indians queue up one day a year to receive a magical cure for asthma. In June, at the first sighting of the Mrigasira Karthe star, they all converge on a tiny dwelling in the Old City of Hyderabad. There, in a tradition stretching back over 150 years, they will swallow a live murrel fish, an oily relative of the sardine, which has been forcibly stuffed with a yellow paste, made from secret ingredients.

The house belongs to the Gowd family, who have been administering the cure ever since their ancestor Veerana Gowd brought home an ailing holy man in the monsoon of 1845. As a reward for nursing him back to health, the mystic taught Veerana the miracle cure. He ordained that from then on the well in the courtyard would be full of magical water, which was to be used in the preparation of the paste, which in turn should be put into the mouth of a murrel fish. The cure would

only be effective at the right astrological conjunction, and the Gowds must never charge money for their remedy, or the magic would fail. Since then, every first day of the monsoon season, the Gowds have kept their word.

Although word was initially slow to spread, the Gowds are now well and truly inundated with hordes of wheezy breathers. Because the air in Indian cities is more polluted than almost anywhere else in the world, asthma is a very serious problem. The annual pilgrimage across to Hyderabad unites the Muslims, Buddhists, Jains and Hindus of every caste. Many of them make the trip three years in a row, as this is supposed to be the only way to make the cure permanent.

The five Gowd brothers cannot run the show by themselves. They have over 500 volunteers, speaking every major Indian language and dialect, to help with the heavy flow of patients.

Fish up to six inches are used

Hundreds more assist by dishing out free drinking water and biscuits donated by local businesses and charities, eager to raise their profile by being associated with the event.

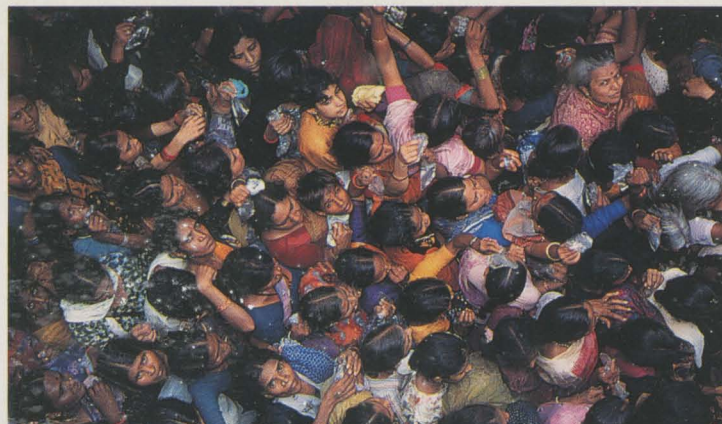
By the eve of the monsoon, there are no free rooms left in Hyderabad. Special trains, buses, flights and ferries have been laid on to bring people to the city from the farthest reaches of the country. Every street vendor and enterprising child turns into an instant murrel vendor, selling off little plastic bags containing one of the fish for three rupees (6p). Hordes of wheezing asthmatics fill every street.

All night, mantras are repeated over the vast basins of yellow paste. Then at dawn the brothers, all dressed in sacred saffron robes, bless the tubs of ointment. At 8am Harinath Gowd, the second oldest brother, opens the jaws of a live murrel and inserts a pellet of the paste, then thrusts the wriggling

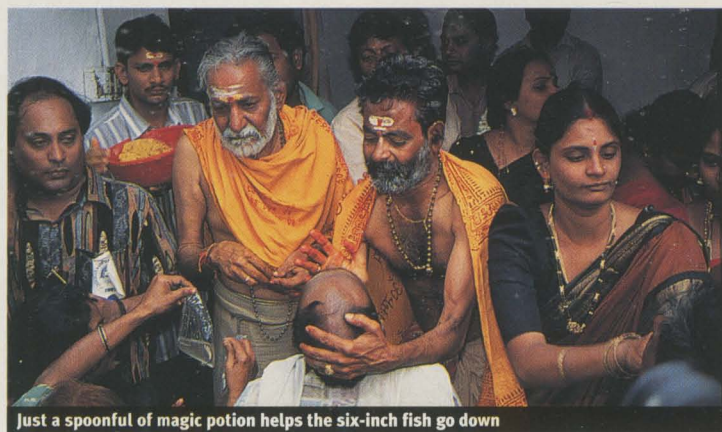
creature down his brother Shivram's neck. The ceremony always begins this way, with the family taking the medicine first. Then the doors of their courtyard are opened, and a tidal wave of anxious humanity floods in.

The process of administering the fish is pretty unpleasant. Removing the fish from the bag and getting the paste into its mouth is hard enough. Then, the murrel has to be forced head-first down the sufferer's throat. It is believed that the larger the fish, the better the treatment, so fish of up to six inches long are normally used – and they don't go down without a fight. That the Gowds can perform half a million of these treatments a day is a miracle in itself.

The medical establishment scorns the event, and the local Animal Rights society tries its best to ban it. But it seems that the cure could have some grounding in truth. A Sydney medical society recently published a possible asthma cure – very oily fresh fish.



Don't all rush at once: half a million people push into the Gowds' household in just one day



Just a spoonful of magic potion helps the six-inch fish go down



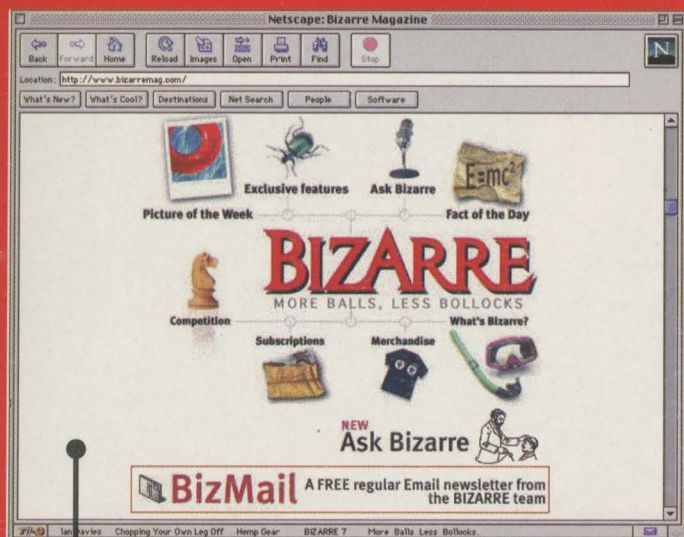
First, get your paste-filled fish and aim it at your patient...



Then shove it down her throat, using your entire fist...



Finally, stop it from escaping by forcing her mouth shut



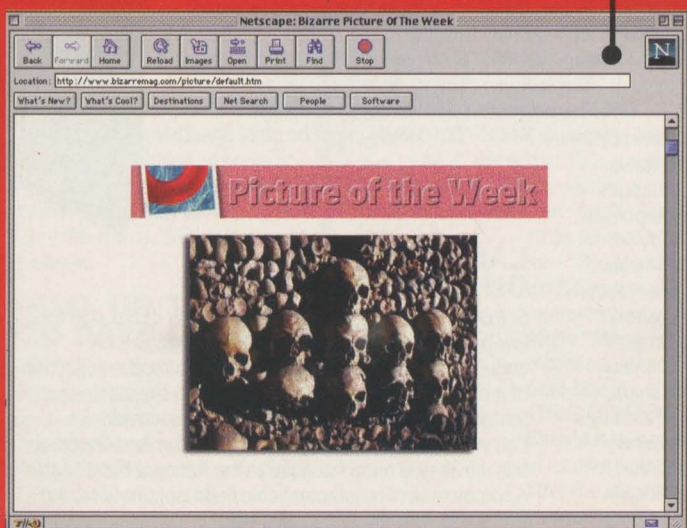
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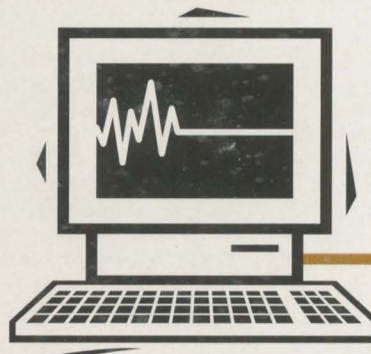
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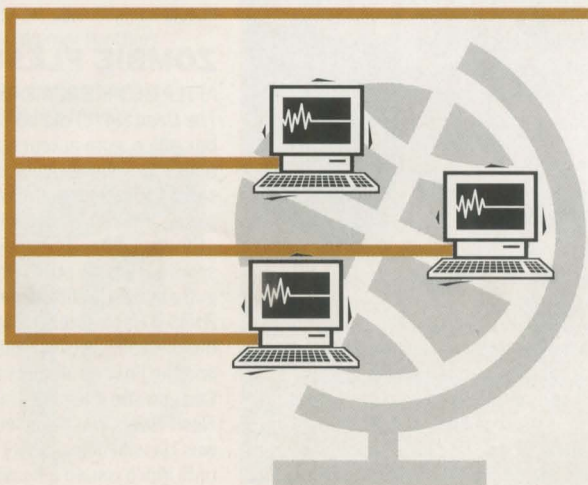
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A photograph of three young men sitting together, looking towards the camera. The man in the center is wearing a white t-shirt with the text "FUCK THE MILLENNIUM" printed on it. The man on the left is wearing a dark sweater with a white and red striped band. The man on the right is wearing a blue denim jacket over a dark turtleneck and glasses. The background is dark and textured.

3:



THE VERY STRANGE WORLD OF Christina Ricci

She's cinema's kookiest starlet, so it's natural she's making a film with John Waters. DAMON WISE talks to them both

RECENTLY, AGED 18, Christina Ricci had a minor revelation. She was on the set of *Pecker*, the latest movie product of John Waters' feverishly trashy mind, when a lone, scruffy figure shambled into view and started hovering around, casting furtive glances in her direction. This wasn't a high-security studio lot by any means; they'd been filming on location in downtown Baltimore (hardly surprising, since Waters rarely shoots anywhere else) but Ricci was more thrilled than scared and made little effort to discourage the intruder.

For Ricci, this was the proof she needed. She was no longer the pasty little nine-year-old from *Mermaids*, or the moon-faced gothic oddity from the *Addams Family* franchise. She was a woman at last, and she was about to welcome into her life one of those psychopathic individuals who usually make a nuisance of themselves with the likes of Madonna and Stephen Spielberg. They never bothered with small fry. "Yesss," she told herself, exhilarated.

She watched, with a strange secret pride as the stalker – her stalker! – floated in her peripheral vision. What was he thinking?

Was he planning to kill her? Torment her? Or innocently bombard her with a psychotic deluge of roses? She spent a lot of time wondering until one of the crew members took her aside and shattered her delusion. The area they were filming in was not a good neighbourhood and there was a methadone clinic just around the corner. Christina Ricci wasn't being stalked at all, she was being followed, on a whim, by an idle junkie.

THE WAY SHE tells the story, Ricci seems more pleased with the way the situation turned out than the way she originally perceived it. She doesn't like to be thought of as a typical young Hollywood starlet and, in retrospect, perhaps she finds the prospect of her own stalker more cheesy than creepy. She's been in the business for half her life now, and she can certainly handle herself. In fact, for her 18th birthday she had her heart set on a gun – "something small and easy to carry" – so she could be a holy terror when things got out of hand. She's on record as saying she'd like to kneecap people. "It would be awesome. I'd be like, 'Hit me, hit me, please. No, I'm serious, hit me.' Then, once they leave evidence, I'd just pull out my gun and shoot them in the knee and claim self-defence."

She's been this way since school, she claims, when she used to start fights just for the hell of it. "Once I got this big kid to throw me into a bookshelf," she says, "just because I loved confrontation and causing trouble. It was so worth the attention, ►

See you next, Wednesday: Ricci then (below) and now (left)



"I got this big kid to throw me into a bookshelf, because I love confrontation



Storing up Riccis: as Wednesday Addams; taking a bath in the wacky Cher and Hoskins vehicle *Mermaids*; encounters of the ectoplasmic kind in *Casper*; and going grunge 70s-style in *The Ice Storm*



I didn't care." This predilection for being bad could have caused some problems if she hadn't decided to be an actress, but even when she knew what she wanted to do with her life she still broke the rules. "I don't have any training," she says, "and I don't believe in training. Of course, people who don't have training always say that."

As you might expect from someone with her views on brotherly love – "I'm like obsessed with incest. I just think it's amazing" – Ricci's childhood was troubled. As a young teenager she began to have a real problem with her own appearance and became anorexic as a result. Her climb back to rude health took her the opposite way, giving her the full, rounded face and figure that landed her the part of Wednesday in the original Addams Family movie. But after the second film, Ricci knew it wouldn't be easy to make the transition from podgy child star to serious actress. She gave

it her best shot, however, by repeatedly taking parts she found challenging, provocative or downright weird.

Last year, for instance, saw her most audacious performance yet. Ang Lee's *The Ice Storm* was acclaimed for its moving study of adult relationships going horribly wrong in 1970s America, but it was Ricci who grabbed the audience's attention as a sexually precocious teenager who experiments with, and manipulates, the two boys who live next door. The sight of Ricci in an enormous Richard Nixon mask, her lugubrious, staring eyes peering through the dead President's sockets is not a sight that fades easily from the mind's screen.

Since then, Ricci has taken parts in a number of films that can only be described as... well, brave. She'll soon be seen in *Buf-falo 66*, the directorial debut of Vincent Gallo – the cadaverous, good-looking star of *Palookaville* and Abel Ferrara's *The*



WATERS' GUEST STARS

MR JAY

A local hairdressing legend, Mr Jay was to be the first bona fide celebrity to appear in a Waters movie. His demented adverts on Baltimore TV – "Come in today! You'll be glad you did!" – were a rich source of inspiration for the director, but when asked to provide the narration for *Pink Flamingos* in 1972, Mr Ray replied, "Unequivocally, no." Which was probably just as well.

TAB HUNTER



A squeaky-clean teenage pin-up in the 1950s, Hunter broke with tradition to play the coke-sniffing, scheming Todd Tomorrow in *Polyester* (1981). Unwisely, he chose to pursue the Divine connection by producing the unfunny 1985 comedy western *Lust In The Dust*.

LIZ RENAY

An ageing stripper, 47-year-old Renay was fresh out of jail for refusing to rat on her mobster boyfriend when Waters cast her in 1977's *Desperate Living*. By this time

she had also formed the first mother-daughter strip team and earned herself the nickname 'The Streaking Grandmother' after tearing down Hollywood Boulevard in the nude.

RIKKI LAKE



The once-tubby star of *Hairspray* now claims that being fat was just a gimmick. Although she's usually hosting the human zoo that is her daytime talk show, Lake has since become a Waters regular and has Divine to thank for learning how to walk in heels. Waters now says he cannot imagine making a movie without her.

SONNY BONO



The late mayor of Palm Springs finally made a useful contribution to society by playing opposite Debbie Harry as Amber Von Tussle's ruthless father in *Hairspray* (1988). Waters later acknowledged what a thrill it was to

"wake up on the morning and have Sonny Bono in your life."

PIA ZADORA



The spoiled millionaire's wife who used her husband's money to launch her acting career makes an interesting cameo as a beatnik in *Hairspray*. When she arrived to film her scene in a run-down Baltimore hovel, Zadora complimented Waters on the set and marvelled at how awful it looked. The woman whose house it was did not seem too impressed.

TRACI LORDS

The first director to pick up on Lords' mainstream potential, Waters cast her as the gorgeous and unwittingly sensual Wanda Woodward in *Cry Baby* (1990). "John Waters is a really good director," Lords said in an interview later. So now we know.

PATTY HEARST

Waters was obsessed with media heiress Hearst and keenly followed her trial in 1974 after she joined her

kidnappers, the Symbionese Liberation Army, on a major crime spree. "At the time I wrongly had certain conceptions about her but now that I know her I know I was wrong. She always used to say, 'It's people like you that got me convicted, because you wanted me to be this thing I never ever was.' And she's right!" When cast in *Cry Baby*, Hearst took her revenge by forcing the unathletic director to accompany her on hikes and float down a river in a giant inner tube.

JOHNNY DEPP



While researching possible leads for *Cry Baby*, Waters encountered Depp walking out of a newsagents with armfuls of teen magazines that made him look, in his own words, "like the world's biggest child molester." Since then, the two have remained firm friends; Waters was going to preside at Depp's marriage to Winona Ryder, and it was Waters who convinced Depp to take the lead in Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*.

and causing trouble"

Funeral – but, *Pecker* aside, her next big movie appearance is in Terry Gilliam's adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's classic gonzo novel *Fear And Loathing In Las Vegas*, starring Johnny Depp. Ricci plays a 14-year-old painter who's obsessed with Barbra Streisand; her character is picked up by Depp's co-star, Benicio Del Toro, and fed a tab of Thompson-strength acid. This touching scene ends when Depp's character freaks out and thinks they're about to get busted. "So they get rid of me," she shrugs, "figuring I'll just get raped by horny businessmen who'll give me more drugs."

Ricci's appearance in *Pecker* is more restrained. Perhaps. The film is based on Waters' recent experiences in the world of art and concerns a young sandwich-maker from Baltimore whose aunt buys him a camera and whose photographs of his demented, quasi-retarded family make him

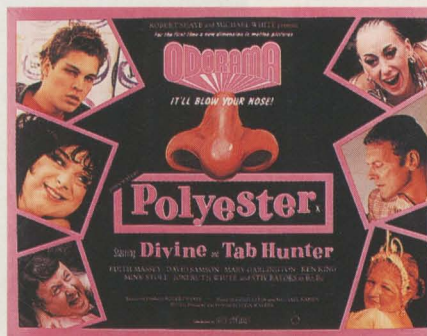
an overnight success in the Manhattan art scene. The title character is played by Edward Furlong, the young star of *Terminator 2*, and his name derives not from his genitalia – although the ratings board of America initially refused to believe this – but from the fact that, as a child, he would peck at his food like a bird. Ricci appears as his girlfriend, a workaholic who loves her job at the local washeteria – "I play a laundrette Nazi," she laughs – but it's tempting to wonder if she would have been more interested in the part of Mo B. Dick, a female drag king who runs a lesbian strip club for straight men. "It's a sweet movie with a big edge," says Waters enigmatically. ►



WATERS, OF COURSE, is not quite so easily explained. Often swiftly dismissed as a harmless satirist of kitsch America, the director has his roots in avant-garde movies of the 1960s, like the Kuchar brothers' *Sins Of The Fleshapoids* or Andy Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* (1966). Early films like *Mondo Trasho* (1969) or *Multiple Maniacs* (1970) show these leanings best, but it wasn't until the majestic *Pink Flamingos* (1972) that Waters fully embraced his Catholic past and set out to make a film that would truly offend everyone. When the film was reissued 25 years later, it was so mangled by the censor that its UK distributor off-loaded it on a single cinema in the West End of London.

Pink Flamingos is the quintessential Waters film. It concerns a band of outsiders who consider themselves the filthiest people alive, and who are led by the massive figure of the statu- esque, gender- transcending Divine. Their claim to filth is disputed by the extremely repulsive Raymond and Connie Marble (David Lochary and Mink Stole), who push heroin to

The Water-line: Divine and Tab Hunter in *Polyester*. The film was released in Odorama, with scratch-n-sniff cards. Below: Kathleen Turner and Sam Waterston get corny in *Serial Mom*; and Rikki Lake, Johnny Depp and Traci Lords grease it up in *Cry Baby*



schoolchildren and sell babies to lesbian parents. The film climaxes with a legendary scene of its leading 'lady' eating dog shit, but this is not a subject Waters intends to pursue any further. When asked whether *Pecker* will appeal to his hardcore fans, he says, "I think they'll like it. I mean, no one's going to eat shit in it – but I guarantee that no one's ever going to eat shit again in one of my movies."

Now 52, Waters has been working in the mainstream for so long that it's easy to forget just how gruesome his sense of humour can possibly be. His 1969 movie *Mondo Trasho* opens with footage of a masked executioner beheading chickens and includes the ultimate scene of blasphemy (filmed in a Baltimore church) which finds Waters regular Mink Stole using her rosary beads on Divine in a most unnecessary manner. Even his 1981 movie *Polyester*, about a Baltimore family struggling with glue addiction, alcoholism and macrame, contained the immortal line: "I'm having an abortion and I can't wait!" The fact that in 1994 he was able to make the world laugh at *Serial Mom* – a black comedy about the American obsession with murder and serial killers that totally prefigured the O.J. Simpson case – says a lot about the way society has come to accept his twisted values.



"I guarantee that no one's ever going to eat shit in one of my movies again"



The 1950s feelgood comedy *Hairspray* (1988), his first official 'family' movie, had a lot to do with Waters' rehabilitation, but his window of opportunity in Hollywood didn't last that long. The follow-up, *Cry Baby* (1990), a light juvenile-delinquent musical featuring Traci Lords in one of her first non-porno roles, was originally going to be produced by *Splash* director Ron Howard, until he politely backed out. Similarly, *Serial Mom* was going to be financed

by major studio Columbia, who started a massive debate about the lead role (both Kathy Bates and Susan Sarandon were mentioned) before pulling the plug. The finished film starred Kathleen Turner and included a clip from John Huston's irritating musical *Annie*, which Columbia owns, complete with a shot of the company logo. Waters had to ask for permission to use it. "They really made me wait," he laughs.

After this brief burst of activity, Waters has settled down into his regular pattern of development and disappointment. The last big Waters movie was going to be 'Cecil B. Demented', about a major Hollywood starlet who breaks down in Baltimore and is kidnapped by an underground film director who forces her to appear in his films. The project collapsed when a famous actress, who Waters diplomatically refuses to name, backed out for financial reasons. Before that, he was busily developing 'Glamourpuss', a romantic comedy about skinheads and fag hags which he described as a cross between the Diana Ross fashion drama *Mahogany* and Gillo Pontecorvo's *The Battle Of Algiers*. Again, money was a problem.

Gown with the wind: Divine as the shit-eating central figure in *Pink Flamingos*, and (left) mis-beehiving with Rikki Lake in *Hairspray*



"John loves film-making and he doesn't get to do it that often," says Ricci, which perhaps explains why he recently put his energy into *Director's Cut* (Scalo), an art book of his movie fetishes, on a smaller scale. There's 'Foreign Film', a montage of clips from a black-and-white subtitled movie that features the words 'CRUEL', 'I HATE YOU', 'DIRTY WHORE' and 'TOUCH IT'. Or the self-explanatory '12 Assholes And A Dirty Fool', compiled exclusively from gay porno films. "Do you know how hard it is to find a single shot of an asshole in a porno movie with no other part of the body ready to attack it?" he says, feigning indignation. "Hands, penises, vaginas, tongues – something just outside the frame is always ready to spoil an asshole's lone moment in the sun."

The book doesn't mean John Waters is giving up movies for art, but it does say something about the roots of *Pecker* and the kind of world he's been moving in. Which begs the question: if Waters wasn't a film director, what would he be? The answer is simple, if not surprising. "A warden in a prison," he says, "who would be fired the first week for letting everybody go." **B**

WATERS AND MANSON: IT'S A FAMILY AFFAIR

Multiple Maniacs (1970)

When Waters started shooting his first movie with synch sound, the Manson family had yet to be arrested for the shocking murder of Sharon Tate and three friends. Never one to pass up free publicity, Waters scripted the film to implicate his stars in the killings. Divine plays the host of a travelling cavalcade of perversions who constantly taunts her common-law husband Mr David with the idea that he is responsible ("I saw what you did... P.I.G."); midway through, however, Manson was brought to book and Waters hastily added a scene in which the truth is revealed.

Pink Flamingos (1972)

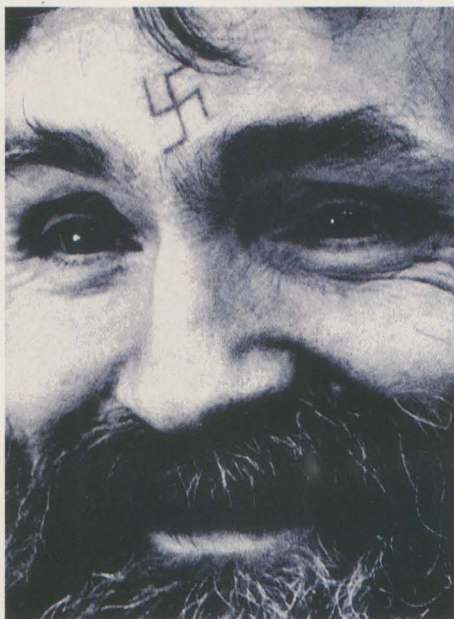
In one of the film's scenes of Divine sashaying through Baltimore, Waters' favourite leading lady swans past graffiti that screams 'Free Tex Watson', one of the ring-leaders in the Tate murders. The film's anti-heroes, Connie and Raymond Marble, have a framed picture of Manson girl Susan Atkins, aka Sadie Glutz, in their apartment.

Female Trouble (1974)

By this time Waters had started visiting Tex Watson in prison, and the film's opening sequence includes a model helicopter made by Watson himself. Fittingly, *Female Trouble* is about crime and glamour, and the opening music – ripped off the middle-eight from a song called 'Black Velvet Soul' – includes the lines: "I go berserk/I like it fine/As long as I'm grabbing a headline".

Desperate Living (1977)

Set in the derelict town of Mortville, *Desperate Living* stars Waters regular Edith Massey as Queen Carlotta, a senile tyrant who lives in a cardboard castle surrounded by pictures of famous maniacs: Adolf Hitler, Idi Amin, and, of course, Charles Manson. When Carlotta proclaims 'Backwards



Day', when everyone must wear their clothes back to front and walk in reverse, a bitter Mortvillean snarls, "Squeaky Fromme, where are you when we need you?"

Hairspray (1988)

Set in the early 1960s, *Hairspray* seemingly holds little hope for Manson spotters. Those with good eyesight, however, may just be able to spot a name on a Coming Soon sign at the Tilted Acres fun park. Too small to read on video, it's an alias used by two members of the Manson Family when they were arrested. "I mean, talk about obscure!" says Waters. "But I knew."

Cry Baby (1990)

Despite setting the film in the 1950s he knew as a child, Waters managed to include a Manson address in a prominent shot of a mailbox. Sadly, it had to be cut from the finished film, along with his trademark vomit scene.

Serial Mom (1994)

Happily, *Serial Mom's* dark subject matter gave plenty of scope for Manson referencing, in particular a scene in which Beverley Sutphin's loving husband finds her secret stash of killer-worship material. As well as a (real) Christmas message from John Wayne Gacy and a taped message from Ted Bundy (voiced by Waters himself), the director finds time for a living close-up of Manson at his most demented.

Brutal, corrupt and utterly immoral: the Cosa Nostra today is very different from the close-knit networks of the movies. Sicilian writer STEVE LOPEZ goes back home to catch up with the family

ON 3 MAY 1991, Italy was stunned by one of the most bloodcurdling Mafia crimes in recent history. In Taurianova, Calabria, a butcher was murdered in front of his shop in the middle of town. His head was cut off with one of his own knives and used for target practice in the main piazza. The murder happened in broad daylight and took 17 minutes. Yet, when questioned by the authorities, no one could remember having seen anything.

The Mafia's power cannot be underestimated. Its shadowy nature has been protected for centuries by the *omerta* code of silence. Meanwhile, the organisation has transcended almost every boundary in Italy and the US through the simple notion of family solidarity. In the past when it has come close to being fingered, accusations have been retracted at the last minute, or witnesses found dead with a stone, cork or banknotes stuffed in their mouths.

But no longer. In the last few years, there has been a spate of Mafia trials in Italy. At their centre are a stream of *pentiti* supergrasses, spilling the beans on the infamous secret society.

Apart from movie portrayals and a few reports in America during the 1960s and 1970s, little was known about the workings of the Mafia. It wasn't until 1982 that a high-ranking member, Tommaso Buscetta, was arrested in



The corpse of a Mafia victim is removed from a sewer. It had been there for two months

Brazil. After a failed suicide attempt, he agreed to expose the secret society.

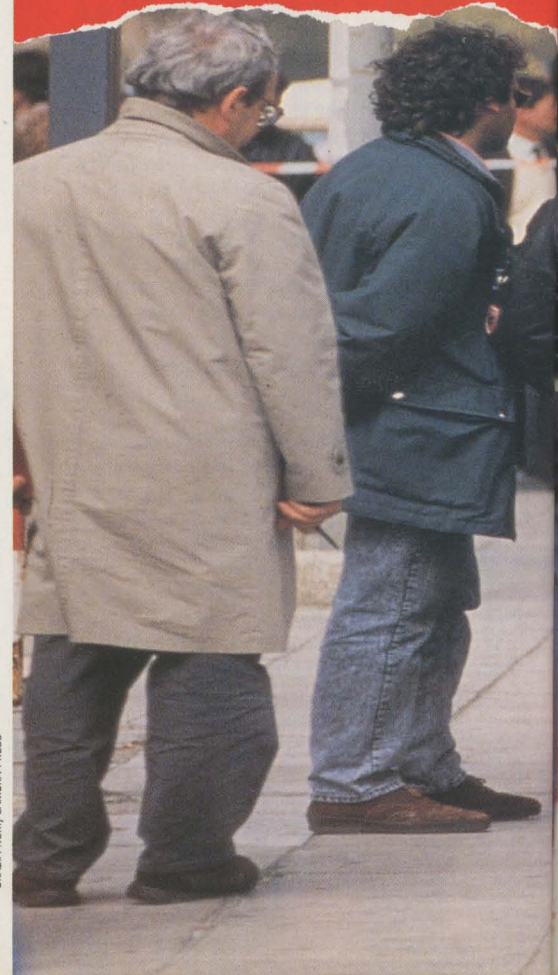
Buscetta claimed that in its stampede to grab the huge profits to be made from heroin, the so-called 'Honoured Society' had abandoned its original ideals. "It's necessary to destroy this band of criminals who have perverted the principles of the Cosa Nostra and dragged them through the mud," he said. Buscetta's statements to Giovanni Falcone, head of Sicily's and New York's anti-Mafia judges, revealed the structure of Cosa Nostra, giving the world its first view of the workings of the Mafia, and incriminated leaders and allies of the powerful Corleone family, headed by Salvatore 'The Beast' Riina. Riina had embarked on a campaign of terror to monopolise the world's drug industry, causing inter-Mafia wars and systematically killing Buscetta's relatives.

Men of honour

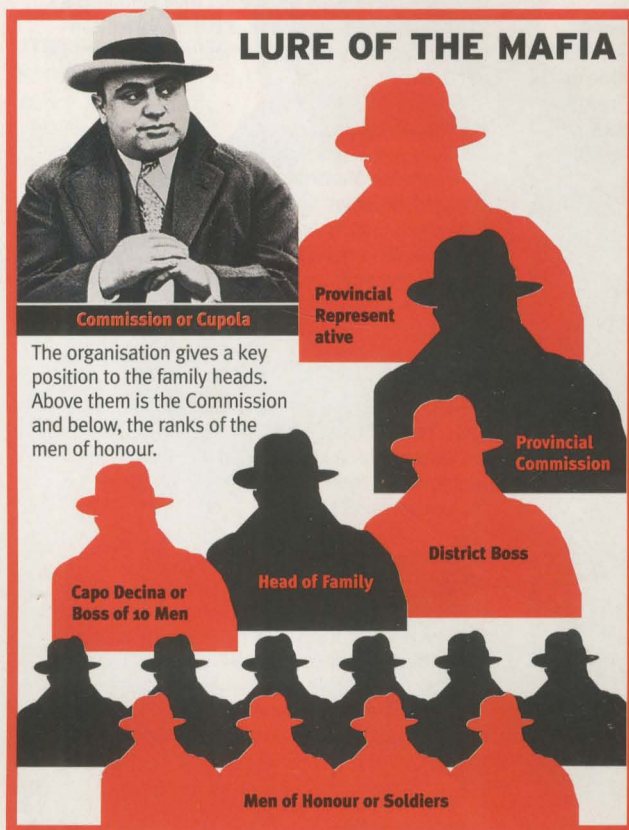
The word 'Mafia' is a literary creation – the real Mafiosi call themselves 'men of honour' and the organisation is called 'Cosa Nostra' (Our Thing). Buscetta explained that: "Every man of honour belongs to a 'family', which in turn corresponds to a neighbourhood. In small towns the family takes its name from the town itself." ►

The old: Giuseppe Zangara, 80-year-old cemetery watchman, shot dead on 6 April 1961. He had been part of the 'Requiem Mafia'; the funeral racket

Inside

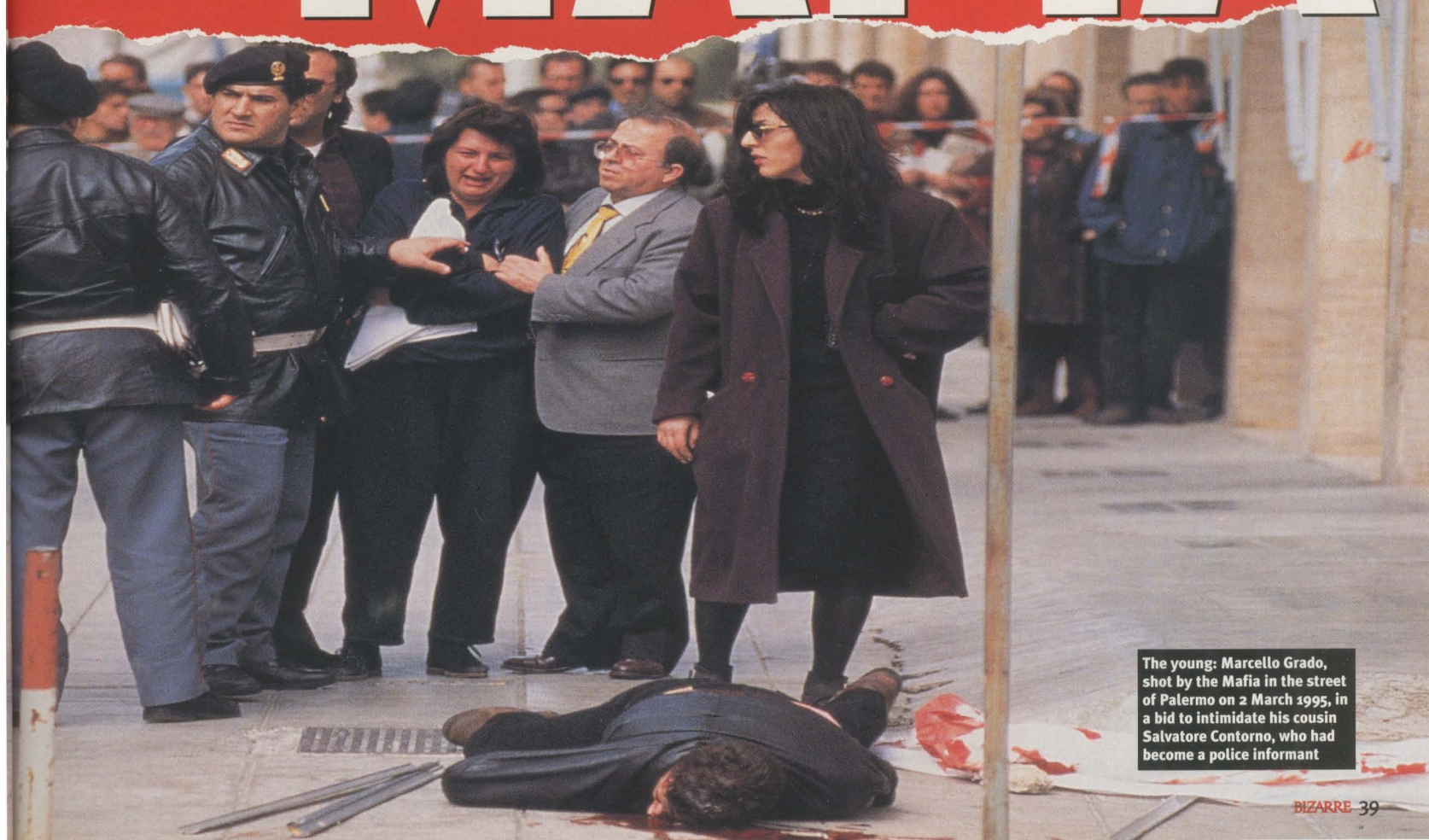


GRAZIA NERI/CAMERA PRESS





the MAFIA

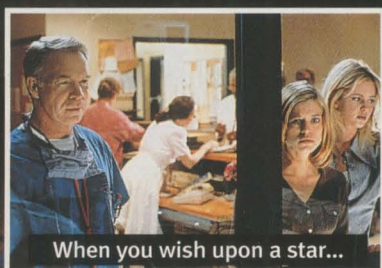


The young: Marcello Grado, shot by the Mafia in the street of Palermo on 2 March 1995, in a bid to intimidate his cousin Salvatore Contorno, who had become a police informant

Be careful what you wish for...

Unless it's our all-expenses-paid **Horror Hallowe'en trip to Hollywood**

WISHMASTER



When you wish upon a star...



IF YOU THINK all genies are wise-cracking cuddly spirits hanging around in bottles waiting to do nice things for you when you make a wish, meet Djinn The Wishmaster, Wes Craven's latest horrific creation. Craven, director of *Nightmare On Elm Street* and *Scream*, needs no introduction, and neither do the film's three stars: Robert (Freddy Krueger) Englund, Kane (Jason) Hodder and Tony (Candyman) Todd, together on the big screen for the first time.

In Wes's latest screamathon, Alexandra Amberson (Tammy Lauren) is the unfortunate jewel evaluator who buys a stolen fire opal and accidentally releases the Wishmaster when cleaning it. His offer of three wishes seems like a dream come true, but soon turns into a living nightmare.

Anyhow, any excuse for a competition. Our friends at First Independent Films thought it'd be fun to fly one lucky winner and their guest out to Hollywood for a 7-day taste of the movie-star life. You'll travel by limousine, stay at the Roosevelt, right across the road from Mann's Chinese Theatre where LA's glitterati are commemorated with handprints in the pavement. It's Hollywood's most haunted hotel, and what better time to see it than at Hallowe'en?

You'll get the chance to scream your heart out on a tour of Universal Studios, including the new Jurassic Park ride and Hallowe'en Horror Nights experience where the whole studio is transformed into a haunt of ghouls and vampires; get submerged in the



Guess who's going to be dinner?

Creature from the Black Lagoon's Monsterquarium; and meet Frankenstein in the Classic Monster Maze. Once you've recovered, you'll go to the Knotts Berry Theme Park, home of the most technically advanced white-knuckle rides in the world.

And you'll get a taste of what it's like to be on the A-list when you're whisked into Goldfingers, one of the hottest nightclubs in Los Angeles, whose gothic ambience is perfectly suited to partying the night of Hallowe'en away, where you can drink and dance to your heart's content.

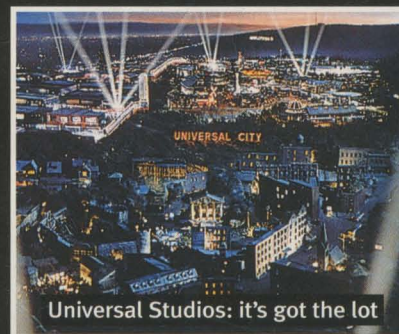
Three runners up get a trip to

London to enjoy dinner at the Hard Rock Cafe in Piccadilly, packed with pop memorabilia. So now's the chance to win a taste of the Tinseltown highlife or enjoy a great rock-n-roll experience, not to mention a gut-busting all-inclusive dinner for you and your date, on us.

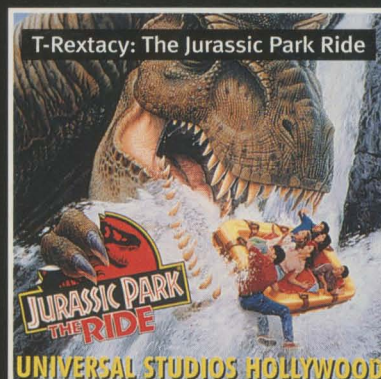
All you have to do is tell us how many sequels to *Friday the 13th* were made. Was it:

- A) 3
- B) 8
- C) 15

Put your answer on a postcard with your name and address and send it to: Bizarre Wishmaster, John Brown Publishing, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR. And if you don't win, you can still enjoy *Wishmaster* at cinemas all over the UK from 29 May. If you do not want to receive occasional mailings of interest please write 'no mailings' on your postcard.



Universal Studios: it's got the lot



T-Rextacy: The Jurassic Park Ride

You called, madam?
Hooray for Hollyweird

SO YOU WANT TO JOIN THE MAFIA, EH?

To join the 'Family' you have to be Sicilian with no relatives in law enforcement. You get spotted in the local area as tough, streetwise and smart. The initiation ritual is performed by at least three 'men of honour' who explain the five commandments of the Cosa Nostra. You choose a Godfather from these men.

To swear you in, the index finger on your gun hand is pricked and your blood is spread on an image of the

Virgin Mary. You are commanded never to break omerta because as you enter the Cosa Nostra with blood, you'll leave it with blood if you do. The image is set alight and you pass it from hand to hand, swearing never to betray the Mafia. Finally you pledge: "May my flesh burn like this saint if I fail to keep my oath."

As a made man, you must honour other men's wives, and not to steal from or lie to another man of honour.



In Palermo, another victim of Mafia violence lies dead in the street

At the head of each family is a *capo* (boss) elected by the men of honour. He, in turn, selects a *sotto-capo* (underboss) and a *consiglieri* (counselor). The ordinary 'soldiers' of each family are organised in groups of ten with a 'captain' who oversees the action of the individual wiseguys.

Each family presides over a district. A district leader or *capo mandamento* is chosen to represent them in the governing body of the organisation, known as the Commission. The Commission's role is to lay down major policy, mediate family disputes and decide the most important murders, usually of police, judges and politicians, or other Mafia figures.

Buscetta claimed that the Commission had replaced democracy and collective interest with greed and the self-interest of the individuals in power. Family feuds broke out and leadership battles became common. During the late 1970s and 1980s, around 10,000 people were killed because of organised crime in-fighting in southern Italy. That's three times more than in 25 years of guerrilla warfare in Northern Ireland.

The Commission sets the Mafia apart from all other underworld gangs. Without a high level of organisation, the international heroin trafficking

which the Mafia carries out would simply not be possible. The drug routes start in the Middle and Far East, moving to processing plants in Sicily, and ending up in New York, where the American Mafia is said to control 60% of the market. In the US it's known as the 'Pizza Connection'.

Buscetta's evidence led to the trial and conviction of the main members of the New York Mafia Commission in September 1986.

The modern Mafia

With the entrepreneurial transformation of the Mafia's activities, distinctions have been made between the Italian and US divisions, which have evolved separately. The Americans count gambling and prostitution among their principal activities; the Italians refuse to have anything to do with them.

However, the life of a Mafia assassin is much the same on either side of the Atlantic. Vincenzo Singara, a Sicilian 'soldier' who was caught, testified about his life as a hitman: "The routine of

killing was almost always the same. The victims would be lured into a fetid apartment, a room with crumbling plaster, a naked light and a table with a couple of chairs around it." When the victim appeared, Singara and one of his cousins would grab them and tie them to a chair. They would be interrogated for information, then strangled. "It was not easy work. It often took two men holding either ends of the rope about ten minutes, with one or two others to hold the victim still. The actual act of strangulation was reserved for the boss."

As you may have gathered from the movie *Goodfellas*, the US version of trash disposal is sometimes a little more colourful. Vincent Teresa, an informer from the States, also told of his gang's methods: "We used to use piranhas to frighten some of the people who owed us money. We'd tell them we'd stick their arms in the tanks if they didn't pay up on time. Then we'd throw in a few goldfish or a piece of meat, and they'd watch shaking as those fish chewed up everything in sight. On one occasion we stuck a guy's hand in the tank... Those crazy little fish were chewing the hell out of his fingers before we pulled his hand out."

In 1957, at a famous meeting at the Hotel des Palmas, Palermo, it was arranged that the Sicilians would run heroin into the US and the Americans would sell it. As profits poured in, the Sicilians set up outposts in South America, Mexico and Eastern Europe. The organisation is funded by extortion and protection rackets which in Italy, during the early 1990s, had an estimated worth of US\$25 billion.

"We used piranhas to frighten the people who owed us money"

Between the drug trade and its other activities, Cosa Nostra has more money than it knows what to do with. One *pentito* described what he called the 'Houses of Money' – apartments in Sicily that were literally filled with cash. Cosa Nostra's profits had become too huge to launder, so it had to find places to store it.

The Buscetta confessions were used in the supertrials of the late 1980s. Nineteen of the ►

MAFIA SPEAK

This is a dictionary to help you sound like a 'made' Mafia member so that you can get by in any serious discussion with a Don – or talk like Joe Pesci.

Administration – the upper-level power structure of the Mafia family, made up of a boss, an underboss and a *consiglieri* who counsels bosses and handles disputes with the ranks

Associate – a nearly 'made' member; someone who works for the Mafia but hasn't been sworn in as a member

Babania – heroin dealing

Babbo – a useless underling

Biscuit – a gun or 'piece'

The Books – euphemism for membership in the family, since nothing is ever written down; when there is an availability (death of a member) the books are 'opened'

Broken – to be demoted in rank

Burn – to kill someone.

Synonymous with: to do a piece of work, break an egg, clip, hit, put to sleep, and whack

Button – a 'made' member of the Mafia. Also soldier, wiseguy, goodfella, man of honour

Capo di tutti capi – the head honcho or boss of all the bosses

Comare – Mafia mistress

Compare – a close friend, literally 'Godfather' in Italian

Cosa Nostra – Italian for 'This Thing of Ours' or 'Our Thing'

Don – the head of a family; the only one who gives permission to 'whack' or 'make' someone

Friend of ours – introduction of one made member to another

Give a gift – to bribe

Hitting the mattresses – going to war with rival family or gang

Meat eater – corrupt police

Mustache Pete – elder statesman of the Mafia

On the pad – paying regular bribes

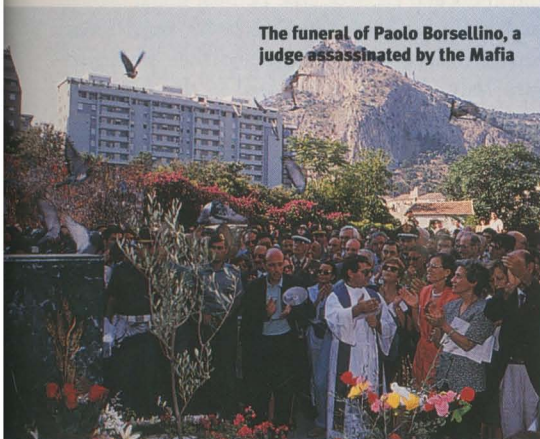
Pentito – a penitent, member who 'squeals'; stool pigeon, rat

Queer – counterfeit

Shivvy – knife

Zips – American Mafiosi's derogatory term for Sicilian Mafiosi

The funeral of Paolo Borsellino, a judge assassinated by the Mafia



500 Mafiosi who appeared were given life sentences. The rest shared 2065 years between them.

After new threats from the government to stamp out the Mafia, the underworld began targeting Italian state officials in a campaign of terror that continues today, known as 'Excellent Corpses'. Targets include journalists, judges, lawyers, police chiefs and politicians. The early 1990s saw a firestorm of Mafia violence in Sicily. Two anti-Mafia judges died in Palermo in separate bomb blasts: demonstrations from the Mafia to show it could kill with impunity. However, its actions backfired. Pushed into action, the notoriously lethargic Italian government finally began to move against them.

One result of this new purge was the arrest of Salvatore Riina, the Sicilian Godfather. Riina, head of the most powerful Mafia clan, the 'Corleonese', had been the world's most wanted man since 1969. His 1993 capture came as a complete surprise. Informed on by his driver, Riina was picked up while being driven through Palermo. It was found that, far from being a fugitive, he had never left his home town of Corleone.

Since his capture there have been mass arrests of politicians and business people implicated



Salvatore Riina: head of the Corleonese and the most wanted man in the world

with Riina and the Mafia. The most notable has been Giulio Andreotti, who was for seven terms the Prime Minister of Italy.

Corleone and the Mafia

Mario Puzo chose the name 'Corleone' for the family in his book *The Godfather* with good reason. For over 50 years the town has been home to some of the most feared and respected Mafia leaders. Many *capo di tutti capi* (bosses of all bosses) who have controlled the international network of crime and corruption originally came from there.

Riina, the Godfather, allegedly ordered at least 150 murders, 40 of which he is believed to have performed himself. The authorities also hold him responsible for the murders of anti-Mafia investigators Giovanni Falcone and Paolo Borsellino, killed in Palermo in 1992.

Another pentito, Antonio Calderone, called Riina one of the most vicious men in Mafia history. "He was both clever and ferocious," Calderone said. Called 'U Curto' (Short One) – but not to his face – Riina's philosophy was: "If

POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES

In April this year, Italy's anti-Mafia force began investigating the affairs of two former prime ministers, Bettino Craxi and Silvio Berlusconi, after informants claimed they and others in Italian politics were behind the Mafia's 1992-3 bombing campaign.

Supergrasses Tullio Canella and Gioachino Pennino accuse the two politicians of being behind the attacks, which left almost two dozen dead. They claim that when the socialist Craxi was being investigated by Milan magistrates in 1992, he did a deal with the Mafia to destabilise Italy and draw attention away from himself. In exchange, the Mafia was supposedly promised political favours.

According to Pennino, Craxi went to Berlusconi for help after he realised he could no longer depend on corrupt Italian intelligence agents to do his dirty work. Craxi has already been found guilty of other offences connected with corruption, now lives in Tunisia and will not return to Italy because he would immediately be arrested.

The sources say Berlusconi's role stems partly from his membership of the P-2 masonic lodge, which is outlawed in Italy. It's claimed that other people under the same investigation are part of P-2, which, conspiracy theorists say, was behind the death of Pope John Paul I and the murder of Vatican banker Robert Calvi.

However, the Mafia inquiry is beset by angry claims that the informers are lying. Truth is stranger than *The Godfather Part III*.

THE LIFE OF A MAFIA ASSASSIN

Joining the Mafia isn't easy – and once in, no one can choose not to kill or turn down an order from the Commission or the head of a family.

Strangling has become the main method of assassination. The *Lupara Bianca* (White Shotgun) is the Mafia term for a bloodless murder in which the body is disposed of, leaving no trace of the victim. A variation of this called *incapramento* (engotment), based on the method used to kill animals in the Sicilian countryside, is favoured because it leaves the body neatly shaped for fitting in the boot of a car as rigor mortis sets in. The wrists and ankles are hogtied behind the back with a rope around the victim's neck, so he slowly strangles himself as his muscles yield.

It's important to leave messages for rivals. The singer Pino Marchese was found dead with his genitals cut off and stuffed in his mouth because he had made the unforgivable error of having an affair with the wife of a man of honour. Dead birds are left on the bodies of informers for 'singing', and fish are left on doorsteps to symbolise that the victim now 'sleeps with the fishes'.

American hitman Vincent Teresa remembered a man named Ice Pick Barney: "He and other men would force their victim into a men's room. Then, while the others held the victim, he'd put the ice pick through the victim's ear-drum into the brain. The pick left a tiny hole with almost no bleeding. When a doctor examined him, he'd rule the victim died from a cerebral hemorrhage."

Teresa tried to play down the image of being a hit-man: "For an assassin, there are no diplomas. Graduation is staying alive. The biggest thing in mob life is being able to wake up in the morning."

German police show off guns, cocaine and heroin captured from the mob



Eight rods of weapons-grade uranium from the former Soviet Union

someone's finger hurt, it was better to cut off his whole arm just to make sure." This is literally what his killers did. They even executed the 16-year-old son of a murdered crime boss. Before shooting him through the temple, they cut off the boy's right arm to symbolise that he would not be able to use it to exact revenge on Riina.

Despite Riina's arrest, the leadership of the Corleonese still seems solid. Riina's main associates, Bernardo Provenzano, and his brother-in-law Leoluca Bagarella, are still at large and believed to be calling the shots. The relatively

low number of Mafia killings today indicates that internal strife is under control. It's business as usual for the Corleone clan.

Eco-gangsters: the new threat

Today the Mafia is moving into 'eco-gangsterism'. Disposing of chemical waste is illegal in Italy, so companies are paying the Mafia to do their dirty work. The 'Ndrangheta, one of the principal Mafia groups, are said to hire tramp steamers, load them with radioactive waste, sail them to the 'toe' of Italy and sink them. Through this and other similar crimes, the 'Ndrangheta and three other Mafia groups are said to have made \$6.4 billion in 1997 alone.

And there's worse. Earlier this year the Italian police launched a sting raid on a location in a Rome suburb, arresting several suspected Mafia members and recovering a 24-inch metal rod. It was weapons-grade uranium from the former Soviet Union, sent to Zaire and then smuggled into Italy. The agent involved in the sting had haggled the seller down from \$21.6 million to \$11.2 million. He also claimed eight more rods had come from Africa and were still at large.

If that's right, the Mafia stood to make between \$98 million and \$195 million from the deal – a huge amount, but at what cost? Is the Mafia's greed so great that it'll put enough uranium to build several nuclear weapons into the hands of anyone who can afford it? The fallout from the Mafia's crimes is no longer confined to Italy and the USA. Now it may touch us all. **B**

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Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Age: _____ Height: _____

Occupation: _____

Religion: _____

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐

2. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐
Comprehensive ☐ Sec. Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐
Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐
Technical Qualification ☐

3. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Affectionate | ☐ Fashionable |
| ☐ Serious | ☐ Practical |
| ☐ Considerate | ☐ Conventional |
| ☐ Shy | ☐ Reliable |
| ☐ Romantic | ☐ Adventurous |

4. Your Attitudes

(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)

- ☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
- ☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?
- ☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
- ☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
- ☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

5. Your interests

(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Wining/Dining | ☐ Jazz/Folk music |
| ☐ Pubs | ☐ Classical music |
| ☐ Sports/Keep fit | ☐ Theatre/Arts |
| ☐ Politics/History | ☐ Watching TV |
| ☐ Reading | ☐ Smoking |
| ☐ Travelling | ☐ Astrology |
| ☐ Science/Tech | ☐ Children |
| ☐ Cinema | ☐ Homemaking |
| ☐ Pets/Animals | ☐ Gardening |
| ☐ Pop music | ☐ Countryside |

6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: _____ Maximum age: _____

Height: min. _____ max. _____ Don't mind ☐

Marital status:

Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Don't mind ☐

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

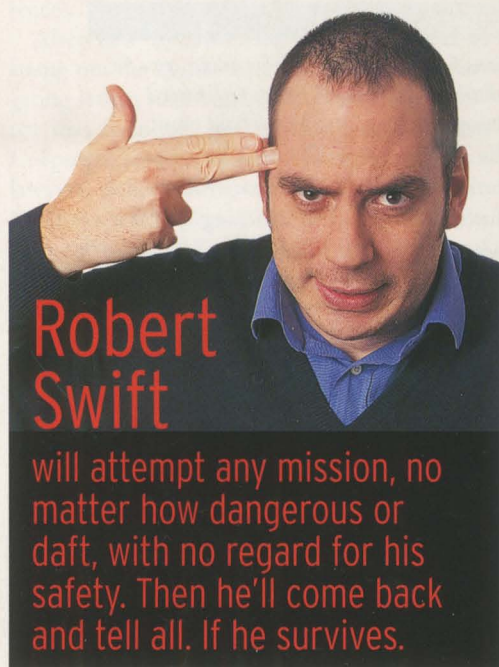
Attractive ☐

Average ☐



Dept. BIZ 09





Robert Swift

will attempt any mission, no matter how dangerous or daft, with no regard for his safety. Then he'll come back and tell all. If he survives.

ONE, TWO. ONE, TWO... Just counting the audience." This is the roadie's favourite joke. Of course, it's not very funny, but roadies aren't paid to be humorous. They're paid to lug massive boxes of expensive equipment on and off lorries and bare their bum cracks at a paying audience as they run onto the stage to fix a broken guitar string. Surely the grubbiest of all professions, the roadie is synonymous with long shaggy beards, greying pony tails, quivering booze bellies and a penchant for underage girls and huge spliffs. I knew one day I'd get an assignment where I'd feel at home.

So where were the hairy bastards in the Grateful Dead T-shirts when I took to the road with brand new hopefuls Arnold at the Cybar, Brighton? There wasn't an inch of arse cleavage



Gaffer tape, a beer belly and saggy jeans used to be all you needed to be a roadie. These days you're expected to know something about music too - but that didn't stop me

in sight. The blokes tuning up the guitars and fiddling with the mics looked more like graphic designers than the hard-living roadies of legend. Things are not what they used to be in the crazy world of rock-n-roll.

"Bands don't have roadies any more," revealed Simon, the man who does the "One, two, testing," bit for Arnold. "There's no old blokes in tight trousers and black T-shirts on most tours. These days they wear designer labels and if they've got tattoos they tend to be smart ones, not LOVE and HATE."

I didn't understand. Simon must be a roadie. I'd seen him on stage playing with bits of gaffer tape and laying out sweat towels for the band. "I'm not a roadie, I'm a sound technician. 'Roadie' is a very out-of-date word."

In fact, none of the roadies who I met at the Arnold gig claimed to be roadies at all. They were back-line technicians, front-line technicians, sound technicians; there was probably even a lab technician in among the crew but there was no one who would admit to being a roadie. So, I asked, who are those blokes you see humping those big black wheely boxes in and out of massive tour-trucks every time the Cure come to town? "They're the humpers," said Simon helpfully.

For those about to rock, we salute you: thanks to the sterling efforts of Rob, Arnold are able to become the new Oasis

My experience of being a roadie started out with the soundcheck at four o'clock on a wet Wednesday afternoon. "At a big gig the headline band gets about three hours to get their sound right," explained James, a 30-year-old veteran of tours by Suede, Elastica and numerous other big-name indie bands.

"The back line technicians sort out the mic levels and make sure there's no nasty echoes or feedback," he added. "They also check that the band can hear themselves clearly through the monitors at the front of the stage. That's one of the hardest things to get right because most of the sound a band makes is directed on the audience and when they start shouting and screaming no one can hear themselves play." Not that there was a lot of shouting and screaming from the 50-odd people at the Arnold gig...

A lot of a roadie's time is spent hanging around waiting for something to happen. His day starts at about eight in the morning, carrying guitar cases and humping amplifiers, doing



"Is George Michael in the crowd?" Butthole surfer Rob shows the audience the dark side of his moon

Enough of guitars already! Where were all the

Photographs by
Kathy Poole and Mike Trow

HELP!

I'm a roadie

everything involved in setting up the gear for a band that won't actually walk onto the stage until about ten in the evening.

Between the sound check and the start of the gig, I did what every good roadie does: got to work cultivating a beer gut. So it was just as well that when the time came for me to tune up the lead guitarist's axe I had a electronic stage-tuner to trust and not just my ears.

"A roadie has to be able to play all the instruments on stage. How else is he going to know if the thing sounds shit?" said James. "The trouble is that most roadies can play the instruments better than the band they work for, which can lead to a... how can I put it... a certain loss of respect. I make a point of only working for bands whose music I like to listen to so I always get on well with them... Even though I am a better guitar player than most of them put together."

But enough of guitars, already! Where were the endless supplies of drugs that roadies live on? Quite honestly, there are more pills lurking in ►

drugs roadies live on?



No sleep till Brighton: a group of humpers gets ready to haul some serious ass

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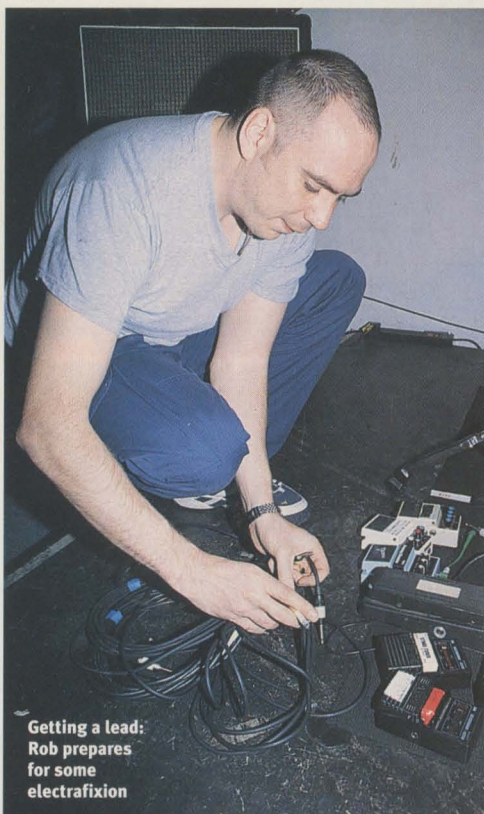
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S509



Getting a lead: Rob prepares for some electrafixion

Roadies handbook

Any tour of decent size needs several kinds of roadie, with different areas of expertise. Do you qualify? Are you sure you want to?

Yer basic roadie: The man with the gaffer tape going, "One-two." Basic roadies also include the band's instrument wranglers.

Lighting tech: On a decent-sized tour, these people are actually hired by the company who owns the lighting rig.

Sound tech: Not ruined your ears yet? Understand acoustics? Not frightened by enormous mixing desks? Try mixing for a small local club to get experience.

Pyro tech: Explosives, fireworks and smoke, basically. Do not think of applying for this position on the next Suzanne Vega tour.

Rigger: Not afraid of heights? Fancy spending most of your time hanging from the ceiling, doing things to lights? Oh, go on then.

Carpenter: Includes chippies, welders and anyone responsible for the band's stage-set.

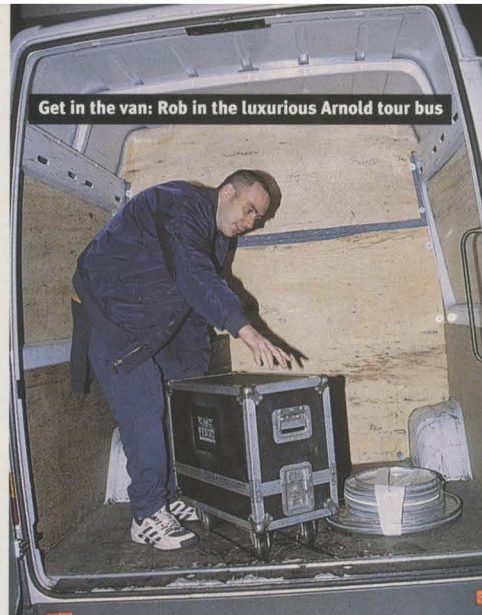
Wardrobe: What part of the word 'wardrobe' do you not understand?

Bus driver: Apart from being able to drive a bus, your main talent will be getting on with the band.

Truck driver: The obvious. You may also be able to pick up some extra cash working on the merchandise stand.

Security: Venues provide their own, but any moderately famous band will want someone to look after them personally.

Accountant: If you're a boring sod who's always wanted to live the rock-n-roll lifestyle, you're still in with a chance.



Get in the van: Rob in the luxurious Arnold tour bus

my grandmother's handbag than were evident amongst the new breed of roadies at the Arnold gig. I thought I'd be spending my time sucking on a big fat spliff while trading Mick-and-Keef stories with men called Satan and Killer, listening to tales about the time Hendrix taught them to play 'Voodoo Chile' on some drunken groupie's bra-strap.

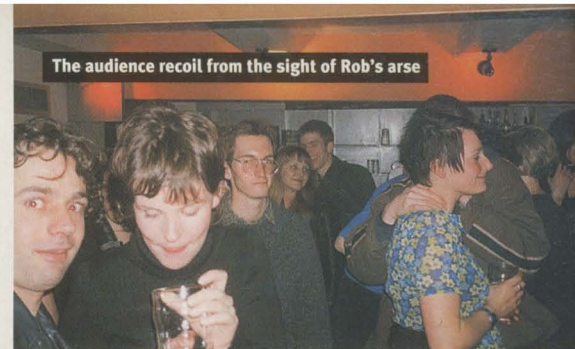
"You know," says Stan (well, I suppose that's a bit like Satan) a forty-something well-seasoned roadie and one-time humper for Slade, "if every roadie who claims he was with Jimi Hendrix at Woodstock was really there, there would have been more people re-stringing his guitar than there were in the audience." Of course, Stan claims to be the only one who really was there with big Jim...

Which brings us to that other staple diet of the roadie - girls. It's a well known fact that all the girls that the band don't want are thrown to the roadies to sort out in the back of the tour bus. Or so I'd been told. These days, it seems, being a roadie means making sure the band all get a good night's sleep and talking about the size of their PA system rather than sharing their penis

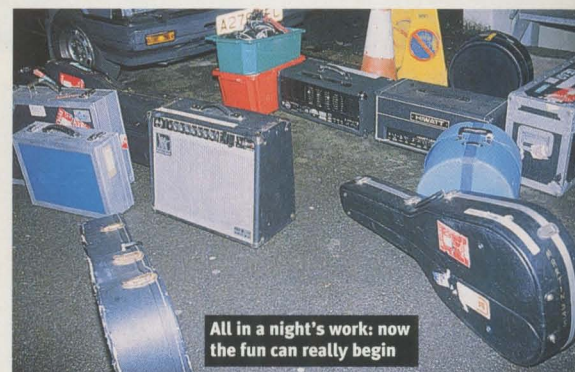
It's a well known fact that all the girls the band don't want are thrown to the roadies



Not a roadie, but a sound technician: Simon wires up



The audience recoil from the sight of Rob's arse

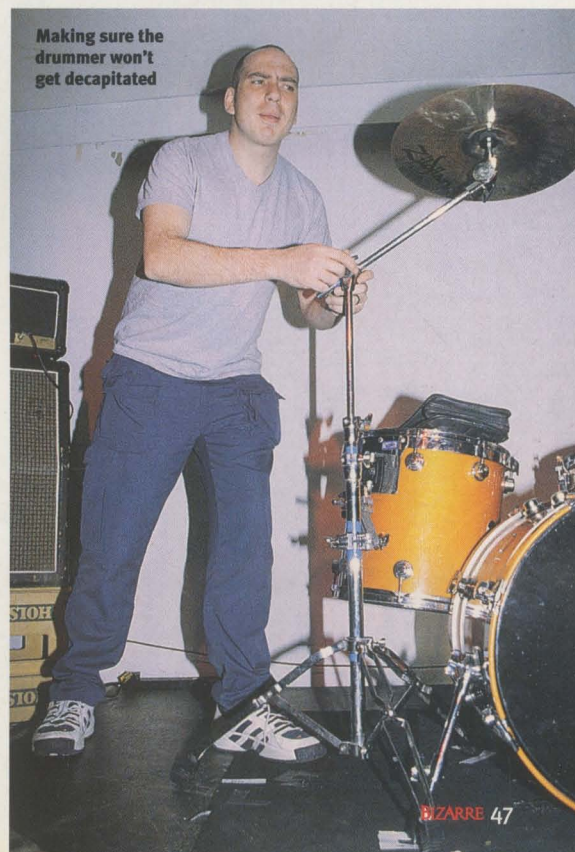


All in a night's work: now the fun can really begin

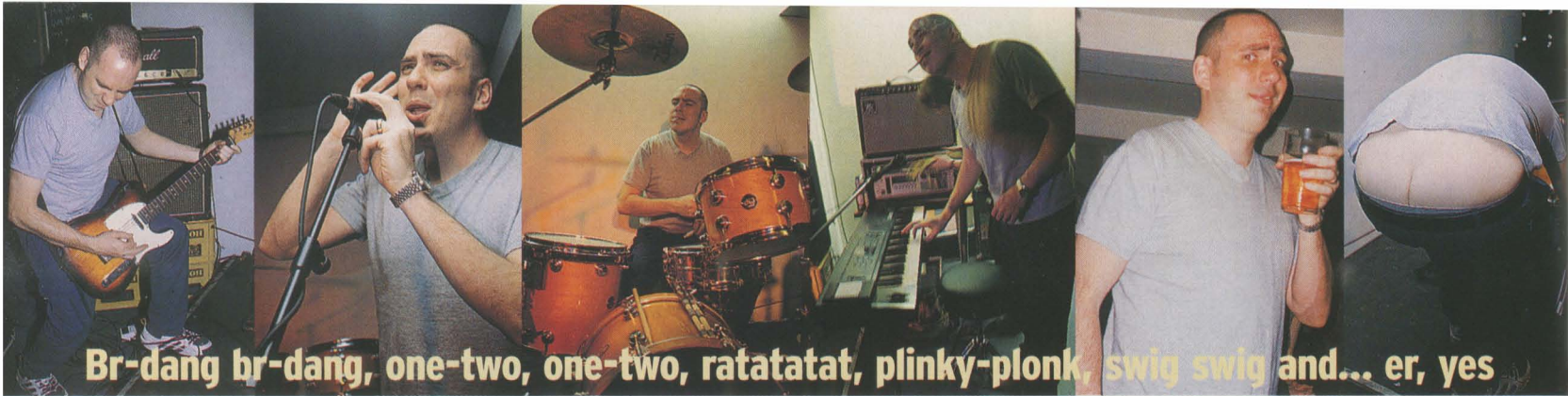
experience with an assortment of underage girls. "I've been on the road with bands for six years and I've never shagged a groupie," claims James. Shame on you.

Talking of women, when was the last time you saw a female roadie? Okay, so there are plenty of roadies who've got bigger tits than my wife, but that's got a lot more to do with lager than milk. "It's no life for a woman, being on tour ten months a year, working 16 hours a day and drinking like a fish. They'd all end up looking like Jo Brand." Yes, at least rock's legendary sexism is alive and kicking in the grim world of old roadie Stan.

Not that his wages are grim, mind. Your average roadie earns about £100 a night, enough to keep him in saggy-arsed jeans for months. The profession is so straight these days, there's none of that hush hush, cash-in-hand malarkey. These boys are on P.A.Y.E.! At the top end there are some roadies who get upwards of £250 a night, ►



Making sure the drummer won't get decapitated



Br-dang br-dang, one-two, one-two, ratatatat, plinky-plonk, swig swig and... er, yes



Well, at least the band are honest



We are the road crew: Simon and Rob get pissed



Crazy man: the audience go wild to the sound of Arnold

which can really add up when you sign on for a world tour where all the rest of your living expenses are being paid by the tour organisers. So I guess it's understandable that promoters no longer want to hire drug-jacking meat-heads to set up the kit when they're paying them even more than the band.

As the evening wore on, I hung out with the roadies who weren't roadies and kept on drinking. Several pints and the support band later, it was suddenly time for Arnold to hit the stage. This is when the roadies have got to get their act together and set up the whole band's equipment precisely how it was in the sound check, and they've got about five minutes to do it. There's a whole bird's nest of cabling to get plugged into the right sockets and lots of switches to be switched. One dodgy connection or a badly twiddled knob and it'd be more than the band's name that was up in lights.

I was trusted to connect a few wah-wah pedals and lugged a stage amp for the guitarist. I then helped set up the drum kit. As I squatted down to gaffer-tape a cymbal stand to the floor, my back to the assembled audience all eager to see Arnold, it suddenly happened. For one fleeting moment I felt the rush of cold air on my arse cheeks and the glare of a spotlight as it illuminated my half moons. My roadie badge was on show, my bum crack was out! This was what being a roadie was all about. Even the crowd gave a polite round of applause. None of that designer-label Techy nonsense for me!

Arnold are just starting out on the trip to chart success, so at the moment their road crew isn't make up of more than a few humpers and technicians. But in bigger bands like Dire Straits, each member of the group has their own roadie. This personal service involves getting your guitar tuned up just the way you like it and, I suppose, having your stripy head-bands arranged in alphabetical order.

And while we're on the subject of Dire Straits, did you know that their seminal 1980s shit hit 'Sultans of Swing' is the roadie's anthem? You see, one of the lines - 'You check out Guitar George, he knows all the chords' - makes reference to the roadie's roadie, Guitar George. This legend amongst hairy types is the bench mark by which all roadies are measured.

By the time the night was over I knew I was never destined to be known as 'Guitar Bob'. Nowadays you've got to be a bloody scientist. The most technical thing I managed all evening was getting the knots out of a guitar lead. So when it came time to get all the gear off stage and

back into the van, Arnold's road crew demoted me to humping the drums up the back steps. I wasn't even trusted with carrying the guitars!

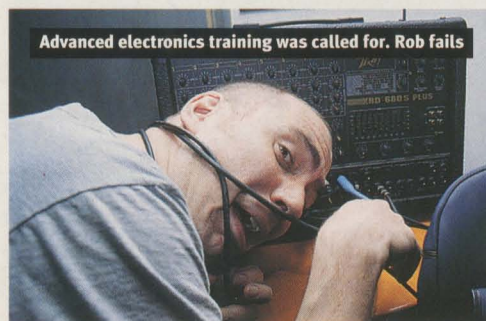
But even in this dark moment of failure it struck me that most roadies, even bad ones, can still have successful careers that last a lot longer than than most of the bands they work for. Night after night they stand in the wings watching the latest pop wannabes die on stage and hearing the sound of A&R men tearing up contracts above a smattering of derisive applause, knowing that they'll be on tour with another bunch of losers tomorrow, bringing closer the elusive dream of getting a blow-job off some misguided teenager with braces.

So, I asked Simon, what happens to old roadies when they finally retire - the sound technicians who finally go deaf, the humpers who slip a disc? "Old roadies work in pubs," he said.

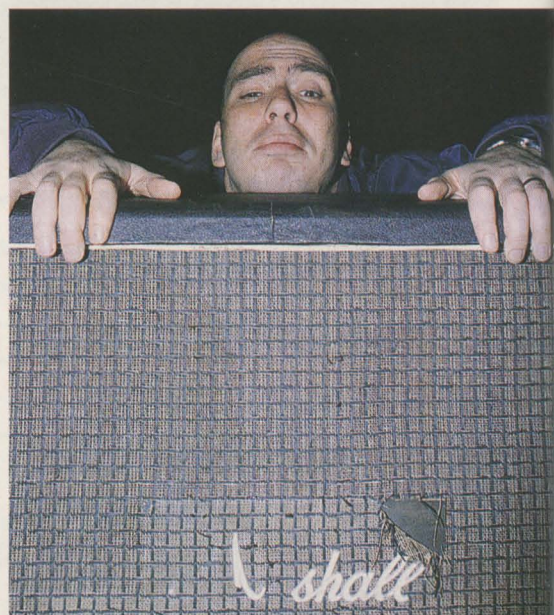
Excellent! Maybe I have a future after all. **B**



Blood, sweat and beers: that glamorous roadie lifestyle in full



Advanced electronics training was called for. Rob fails



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Black and

12

Povo
ESPORTES

SÁBADO
28 DE MARÇO DE 1998
Foto: Jadir Farias

Felizes com a vitória sobre o Grêmio, os vascaínos já trabalham visando o clássico de amanhã, contra o Botafogo



Vasco quer apagar o Fogo

A volta por cima de Denílson

Denílson, o jogador de Vasco da Gama, voltou a ser o destaque da equipe após uma sequência de jogos sem marcar gols. O atacante, que já havia marcado em jogos anteriores, voltou a ser o destaque da equipe após uma sequência de jogos sem marcar gols.

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Pesquisa Povo-Fa
Canal pode acabar com enchentes na Praça da Bandeira?

Traf

mat

Bonde do tráfico assumiu o lugar da Polícia e passou o cerol em três bandidos que vinham aterrorizando o comércio de Pilares, tendo assassinado os donos de um salão de beleza. Página 8

Pm prende sucessor de Gigante na Nova Holanda



Felizarda da Vila Vintém ganha TV do Povo



Juiz de Menor quer municipalização de maternidades

O juiz Siro Darlan defende a municipalização das hospitais estaduais durante visita que fez, acompanhado do secretário de Saúde, Romão, do Conselho.

Mengão
O Flamengo mais dois jogadores, que já estavam em negociação, para o time.

O Povo na copa

white and red all over

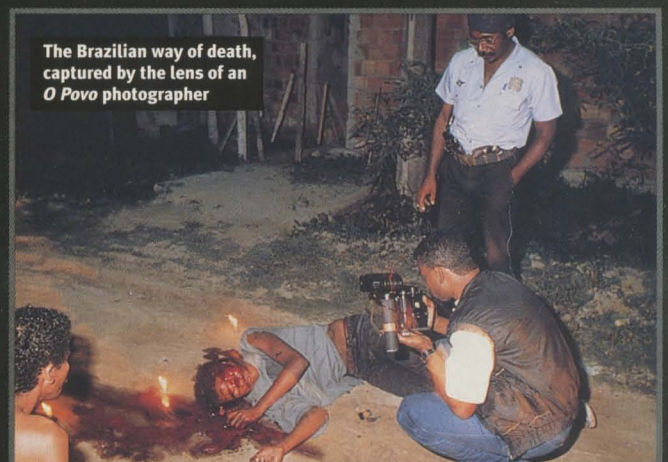


If it's gory photos and no-holds-barred reporting of violent crime you want, Brazil's popular papers have no equals. SYBIL DONNER and ANA MONTENEGRO report on the world's hardest newspaper trade

THEY CALL THEM *Espreme Sangues*; the newspapers that drip blood. The broadsheets of Brazil's largest two cities, Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, feed their readers with an uncensored and unending diet of murder, mutilation and violent death. Working on the edge, their staff risk their lives to get the latest exclusives and the goriest pictures. And if they survive, they may even become stars in their own right.

It's a Sunday night in April this year, and something is going down in Rio: there's a serious gun-battle in Tijuca. Shoot-outs aren't normally big news, as the drug-lords regularly have turf battles or spats with the police, but Tijuca is a middle-class area of town: the warring factions have come down from the hills and have started fighting it out in the streets. For many people gunfire would be a signal to run for safety, but for the staff of *O Povo*, and particularly its star photographer Santoro, it's a call to action. ►

NETWORK, MAIN PICTURE BY FRANK MOON



The Brazilian way of death, captured by the lens of an *O Povo* photographer

SANTORO HAS BEEN working for *O Povo* since it started in 1983, and is a veteran of so many trips into the *favelas* – the slum areas of Rio controlled by the local drug-lords – that he's become a celebrity in his own right. These days he's regularly accompanied by foreign press crews, partly because they want to watch him work and partly so they can use him as a kind of passport into dangerous areas of the city where normal reporters wouldn't be welcome. In the eyes of the papers' low-income, barely literate readers, these people are important fighters against the drug-lords, and the stories and pictures they print are weapons in the struggle.

It wasn't always that way. Back in the 1950s, when *Luta Democrática* became the first paper to make gore and scandal its subjects, the drug problem had barely begun, and inner-city violence was rare. "For God's sake, a corpse! A corpse, or we won't have a headline tomorrow!" was its editor's despairing cry. When the body-count was low, the paper made do with headlines that promised much but delivered little: one story about a riot at a rock concert proclaimed '*Violada em plena auditorio*', meaning either 'Raped in a full auditorium' or, for the actual story, 'Hit by a guitar in a full auditorium'.

But the formula caught on, and by the 1970s there were three such papers: two in Rio and one in Sao Paulo, existing on blood and tricky wording. Juicy material was still thin on the ground: a typical shocker photo would be of a mutilated woman who'd run afoul of a jealous husband or lover; or a bleeding corpse, the result of a fight over a pitch for selling illegal lottery tickets. Occasionally there were the complex and, until 1989, unpublishable crimes linked to politics:

hired assassins doing away with political rivals. At that time, Brazil was under a military dictatorship, and their dark deeds – torture and death – never made it into the papers.

In the mid-1980s, two things happened to totally change the face of Brazil and its press. The military dictatorship toppled and democratic rule ensued; and Brazil embraced the international drug scene in a manner that produced truly bizarre results. The political feuds and resulting crimes, the rampant passions that ended in tragedy and even the virulent territorial battles between the lottery dukes were child's play in comparison to what happened when the highly organised drug network settled into place. There is now a kind of civil war in the major cities: the non-consumers and police against the drug dealers, addicts, bent cops and corrupt politicians. And the drug lords are winning.

The ever-expanding population of drug users and traffickers has resulted in more and more gore. Even when rival gangs are not battling it out, each drug lord keeps his territory 'clean', executing those who displease him, commit other crimes, violate his territory or inform on his people to the police.

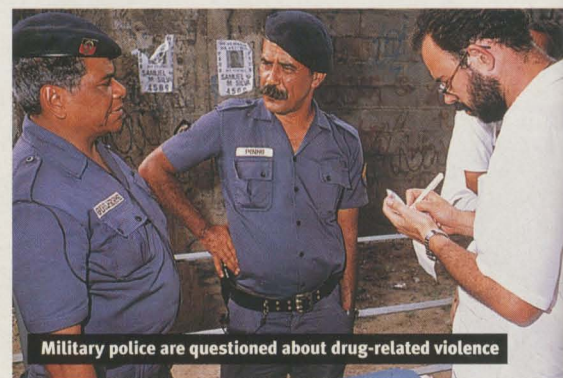
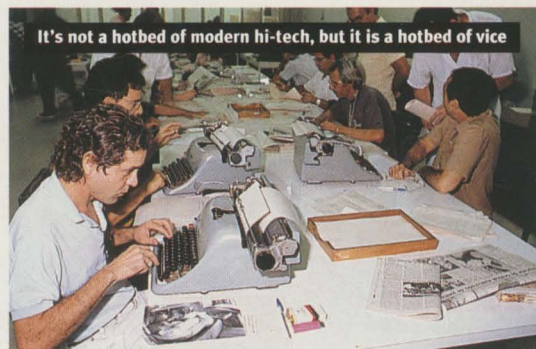
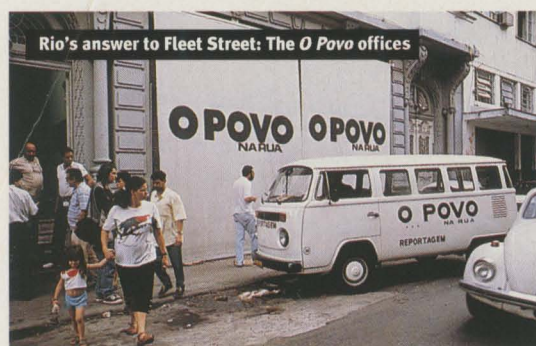
As a result, the 'newspapers that drip blood' find themselves occupying an awkward middle-ground. On one level, they're seen as crusaders in the war against drugs. They help out the police, and have even made celebrities of some of them, like Inspector Reis, the tall, 40-year-old cop known as 'Rambo', or 'Gorilla X-9', the bizarre informant who wears a gorilla costume so that when he accompanies Rambo into the *favelas* to point out drug-drops or weapons caches, he will not be recognised and marked for assassination.

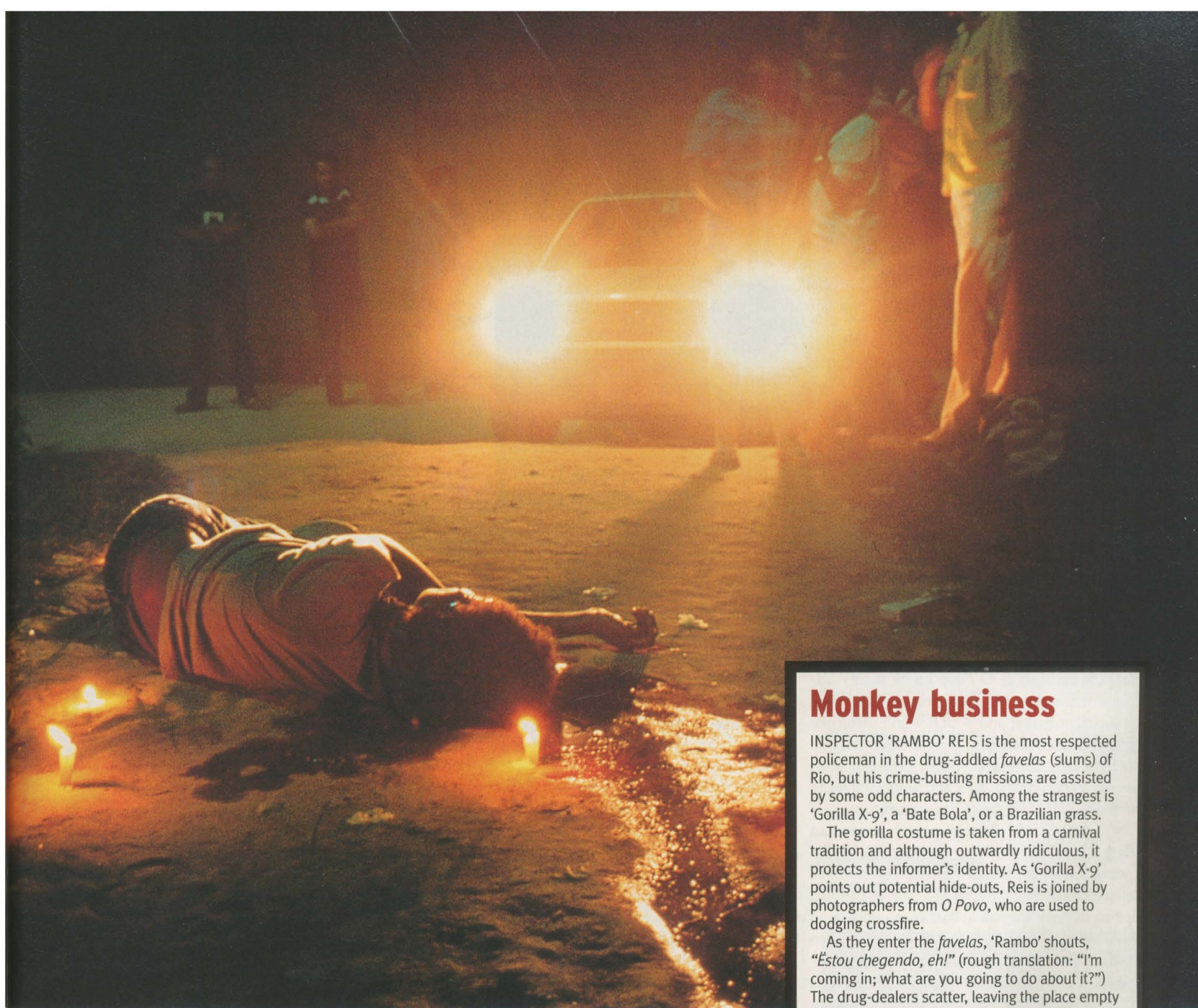
On the other hand, the newspapers could not exist without the drug lords; and not just because of their handiwork. When an informant or a turncoat is killed, the gangs will often phone the *O Povo* staff to let them know the location of the body – which they call a *presunto*, or 'ham' – as well as who they were and why they were executed. The resulting publicity in the paper helps to spread the warning behind the killing: cross a drug lord and you may end up as a limbless torso, your head, arms and

limbs left nearby in a crate. Or, in the case of one unnamed boy killed for disobeying his gang's rules, to have your body pushed in a wheelbarrow through the streets of the Favela da Coréia in the Rio suburb of Jabour. More usually, victims will be strangled, mutilated and left in the boot of a car; or doused in petrol and incinerated; or left on a railway line to be dismembered. In a way, the existence of these papers makes violent deaths like these not only more likely, but more likely to be extremely gory.

Some of the gangs' assassins even use the papers to publicise themselves. Santoro claims that the people who mutilate the bodies are often drugged to the gills on cocaine, which may explain why they are so imaginative, and arrange the crime-scene with surprising finesse. Last year, for example, Santoro photographed a corpse which had been wrapped in strips of packing tape, like an Egyptian mummy. For the piece he suggested the headline 'Pharaoh strikes

Some gang





assassins use the paper to publicise themselves

again'. That edition of the paper was very successful, and evidently the assassin was so pleased with his coverage that soon afterwards he called Santoro and told him to come and get another 'mummy', encased in even more elaborate windings. Over the next few months, they collected eight 'mummies' in all.

Normally *O Povo* sells only about 50,000 copies an issue, but a new killing by a celebrity assassin like the Pharaoh, or a particularly

gruesome cover story can double that. Drug-related deaths and mutilated corpses seem to go down best with the readership, which is almost entirely male, poor, and often slum-dwellers like the victims they read about; the illiterate ones buying the paper so a friend can read the text to them – the pictures rarely need much explanation. The *Espreme Sangues* are usually not taken home: they are read on buses, rickety commuter trains, in bars or park ►

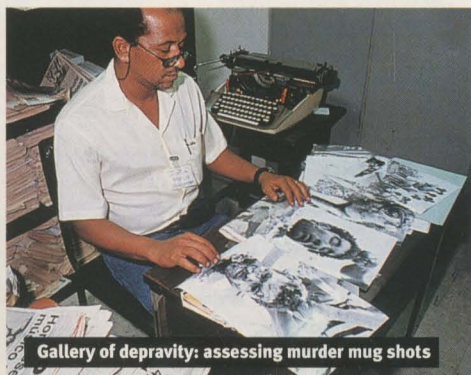
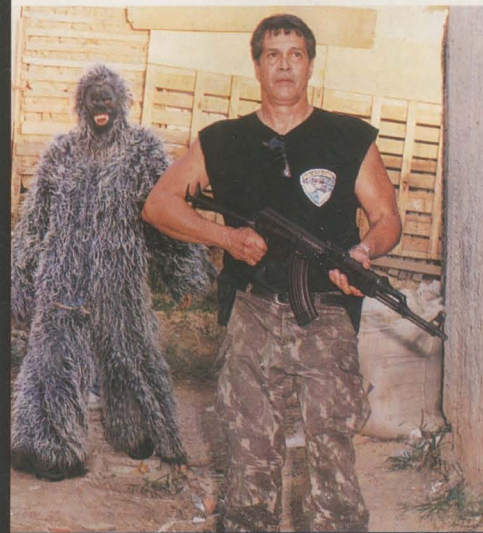
Monkey business

INSPECTOR 'RAMBO' REIS is the most respected policeman in the drug-addled *favelas* (slums) of Rio, but his crime-busting missions are assisted by some odd characters. Among the strangest is 'Gorilla X-9', a 'Bate Bola', or a Brazilian grass.

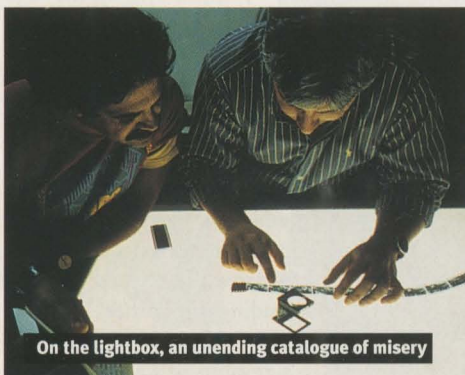
The gorilla costume is taken from a carnival tradition and although outwardly ridiculous, it protects the informer's identity. As 'Gorilla X-9' points out potential hide-outs, Reis is joined by photographers from *O Povo*, who are used to dodging crossfire.

As they enter the *favelas*, 'Rambo' shouts, "*Estou chegando, eh!*" (rough translation: "I'm coming in; what are you going to do about it?") The drug-dealers scatter, leaving the place empty for him and X-9 to clean out. A lone gunman could probably kill him, but so far his reputation and his bullet-proof jacket have protected him.

Despite his name, 'Rambo' has established this reputation by taking a softly-softly approach. His style has proved much more effective than the usual trigger-happy attitude of police. He's respected by the drug-dealers, fellow officers and the people alike.



Gallery of depravity: assessing murder mug shots



On the lightbox, an unending catalogue of misery



Another day, another drug gang-related death



Another issue comes flying off the presses

sold *O Povo* but the new editor, Fernando Costa Neto, has been doing market research in a bid to capture the more lucrative female market. The paper is now selling 150,000 copies an issue across Brazil. In publishing, figures like that talk louder than good stories.

There will always be a market for the *Espreme Sangues*. Horror stories will always sell, and the printed press will always be a more in-depth and effective form of reporting news than radio or TV. It remains to be seen just how big that market is, and whether it will be large enough for the likes of *O Povo* to survive. Caught in the wars between rival drug cartels and the police, *O Povo* is now having to take on the media barons, this time with its own survival at stake. **B**

A close-up shot of a dead baby helps to increase sales

benches, and thrown away. On the pages of the Bloody Papers these men, used to hardship and cynical about life, find comfort, amusement, and even an unskilled job from the small ads.

By now the staff at *O Povo* know their readers so well that they can judge what pictures will help to sell an issue, and which won't. Multiple deaths are more shocking than a single victim. The death of a homicidal robber on a bus is an everyday occurrence in Rio, and won't sell more newspapers. Suicides are of little interest, and are rarely reported. A photograph of a fireman pulling a dead baby out of a sewer stream has little attraction for the readership; but a close-up of a different dead baby found in a pile of rubbish helps to increase the sales. Part of it is down to the baseness of the readers' tastes; but a lot has to do with the way that Santoro not only documents crimes for his newspaper, but also uses his

images to create a macabre artform/comment. Even the most harrowing shots are taken in a way that, if it wasn't for their grisly subject matter, could be appreciated for their art.

It's partly thanks to Santoro that *O Povo* is not only the best known but also the most respected of the *Espreme Sangues*: few other reporters are allowed into the *favelas*. He's been caught in the middle of several firefights, but still refuses to wear a bulletproof vest. "Too heavy," he says, even though he's often had to take pictures while lying flat on the ground, with bullets flying above him. So far no photographers have actually been killed in the line of duty, but it's only a matter of time.

Santoro may have been working for *O Povo* for 15 years, but the horrors he's seen haven't completely blunted him. "The only things I don't like to photograph are dead children," he says. "That's what gets to me, because I have children myself."

The days of carnage on the front page may be coming to an end. The drug lords are still in power, the number of grisly deaths has not diminished, but the trash newspapers have begun to change. While still more overt than the mainstream papers, they are increasingly being forced to balance the interests of their advertisers, who do not want to be associated with such bloody images, and the majority of readers who still want their share of gore. The compromise that most have reached is to put the grisly news on the inside and feature less controversial subjects on the front page. It's almost a return to the days of the coy headlines.

Other factors affecting the change include TV, which is becoming more popular and sensationalist. Meanwhile, Sao Paulo's leading bloodsheet *Noticias Populares* has also had a revamp. It's always out-



Her name is Rio and she reads *O Povo* on the sands



Hot press: a selection of *O Povo*'s outrageous covers

Brazilian news stories

A sample of *O Povo*'s greatest hits

Satanás Chegou De Ônibus (Satan Arrives By Bus)

"The Cult of the Universal Church of the Reino de Deus was invaded by an unfaithful driver... The bus entered the church by crashing through a wall."

Drogas Até Na Tumba (Drugs Even In The Tomb)

"A minor is buried with one kilo of marijuana in the São João Batista cemetery, close to the sepulchres of famous artists."

Carregava O Cadáver Num Carrinho De Mão (Carried The Corpse In A Wheelbarrow)

"As if he was a sack of cement."

Irmãos Mortos Na Porto De Casa (Brothers Died In Their House Doorway)

"Violence surprises the inhabitants of the Favela Selva de Pedra."

Segurança Do Prefeito De Itaguaí Morre Em Tiroteio (Bodyguard Of The Mayor Of Itaguaí Dies In Shoot-out)

"It was a violent shoot-out. I heard many, many shots."

Orelha Era O Recibo Do Assassinato (Ear Was Receipt For Murder)

"Mother, daughter and friend had planned the fiendish plot."

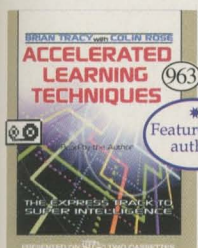
Pipoqueiros Eram Policiais (Popcorn Salesmen Were Police)

"Seven Narcotics cops dressed as popcorn vendors have broken up a group of marijuana dealers in the street Baron of Petrópolis."

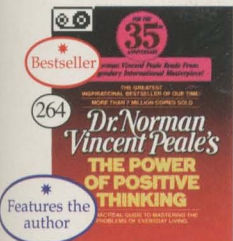
Ovos De Chocolate Com Cocaína (Chocolate Sweets With Cocaine)

"Groups are preparing candies of chocolate and cocaine for selling. Arrests continue."

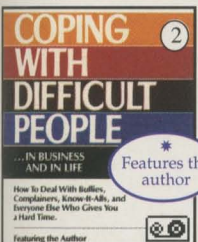
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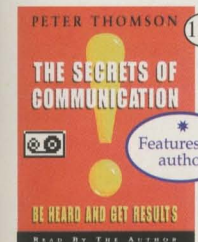
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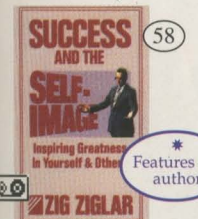
Identify difficult types from 'too good to be true' to 'too hot to handle'. Master step by step procedures to turn these people to your advantage.



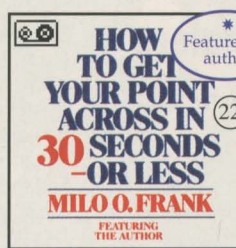
Good communication lies behind personal & business success. Maximise the potential of conversation. Others will want your ideas & products or simply you. Understand what others are really saying and when they are lying.



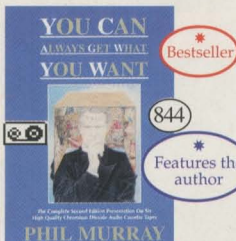
Discover the secrets of initially attracting people to you & then being a great conversationalist so that you are incredibly interesting, so creating an instant rapport. Then learn how to make your choice of partner fall in love with you.



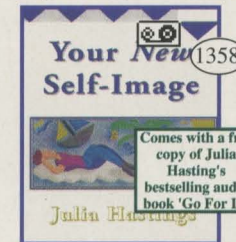
Few people will ever be more critical of you than you, so follow this step-by-step method for achieving a confident self image. Ziglar explains how to change what you are... by changing what goes into your mind.



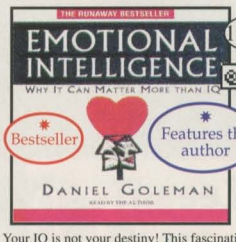
Easy techniques to get exactly what you want using the 30 second bite. Milo Frank is a news editor who has turned his hand to business advice. He now advises AT&T, IBM & Bank of America in communication skills.



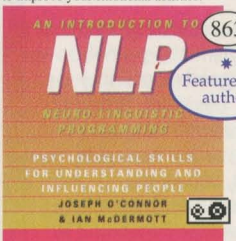
This British writer has outsold virtually all other self improvement writers in the UK. This success manual emphasises positive attitude & shows you how to set your goals in a way that ensures you will achieve them.



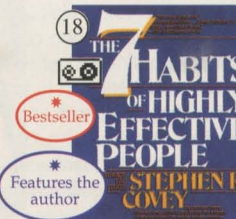
Your self image is what you think you are. It is also what you think other people feel about you. You can change your opinion any time you want if you are shown how. Learn to set goals in a way that ensures you will achieve them.



Your IQ is not your destiny! This fascinating study argues that our view of intelligence is far too narrow. Emotional abilities - self awareness, impulse control, persistence, zeal & self motivation, empathy & social deftness - mark people who excel in life. Learn how to improve your emotional abilities.



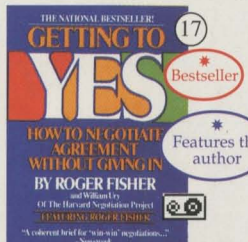
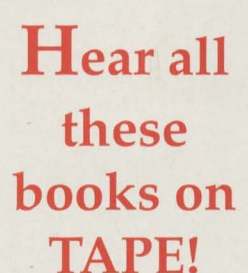
Some people appear more gifted than others. NLP describes in simple terms what these people do differently and enables you to learn these patterns of excellence. This approach gives the practical skills to achieve effective communication & excellent results.



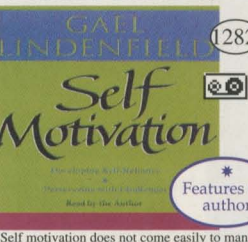
'Head & shoulders above the rest...His greatest strength is his credibility.' Michael Winston - McDonnell Douglas Astronautics Co.



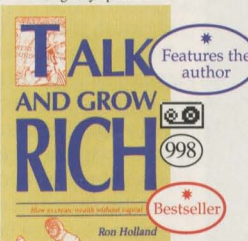
Fear can be a powerful enemy but it must not be allowed to hold you back. This astounding tape gives exercises that reverse the effects of fear & allow it to be used positively.



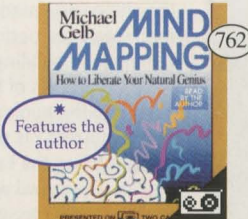
"A coherent brief for 'win-win' negotiators" - Newsweek. Master the art of agreement without giving in. Fisher was a negotiator in the Iraq hostage crisis & is a lecturer at Harvard University.



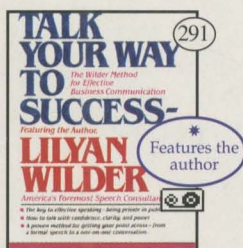
Self motivation does not come easily to many people & it is often easier to put things off or indulge in self doubt. Discover how to: •Revel in success without fear of failure. •Think like a visionary without engaging in idle dreaming. •Thirst for challenges without overlooking easy options.



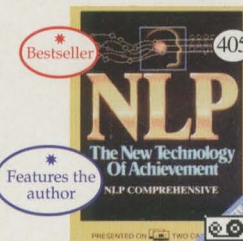
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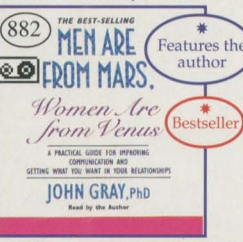
This popular programme lets you develop your own personal formula to help you •Think faster & more creatively •Get more work done in far less time •Develop an "I can" attitude •Awaken your power to learn.



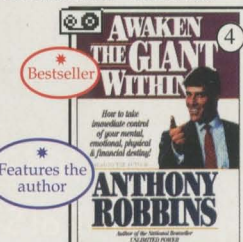
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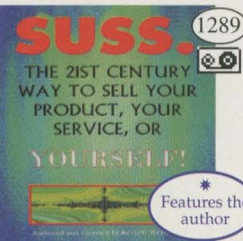
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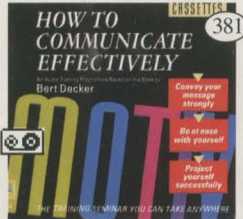
Dr. Gray's advice to the crucial differences between men & women could help solve many a conflict between the sexes - Daily Mail. Now I know this I feel confident I need never upset another woman - but couldn't I have been told sooner - Jonathan Ross



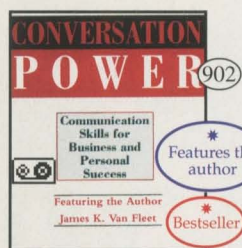
'Robbins is a great public speaker. The best I have ever heard' - The Telegraph. 'The man who has inspired millions to change their lives' - Larry King live on CNN. 'Quite simply the man is brilliant' - Boardroom Magazine



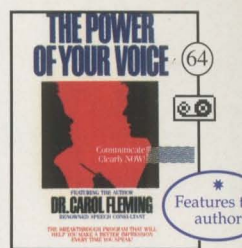
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YOU CAN'T DO THAT ON STAGE ANY MORE

Ever since Elvis first twitched his pelvis at a mob of screaming girls, rock-n-roll stars have been behaving outrageously to attract attention. MARK BLACKLOCK celebrates the top ten maddest performers of all time

Some rock stars will do anything to get attention. And although tastes in music change, provoking outrage never goes out of fashion. Today success depends on getting your video on MTV, so no surprises there: the only place for lads with guitars to go mad is live on stage. But will today's performers ever top the antics of grand old men of rock like Jerry Lee Lewis or Jim Morrison? We've watched the theatrics of Alice Cooper and GWAR, seen Hendrix setting his guitar on fire at Monterey, and even witnessed rock gods frying on stage (like unlucky Uriah Heep bassist Gary Thain, who plugged his amp into the wrong socket...) So how do the young pretenders to rock excess shape up? If they're mad on stage, they're in our top ten

"The Stranglers love women, they have every opportunity" - The Stranglers

10 The Stranglers

Battersea Park, London
October 1978

The Stranglers' earliest concerts mostly ended in audience walk-outs or fights – thanks more to low audience numbers and poor performances than any on-stage excess. But the band's popularity rose when they hitched a ride on the punk bandwagon in 1976 and 1977, and notoriety followed when Hugh Cornwell sported a T-shirt bearing the word 'Fuck' at a gig at London's Rainbow Theatre. The Greater

London Council announced it was "taking a stand against The Stranglers", and the group was forced to play gigs under a different name for a while

A BBC ban on the single 'Peaches' for containing the word 'clitoris' only enhanced The Stranglers' appeal, and their 1978 album *Black And White* reached Number 2 in the UK charts in June. But when they played Battersea Park later that year and invited a group of strippers to perform onstage while they played their hit 'Nice'n'Sleazy', The Stranglers saddled themselves with a reputation as women-haters which they have never quite put to rest.

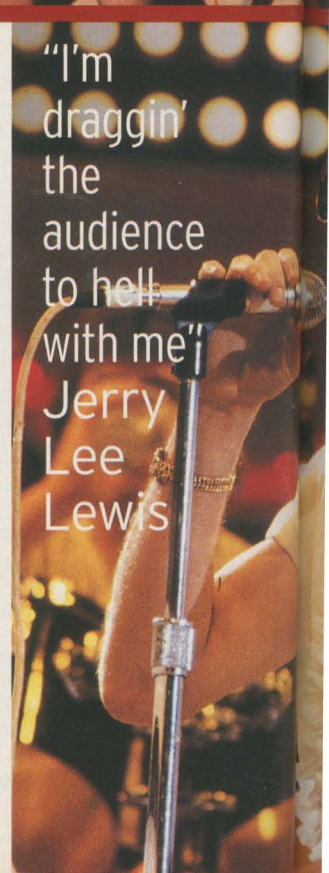


9 Jerry Lee Lewis

Brooklyn Paramount, New York
March 1958

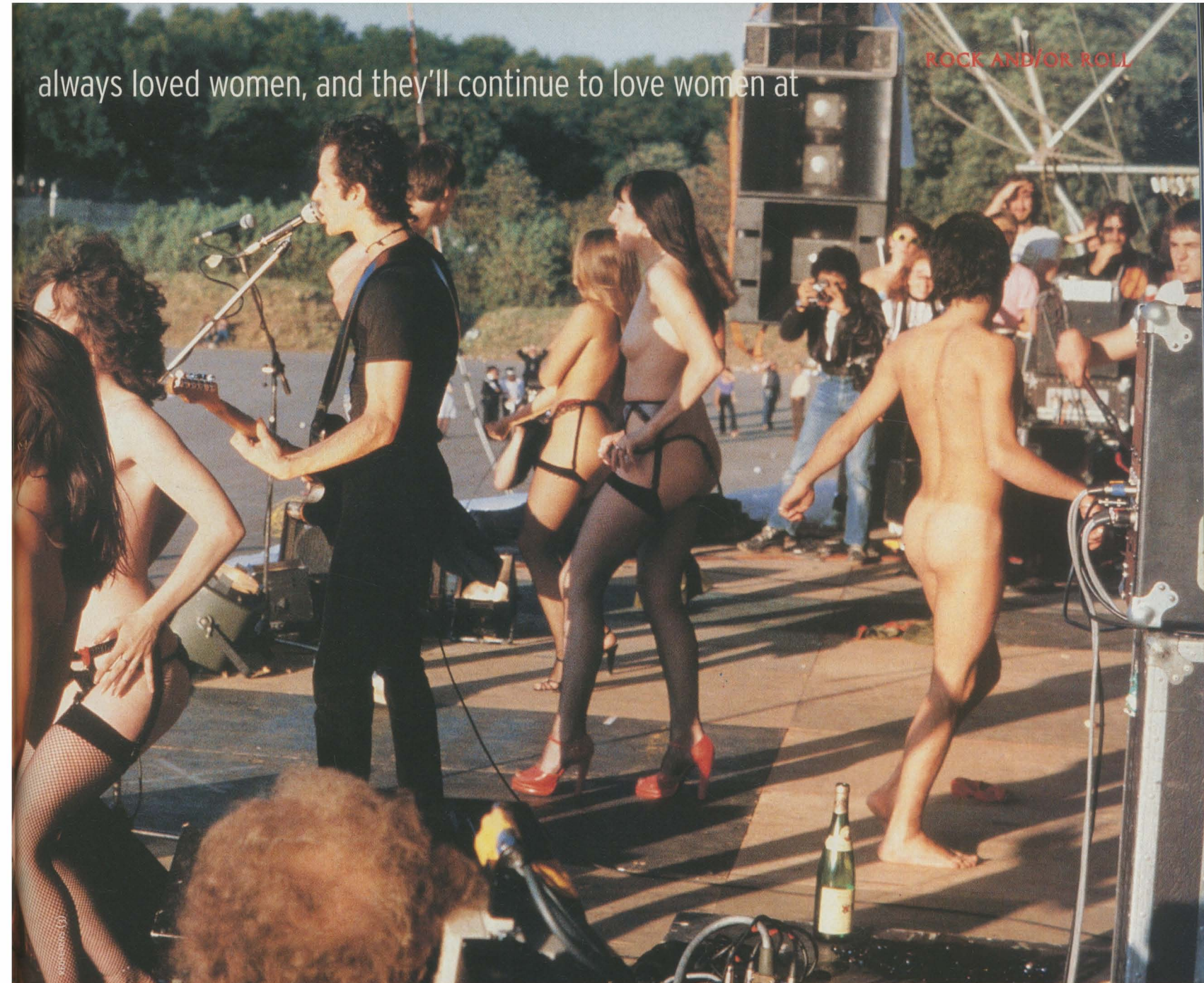
Bigamist, pillhead, firearms enthusiast and the sort of man who'd marry his 13-year-old cousin – there was a very good reason why Jerry Lee was nicknamed 'The Killer'. Brought up by strict Pentecostal parents, he spent his youth trying to work out whether he should be good and go to church, or bad and play rock-n-roll. He had not resolved this identity crisis by the time he played the Paramount in 1958, but what he did to Chuck Berry that night was a pretty good indicator as to where his heart lay. Both stars were demanding that they should close the show, and eventually the choice was made by the organisers, who made Jerry Lee perform first. Lewis played his damndest, building up to a mighty finale with 'Great Balls of Fire'. Then he kicked his stool into the audience, pulled out a bottle of petrol, doused his piano and set light to it, still pounding the keyboard as the instrument blazed. The crowd went totally ape. As he left the stage and passed Chuck Berry, Lewis turned to him and said, "Follow that, nigger."

"I'm draggin' the audience to hell with me!"
Jerry Lee Lewis



always loved women, and they'll continue to love women at

ROCK AND/OR ROLL



8 The Doors

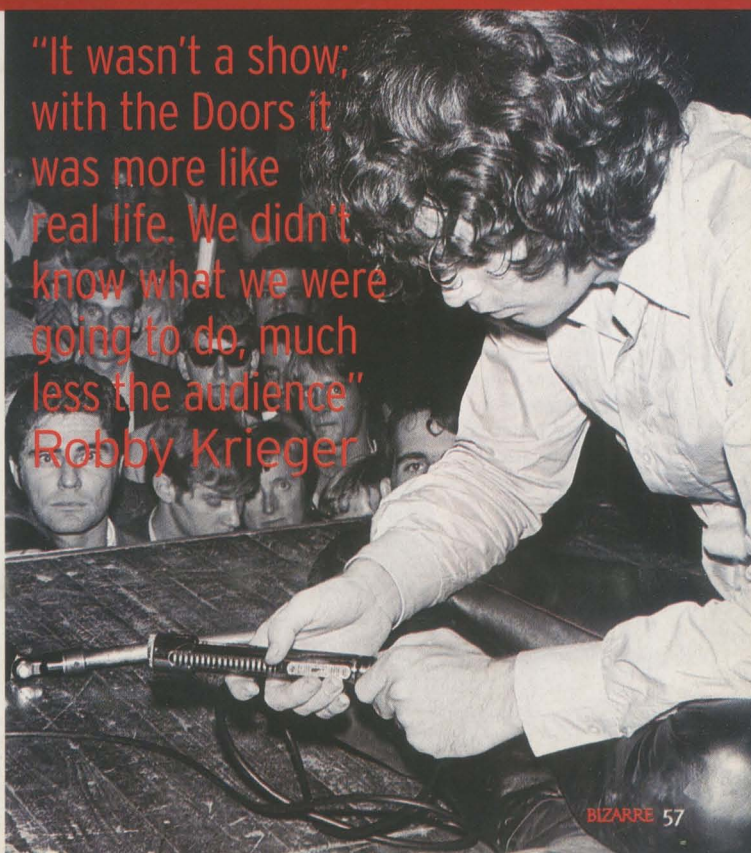
Dinner Key Auditorium,
Miami, March 1969

Jim Morrison had started out his stage career by performing with his back to the audience, but by the late 1960s, with three albums, several hit singles and enough drugs and booze to float the Titanic under his belt, Jimbo had grown more comfortable with his burgeoning status as rock's premier sex symbol. He was also becoming more unpredictable on stage. He'd run into trouble with the law for the first time during a December 1967 concert in New Haven, Connecticut, telling a story about how he'd been trying to make out with a groupie backstage, which led to him being marched offstage by the authorities. But The Doors' 1969 Miami gig easily topped that, and resulted in Morrison's

conviction for indecent exposure.

Jim began the evening by challenging his audience: "You're all a bunch of slaves... What you gonna do about it?" but his mood, twisted by drugs, swung easily and soon he was preaching peace and love. A lamb was passed onto the stage, and Jim held it gently, but when his mood turned again, he declared: "You know, if it wasn't so young, I'd fuck it." He exhorted the audience to "get naked", removing his own shirt, and was joined by some fans dancing on stage. "You didn't come here for the music, you came for something else, something greater than you've ever seen," he announced and, magnanimously unzipping his flies, he performed a bullfighter impression with his shirt held over his crotch. Hardly counts as rude these days, never mind lascivious, but back then it was enough for an arrest and headlines around the world. ►

"It wasn't a show; with the Doors it was more like real life. We didn't know what we were going to do, much less the audience"
Robby Krieger



"I never felt like a self-destructive sort of person when I started out. I agree I may have been the first performer to vent his immediate angers in this format - if I was pissed off, I sang about it. But that was only part of what I did" - Iggy Pop

7 Iggy Pop & The Stooges

Rodney's English Discotheque, Hollywood, August 1974

James Jewel Osterburg - the Ig to his friends - is the subject of rock legends of the wildest kind. It's only to be expected of a man who has said about his past: "There are things I don't remember. I'd wake up with bumps on my head, blood on my shirt and something green coming out of my penis."

Iggy's performances have included carving himself up with glass and blades, ramming the microphone into his mouth so hard it broke teeth, and stage-diving into the mosh-pit, both intentionally and accidentally. At the Cincinnati Pop in 1970 Iggy dived into the crowd and walked back to the stage on the outstretched hands of his fans, a feat which was later attempted (unsuccessfully) by David Bowie. He is also rumoured to have performed one entire set crouched, shitting, over a bucket at the side of the stage, having swallowed a handful of pills given to him by a fan: he assumed they were amphetamines, but they were actually laxatives.

At a 1973 gig in England, a tripping Ig was joined on stage by Elton John wearing a gorilla suit. Not surprisingly, Iggy freaked out. The audience at Rodney's English Discotheque in 1974 witnessed him carve up his chest with a steak knife and receive a flogging with electric cable from guitarist Ron Asheton, who was decked out in a Nazi Afrika Korps uniform for the occasion.

6 The Cramps

Napa State Mental Hospital, California, June 1978

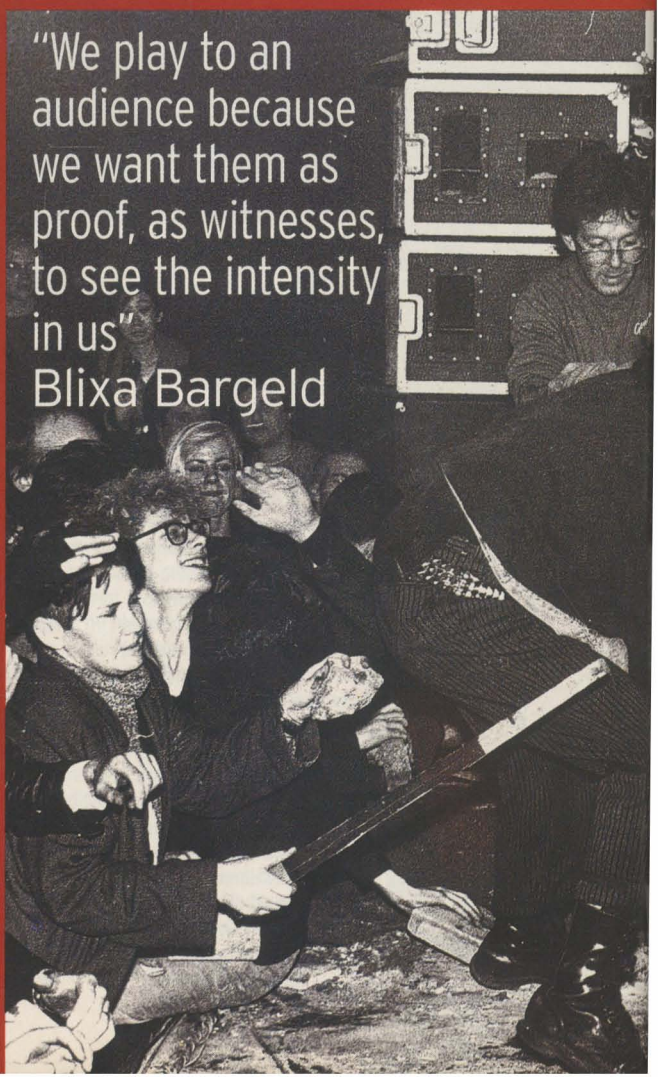
The Cramps - the American originators of Psychobilly - boast a unique take on rock-n-roll best summed up by the words of French surrealist Man Ray, quoted on the sleeve of their album *Flamejob*: "Each one of us, in his timidity, has a limit beyond which he is outraged. It is inevitable that he who by concentrated application has extended this limit himself, should arouse the resentment of those who have accepted conventions which, since accepted by all, require no initiative of application." Or something.

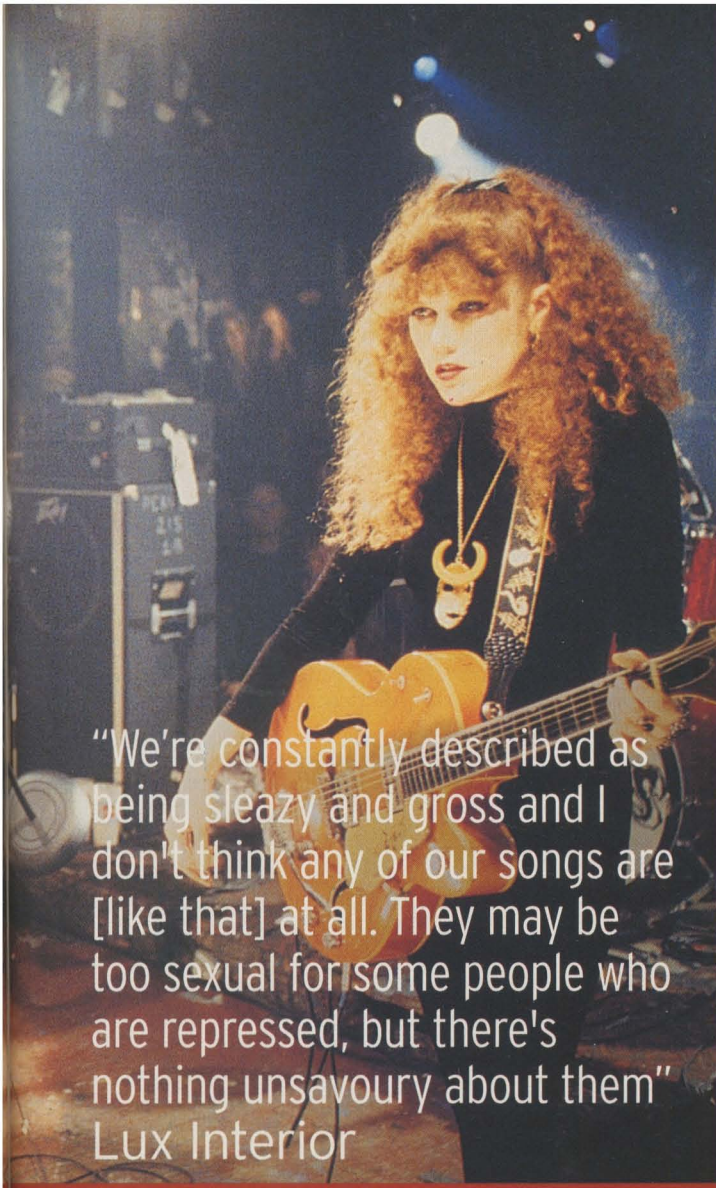
Core members Lux Interior and Poison Ivy Rorschach, who both studied Art & Shamanism at college, produce live performances which have become legendary; Lux straining his body and voice to their limits, Ivy maintaining a cool and sexy demeanour. But for sheer lunacy, it's hard to beat the free concert that they staged for patients at a state mental hospital in California, with the inmates going wild to the rockabilly-infused music, and some of them joining the band on stage. They even put out a video of the event - called, perhaps predictably, *A Free Concert At The Napa State Hospital* (released by Target Video).



"We play to an audience because we want them as proof, as witnesses, to see the intensity in us"

Blixa Bargeld





"We're constantly described as being sleazy and gross and I don't think any of our songs are [like that] at all. They may be too sexual for some people who are repressed, but there's nothing unsavoury about them"
Lux Interior

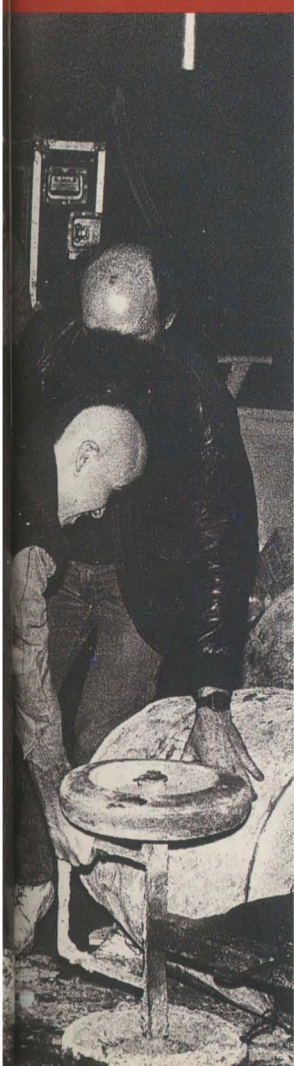
"My voice is an inspiration to my friends, and an instrument of torture to my enemies"
Diamanda Galás

4 Diamanda Galás

Cathedral Saint John the Divine, New York
October 1990

She dwells in a shadowy underworld, too confrontational for any chance of being mainstream acceptance – but Diamanda Galás can still draw crowds large enough to fill the Royal Festival Hall and the Tel Aviv opera house. Her operatically trained voice has a four-octave range, for which she composes works both terrible and cathartic. They include 1994's *The Sporting Life*, an attack on abusive men inspired by her own experiences as a streetwalker; 1996's *Schrei X*, composed to be performed in a tightly enclosed dark space; and the self-explanatory 'Wild Women with Steak Knives'.

But it was a performance of her *Plague Mass*, a work that attacked the widely held prejudices about AIDS – the diseases which killed her brother four years earlier – that prompted the Catholic Church to declare her work "blasphemous". Galás performed the set, which involved readings from the book of Job, her own writings and a number of "blood-screches" executed naked from the waist up and covered in gore. The fact it was performed in a cathedral didn't endear her to the Church either.



5 Einstürzende Neubauten

The ICA, London, January 1984

German industrialists Einstürzende Neubauten take their selection of musical instruments seriously. They've performed using equipment as diverse as concrete mixers, chainsaws, concrete pounders, cement breakers, chains, pneumatic drills and home-made metal drums, as well as Molotov cocktails and assorted explosives. With this sort of kit there's bound to be an element of destruction to their music, but when a concrete mixer malfunctioned during their ICA show in 1984, throwing their "arrangement" out of synch, the shit really hit the industrial fan. Things quickly broke down into an orgy of destruction, with the band trying to drill through the stage and fans throwing parts of the PA into what was rapidly becoming a building site.

Band spokesman Blixa explained: "Once it started to go wrong, rationale went out the window. After the breakdown we decided to try and get below the stage. We'd heard that there were tunnels from Whitehall and the Palace running underneath the stage and had the aim of getting to them. But the stage was reinforced." Still, the Neubauten lads are nice, sensible boys really: "We decided to stop when it looked like someone might get hurt." ►

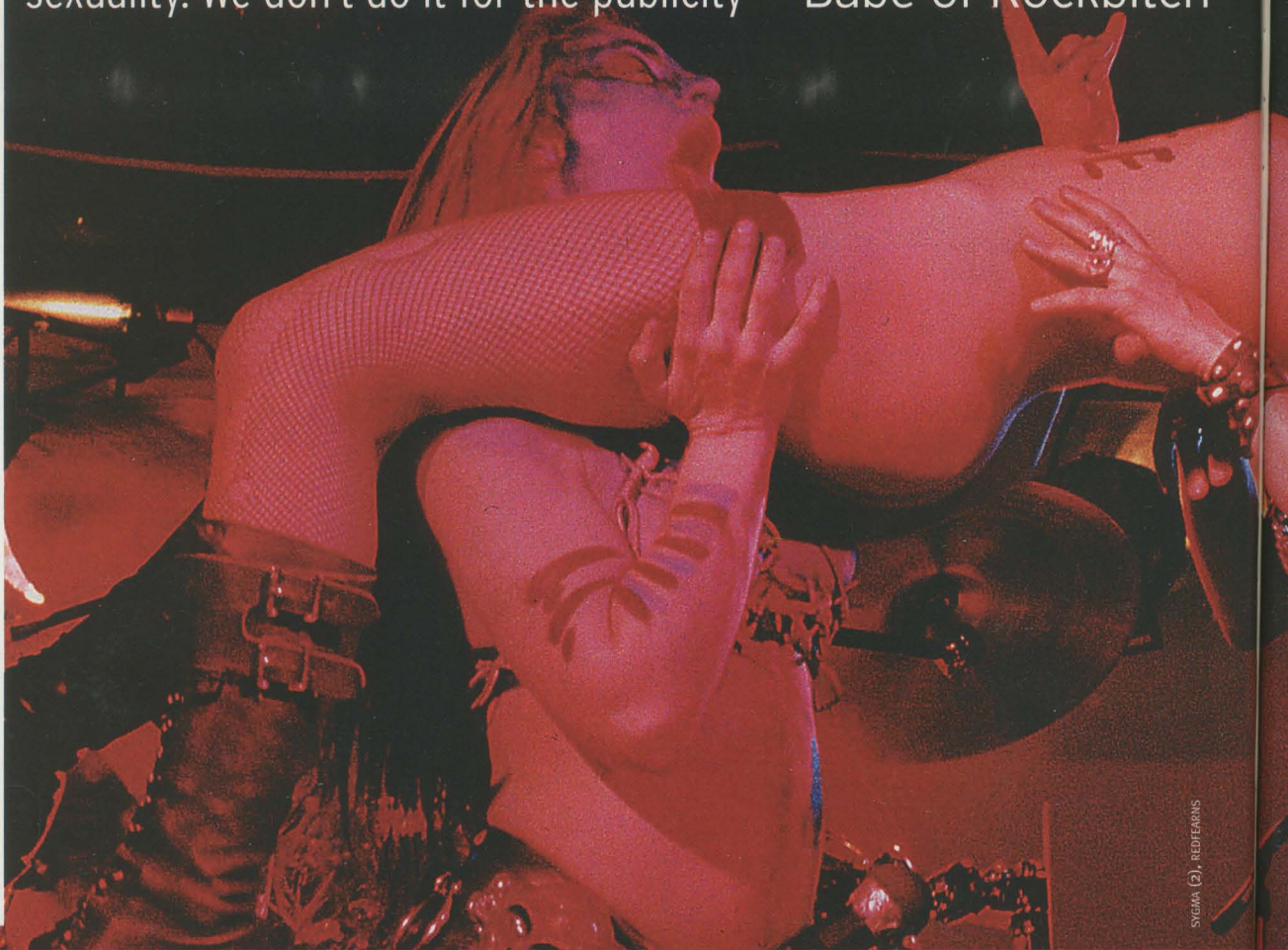
3 Rockbitch

Enschede, Holland
October 1997

ROCKBITCH ARE SIX women – five lesbians and a bisexual – and one man, whose sexuality is undisclosed but who is known as the Beast. Their gigs include a lot of very real on-stage ‘sexuality’, including watersports, oral sex and fist-fucking. They often throw a golden condom into the crowd at concerts: whoever can grab it and come on stage gets to do whatever they please with the group’s plaything, Slut, who describes herself as “...a slave. I belong to whoever wants me to do whatever they will whenever they want.”

Rockbitch encounter problems with the authorities wherever they try to play. They have recently been refused permission to perform in Munich and at Almelo in Holland, and they can’t even get across the border into Canada nowadays. This picture was taken during their performance in the presumably more liberal town of Enschede. Not a bad track record for a group who first gigged three years ago in glamorous Birmingham.

“Our pronouncements are often censored by the press. That is a pity. sexuality. We don’t do it for the publicity” – Babe of Rockbitch



SYGMA (2), REDFEARNS

“Ladies and Gentlemen, The KLF have now left the music business” – The KLF



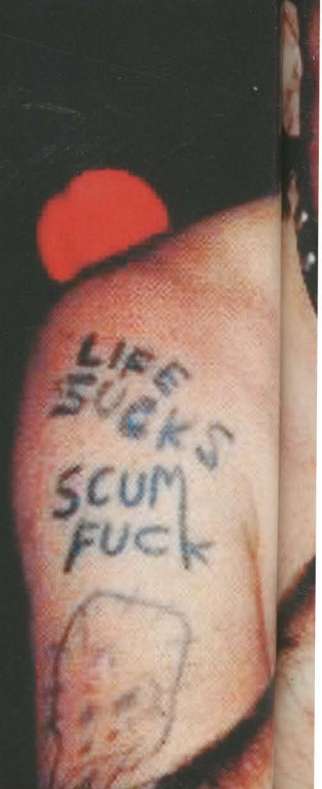
2 KLF/2K

Barbican Centre, London
September 1997

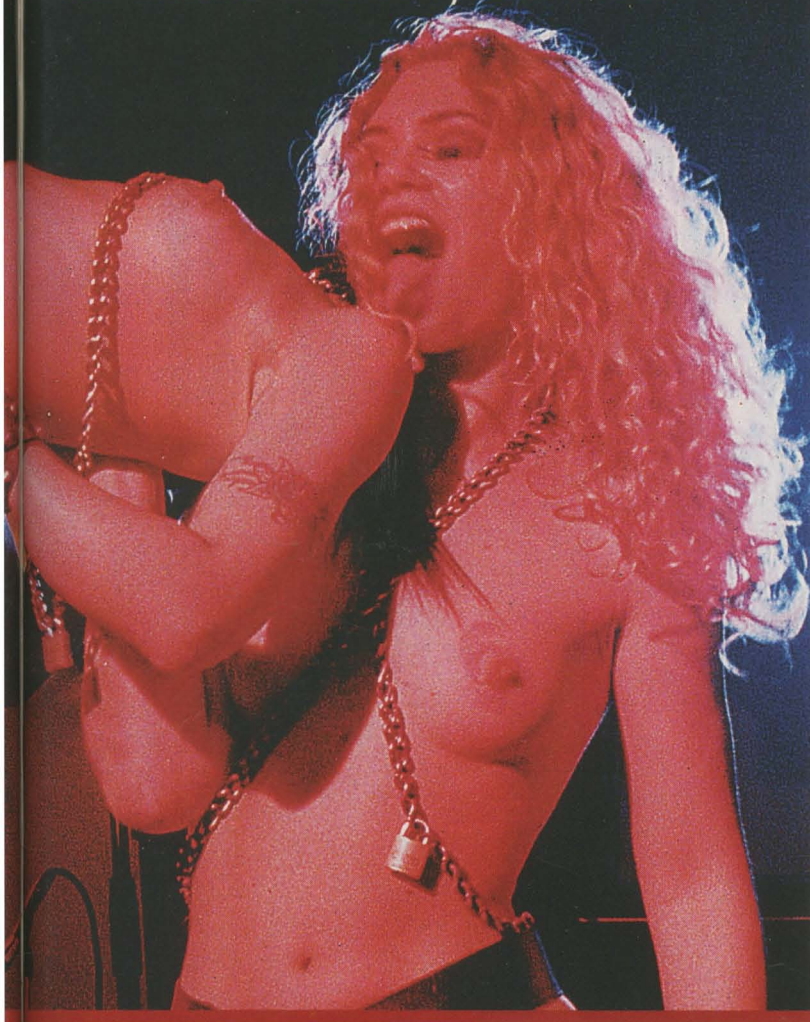
JIMMY CAUTY AND Bill Drummond are musicians, authors, media manipulators and cultural terrorists. In December 1990 they played at the Paradiso Club in Amsterdam as the KLF, and during a 23-minute rendition of ‘What Time is Love?’ handed out most of the equipment on the stage to their grateful audience. The KLF also played at the February 1992 Brit Awards, where they ran on stage armed with machine guns and fired blanks at the audience. They had planned to disembowel a sheep onstage too, but their veggie co-stars Extreme Noise Terror objected.

Reinventing themselves as 2K a few years later, the duo played London’s Barbican Centre, staging a gig which featured a brass band, Zodiac Mindwarp dressed in a gold lamé preacher’s suit, Cauty and Drummond in electric wheelchairs and pyjamas, wearing tusks on their heads, and a picket line of Liverpool dockers. Oh, and a dead swan.

“I hate my audience. My audience is my enemy”
G.G. Allin



Our mission is to carry out female



1 G.G. Allin

The Gas Station, New York
June 1993

ALTHOUGH HE NEVER fulfilled his promise to kill himself on stage, G.G. Allin was undeniably the most extreme performer in rock history. He was arrested 52 times for on-stage crimes and served a fair helping of porridge – his suicide pledge attracted attention from the FBI. The list of his bands reads like an anthology of Tourette's Syndrome poetry, and his catalogue of on-stage 'antics' included nudity, injury and bloodshed, defecation, attempted bestial necrophilia, and self-sodomy with vegetables.

Allin's gig at the Gas Station in 1993 was his last before a fatal heroin OD, but his funeral was a performance in its own right. According to his biographer Joe Coughlin, "The body was in his leather jacket and a jock-strap that said EAT ME. He had a microphone in one hand and a bottle of Jim Beam in the other. People were wrenching the liquor from his arms to slug from it, putting pills in his mouth, pulling the jockstrap down and taking pictures, using the casket as an ashtray, etc. It was a party with a corpse." **B**

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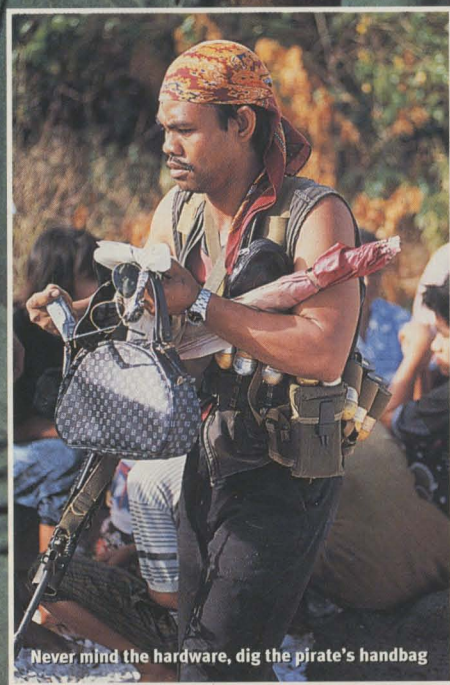
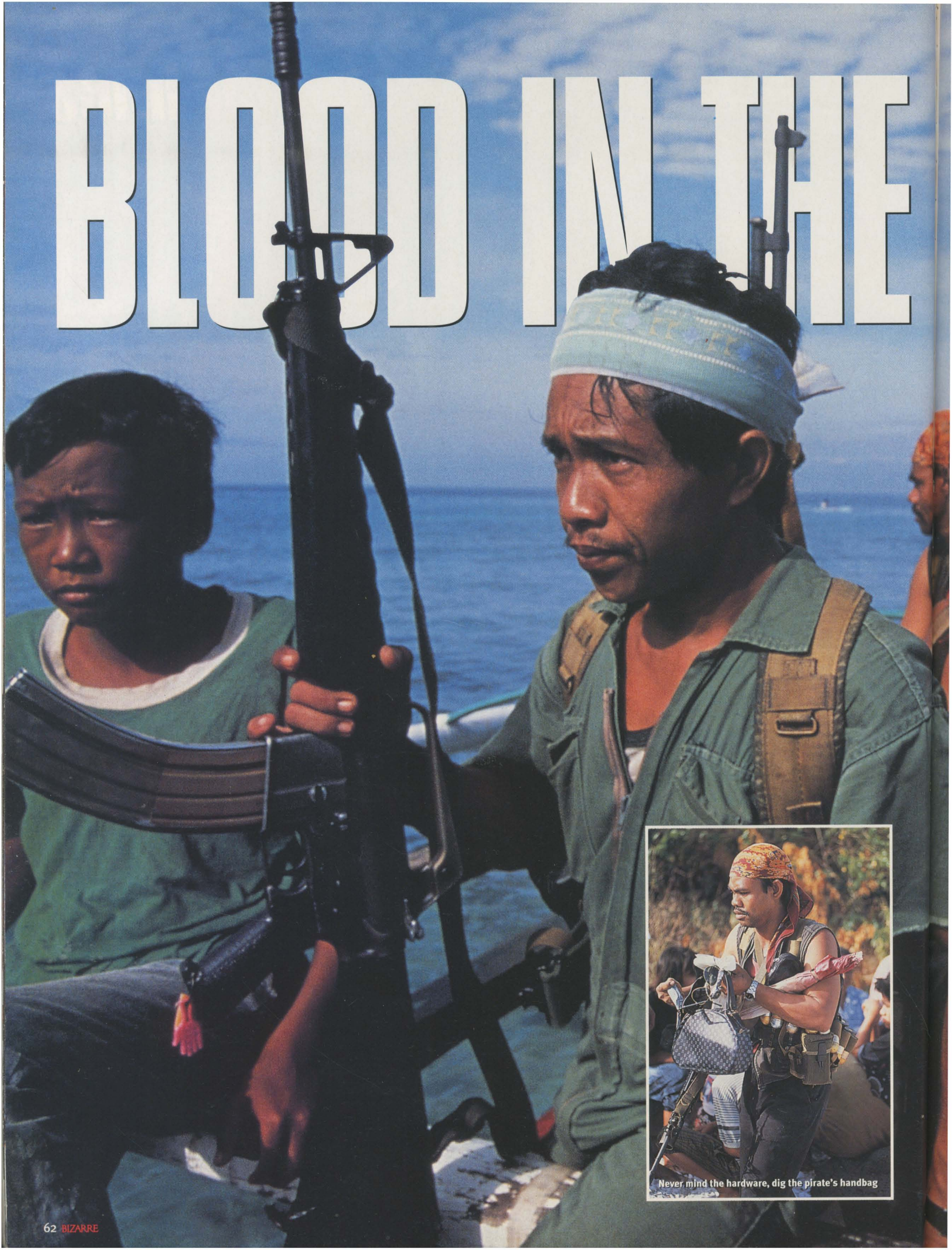
WIPE OUT!

Have the asteroid movies got it right?

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BLOOD IN THE



Never mind the hardware, dig the pirate's handbag

WATER

They massacre without hesitation, raping women and throwing them into the sea for the sharks. In the Sulu Archipelago, Filipino pirates with M-16s and motorboats rule. And ERIC PASQUIER knows how they work because he's recorded their violent and bloodthirsty life on film

WE HAVE A special treatment for our prisoners. We hang them by their feet from a tree and roast them alive like pigs," Jung-Jung laughs in my face. "It takes them at least half an hour to die. Then we cut off their ears, which are good to eat." Killing's his trade: "That's why I was hired as a bodyguard for the most powerful businessman on the island," he explains. Gruesome though his turn of phrase may be, Jung-Jung's not a pirate, he just knows a few and occasionally goes on a raid with them for fun.

"The last time we attacked a *basinik* (big fishing boat) we took everything: the money, the fish and the motor. We shot everybody so as not to leave a witness." He's offered to introduce me, so although he may be a dangerous psychopath, I'm stuck with him. This comes after weeks of negotiations; trying to persuade various intermediaries that I'm neither a CIA agent nor worth kidnapping for ransom.

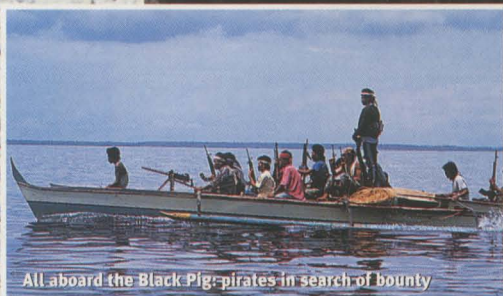
The worrying thing is, mad killers like Jung-Jung are run of the mill along the shores of the Sulu Islands in the Philippines, an area where few die of natural causes and violence is only ever seconds away. Muslim in a Catholic state, it's a poorly-funded, underdeveloped place where the MNLF, the local Muslim guerrillas, fight with the largely ineffectual police and army, as well as local crime syndicates. Two days before my arrival on the Island of Jolo, 12 militia men were shot down in the heart of the city in broad daylight by a rival gang. And the pirates are becoming increasingly bold.

"They placed their guns against our temples while they screamed, 'Your money or you're goners!'" Perhaps Peter, the Australian owner of a yacht moored just 200 metres from the Manila Bay Yacht Club, was asking for trouble by keeping 2.5 million francs on board. He is philosophical as he describes how he and his friends had just finished dinner when a gang of

Filipino pirates suddenly burst on deck. "The police arrested the guilty parties," he explains. "But curiously, they only recovered 3 per cent of my gold." Peter thinks that Manila police officers, even chief of police General Lim, were in on the robbery – although he has no proof.

Acceptance of piracy is widespread in the Philippines. "Imagine pirating a merchant ship from a hotel room," Eric Ellen tells us. Director of the International Maritime Bureau, he has the unenviable job of trying to combat piracy in international waters. "All you have to do is point out the boat which interests you, pay 1.5 million francs to an intermediary, and the pirates will do the rest. Corruption is at the heart of the problem, and as long as it exists, pirates will flourish." Indeed, a recent report from the International Chamber of Commerce confirmed that 51 people were killed by pirates in 1997, in the seas off the Philippines, Brazil, Indonesia and India. ►

Unsurprisingly, few of the pirates' victims offer any form of resistance



All aboard the Black Pig: pirates in search of bounty

SCURVY SEA DOGS! LARCENY ON THE HIGH SEAS

In Britain, a pirate is someone who commits a robbery at sea within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty. Pirates were traditionally hung at the low-tide mark at Wapping, the point where the Admiralty law ended and civil law took over.

Corsairs were Mediterranean thieves authorised by their home country to attack shipping. Most famous were the Barbary Corsairs from the coast of North Africa. As Muslims, they were allowed to attack Christian ships. The Maltese Corsairs had permission from the Knights of St John to rape and pillage to their hearts' content.

Privateers were even more law-abiding. They were ships authorised by a special 'letter of marque' from a particular government which let them capture ships from nations hostile to them.

The letter of marque meant privateers could not be charged with piracy, so that seafaring nations would give them to anyone with a decent ship as a cheap way of harassing their enemies.

Finally there were **buccaneers**. The earliest buccaneers (named after the French word for barbecue) were



inhabitants of Hispaniola (now Haiti and Dominica) who hunted cattle and pigs, cooking them on grills – hence their name. Driven out by Spanish forces, they took to the seas, joining forces with runaway slaves to beat the shit out of the Spanish by way of revenge.

7th century BC

The earliest records of piracy relate to attacks on Greek ships.

200 BC

The Romans introduce ships to protect their grain-importing fleets.

7-9C AD

The Vikings first terrorise, then later colonise Northern Europe, attacking settlements close to the sea.

1500-1550

Heyday of Barbarossa, the pirate formerly known as Red Beard, who was actually two brothers, Aruj and Kheir-ed-din.

1550-1600

With England at war with Spain, privateers emerged, challenging the Spaniards' claim to the New World. As the Spanish seized the new continent, the privateers took their ships.

1660-1700

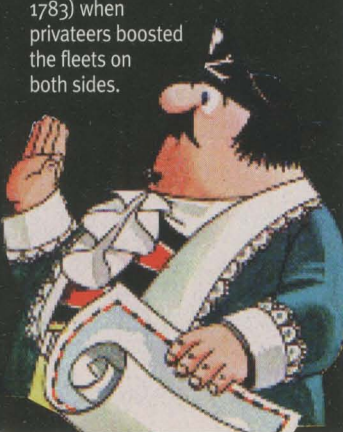
After centuries of holy wars, Christians and Muslims reached a truce. The privateers and corsairs had no option but to become pirates and attack any ships they found. James I cancelled all English letters of marque in 1603 and many English privateers, like Sir Henry Morgan, became pirates.

1700-1750

The golden age of piracy, when the A-list of pirates were active. Famous female pirates Anne Bonny and Mary Read (above) formed a strange ménage à trois with Jack Rackham between 1710 and 1720. But most pirates tended to have short careers. Blackbeard razed the Caribbean for just two years before he was killed in 1718.

1750-1800

Pirates became legit again during the American Revolution (1775-1783) when privateers boosted the fleets on both sides.



Existence as a pirate has few repercussions. "The officials say that there are no pirates in Sulu. But I see the deaths," explains Pilar, a Filipina social worker who tries to defend their victims. "I have counted 50 in the past three months around the municipality of Tawi-Tawi." She has endured death-threats and bureaucratic hassles but they haven't deterred her. "The local police wouldn't even lend me a boat to go and fish the bodies of victims out of the sea," she says.

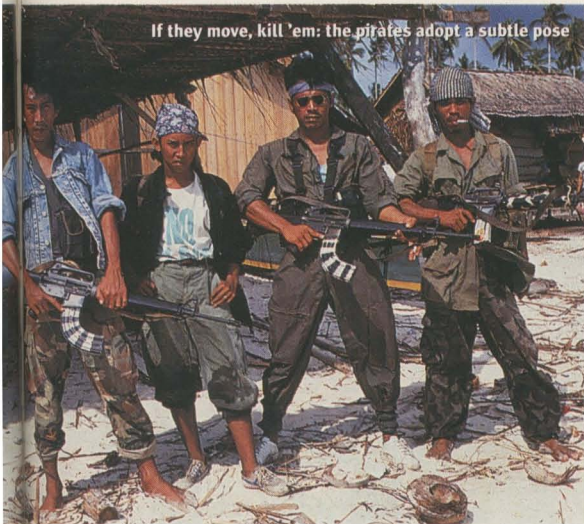
Whilst waiting for my contacts, I accompany a group of illegal workers to the Malaysian coast, thinking it's safe because their boss has hired five over-armed thugs to protect them. Except on the way back to port the thugs cut the boat's motor. When the group's leader asks his boss what he should do with us, heart-stopping words come over the radio: "Whatever you want." I seize the walkie-talkie and begin desperate negotiations, eventually persuading him that he can't make a foreign press crew disappear. This situation will be repeated continually in the next few weeks.

When I finally do make contact with a group, they allow me to film them because it flatters their egos – and they admire our balls for asking.

Pirates congregate in areas where shipping is dense and surveillance non-existent, such as the Caribbean, the shores of West Africa, on the Red Sea, the China Sea and the straits of Malacca.

But nowhere are they more numerous than in the seas around Borneo and the Philippines. The hundreds of tiny volcanic islands serve as hiding places, and the flow of traffic means that while some travel for several weeks in search of rich prey, others just sit tight and attack everything that passes through their territory. Few people

If they move, kill 'em: the pirates adopt a subtle pose



Piracy can be planned over a desktop, if you have the cash



resist them because they know what happens if you do: these young men butcher anyone who tries to fight back, and they often slay all their victims to avoid being identified.

They are mostly members of the Tausug tribe, a warrior people whose culture admires outlaws and has a long tradition of piracy. Originally the Tausugs raided ships for slaves, who they resold in the Muslim territories of Borneo and Java. After slavery was abolished, the Tausugs turned to theft and smuggling as a livelihood in an area known as 'the back door' because black-market trade there is rife. Well, it beats fishing or algae farming, the other local ways of making a living.

The Tausugs practise the code of vendetta. Choki, 31, explains: "I grew up with the idea of vengeance. The only thing I know how to do is fight and kill." Choki's father was killed when he was a child by a gang of pirates, but the laws of vendetta mean that by avenging him Choki has become just like the men he swore vengeance on. "During the ten years I've been a pirate I don't know how many people I've killed," he says.

Unlike most pirates in their position, Choki and his men have no backers, and are hunted by the police and army. "There is nowhere where I'm safe," he tells me after I've been with his band for a few days. "There's only one law at sea, the law of the strongest." Choki tells his men to kill all the workers on the fishing boats they stop. When the money's been divided it only amounts to a few francs each, but that's enough to pay for Choki's addiction to rock-n-roll. Despite the fact that capture will mean death, Choki often sneaks into the coastal cities to listen to his favourite music. "I go there at

night, it's safer," he tells me cheerfully.

Jerry, leader of the Tora-Tora, is different. Not only is he the most powerful pirate in the Jolo region, he's also head of a local politician's militia. "Of course he knows about my activities as a pirate, but he lets me do what I want because he needs my services. Moreover, he supplies our arms and ammunition." Like most of the 30 men in his raiding party, he began robbing to satisfy a vice, in his case gambling. "It's like a drug for me. I have killed and robbed solely to gamble. And when I've spent it all, I turn pirate again."

Jerry and his gang spend their days watching

"In the ten years I've been a pirate I don't know how many I've killed."



Eyes down, it's a full house - for the pirates

for passing boats from their village hide-out. When something appears, they climb aboard their speedboat and the hunt begins. "Here is my territory, I attack who I wish. We are very well armed and I have solid backing." Jerry is not wrong. With their power-boats and machine-guns, his men quickly overwhelm ship after ship, abandoning the passengers on a deserted isle in deference to our Western sensibilities.

Jerry got his position as leader of the Tora-Tora by the most direct route. "I cut off the head of a pirate who molested my family and I exhibited the trophy in my native village. By avenging the honour of my family I won respect myself." Jerry has a rival hot on his heels, however: his lieutenant Hans. "I hate my victims," Hans barks at me. "I always want to send them into the next world." This doesn't stop Hans claiming to be a good Muslim. "Allah wants me to pray more in order to expiate my sins," he explains. Both ambitious and violent, Jerry and Hans work together if not exactly placidly then at least with good humour, knowing that one day they will fight and one of them will kill the other. That's the way that things work here. **B**

HOW TO AVOID BEING MURDERED BY PIRATES

In 1996, 224 acts of piracy and coastal robbery were reported, a 17% rise on 1995, which in turn saw a 100% rise on the previous year. So if you're going on a long and dangerous sea-voyage in the near future, here's BIZARRE's tips on what to look out for:

Piracy danger times:

Most attacks take place between 1am and 6am, and most attacks are to the bow or stern of the boat. If you're sailing any of the danger areas, stay awake all night lurking in the bows on the look-out for grappling hooks.

How to prevent attacks:

- According to experts, the first line of defence against pirates is spotlights. Lighting up the area immediately around the boat has saved many ships from seizure.



PIRACY BLACK SPOTS

- The other tip is hosepipes. Not only will wetting the sides of the ship make them hard to climb up, you can knock raiders back with high-pressure hoses.
- Batten down the hatches. Keep only one entrance to the ship open, and guard it.
- Recess your nuts so that common tools can't unscrew sealed sections of the ship.

If you're boarded:

- Retreat to the safest area where, hopefully, you've stored a radio for just such an emergency.
- Notify authorities.
- Be calm.
- Report the attack. Many ship owners don't - investigations can take so long they lose more money waiting for them to finish than from the piracy itself.



A DYING ART

When British artist Anthony Noel Kelly was imprisoned for stealing body parts to make sculptures, he was only the latest in a long line of artists to have made controversial use of corpses. As JAMES WALLIS discovers, there is a fine line between gallery and mortuary. But for those who have strong stomachs, the bodies of the departed still have much to reveal

AT THE BEGINNING of April, Anthony Noel Kelly became the first person to be jailed in the UK for the crime of stealing human body parts. Over several months he and another man, Niel Lindsay, had taken pieces from over forty corpses from the Royal College of Surgeons, carrying them wrapped in black plastic bin-bags back to Kelly's studio in Clapham, south London, either by taxi or on the Underground.

Kelly was not using the parts for bizarre medical experiments. He was neither a cannibal nor a necrophile. He was simply an artist, making moulds from the body-parts and then casting them in metal, which he plated with silver. Although his methods are unique, he's far from alone in using corpses, or parts of corpses, in his work. In the last few years there's been an explosion of artists who have begged, stolen or borrowed bodies to create their artworks. But why? And why now in particular?

Western society prefers not to think about such things: Kelly was jailed only because the judge made a ruling that parts of a corpse could be regarded as property. Dead bodies have an unrivalled power to shock: in a world in which roughly a quarter of a million people die every day, and children may see as many as 8000 deaths on television before they leave primary school, most of us have never seen a corpse in the flesh. The idea of corpses as art or as decorative objects is understandably startling.

Below: Kelly and some of his cast metal images, made from the head and upper body of a stolen corpse. Below left: more artworks cast from body-parts

"You look at them and remind yourself, this is how we all end up," Kelly says of his work. That seems strangely calm, coming from a former slaughterhouse worker who hid stolen body-parts in his girlfriend's flat, without telling her. But most artists who deal with death claim they're not doing it to shock, or to attract attention. Kelly's work could be a lot more shocking: his silver-plated casts of heads, torsos and limbs give little hint of the macabre way they were made – or the fuss they caused.



**Untitled** by Sue Fox, 1996

Using dead bodies in art is actually almost as old as art itself. It was only with the coming of the Renaissance and science that art and the corpse started to move apart: although artists such as Leonardo da Vinci drew human anatomy, they did it because they wanted to study how the body worked, not to make comments on mortality. Today, you can leave your body to science, but you can't leave it to art.

But the mood is beginning to swing back. Corpses are still a taboo subject, let alone taboo objects, but taboos cannot remain powerful unless they are occasionally broken. Art and science are crossing over again and Anthony-Noel Kelly, despite the hype, is actually one of the less interesting of the artists and creators challenging the boundaries, legal and moral, about the use and portrayal of corpses.

One of the most confrontational of these people is Günter von Hagens, because he doesn't call himself an artist. He's an anatomist, scientifically trained, who has managed to do something many believed

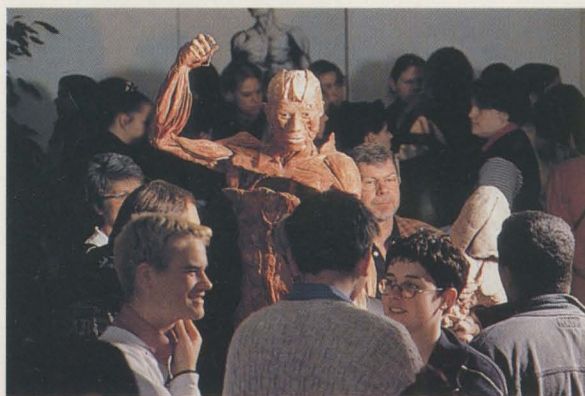


Von Hagens (above) and some of the corpses he has preserved by 'plastination' on display in a museum in Germany. Is this science or sculpture?

impossible: preserving human bodies by mummifying them without keeping them suspended in formaldehyde. His secret is what he calls 'plastination': replacing the body's fats and fluids with silicone or another polymer, which lets the tissue hold its shape without discolouring or rotting.

The results, on view at the Mannheim Technical Museum, Germany, are astonishing. Human bodies, sliced and peeled like fruit or those 'visible man' toy-kits are arranged in natural positions: standing, sitting, posing. The living wander around them, some rapt, others visibly distressed.

Von Hagens knew every one of these personally before they died. They all gave him permission to use their bodies in his exhibits: even the man split in half, and the woman with her stomach opened like a ripe fruit to show the unborn child inside her. Damien Hirst's sharks, cows and sheep look pathetic in comparison. ►





Left: 'Li II 3D' by H.R. Giger. Above and right: art and death have historical links, as this 1589 engraving and a skinned exhibit from the Fragonard museum in France show



Art can help us to confront the horror of death



Glassman by Joel-Peter Witkin, 1994

Von Hagens' corpse exhibition poses problems. He doesn't describe what he does as art, but it's way beyond an anatomy lesson. Two churches, the German Association of Anatomists and the Prime Minister Erwin Teufel have all condemned the exhibition, but it still attracted 125,000 visitors in five weeks. Its purpose, von Hagens says, was to show off the "beauty" and "vulnerability" of the human body. "My purpose," he explains, "is to push away the disgust associated with decomposition after dying. That hinders learning. When you look at a plastinated specimen in a life-like position, then you can learn effectively."

At the other end of the spectrum stands Joel-Peter Witkin, an artist who produces a handful of photographs each year. The people whose corpses he uses in many of his works did not agree to it: instead he travels to Mexico, where the morgues are more open and the laws are less strict, to acquire them. Some of his photographs are shot in the morgues; others use body-parts which Witkin has taken back to a studio. At first sight his manipulated and scratched images are shocking, but as the shock wears off, levels of emotion and meaning seep through. Witkin, like Kelly, is not trying to shock; he's trying to come to terms with the disfigurement and death that have always been a part of his life.

"My grandmother had only one leg," he says. "Where most kids would wake up and smell coffee, I would wake up and smell my grandmother's rotting leg." Once, on his way to church, he witnessed a horrific car crash. Something rolled out of the wreckage towards him. "It appeared to me, as a child, a ball rolling towards me in the shadow." It was the decapitated head of a girl, and he traces the roots of much of his art from that moment. As he says: "I am no longer the helpless observer, but the objectifier who chooses to share the 'hell' of his confusion visually, rather than confront the quality that distinguishes a vital and functional being from a dead body."

JOEL-PETER WITKIN, H.R. GIGER, JUAN DE VALVERDE DE HANUSIE, KARL GRIMES, SUE FOX, ANDREAS SERRANNO



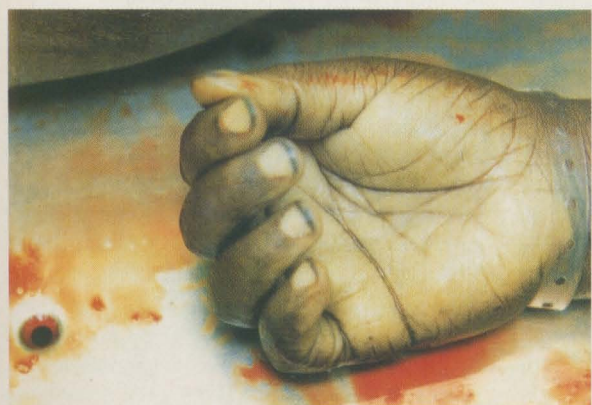
Still Life (untitled) by Karl Grimes, 1992

H. R. Giger, the artist who won an Oscar for creating the alien from *Alien*, also deals with inner demons in his art. "I had been having the same dreams again and again," he explains, "and they were nightmares." Dreams of claustrophobia; of pipes turning into flesh and growing skin; of people turning into machines. "They were horrifying. But I found that when I made drawings about them, the dreams went away."

Although Giger's sculptures are filled with images of skulls and spines, his work is mostly fibreglass, polyester, rubber or metal. But his subjects and inspiration are biological. When he began work on *Alien*, he found the production secretary and said, "I want bones." He got truckloads, from human skulls to snakes. Although he calls himself a surrealist and his art seems more connected to alien worlds than to humanity and mortality, the two are connected.



Above: 'The Morgue (Knifed to Death I)' by Andres Serrano, 1992. Below: 'Open Hand' by Sue Fox, 1995



"The 1990s are the era of crazy sects and holy murderers," he says.

Two other artists whose works deal with death in a much more basic way are Andres Serrano and Sue Fox. Serrano, best known for his *Piss Christ*, a crucifix in a jar of his own urine, takes detailed pictures of bodies in morgues. The results, his 'Morgue Series', are quiet and contemplative. It's often hard to tell that the subject is actually dead. Only the name of each image gives it away. In other pictures, wounds from knives or gunshots dig holes in the flesh: a violating and un-Hollywood way of death.

With Sue Fox's pictures, on the other hand, you're left in no doubt of the subject's status *vis-a-vis* life. Fox is best known for her photographs of autopsies and corpses in Manchester morgues, which she has been photographing for the past four years. Her photographs transform the

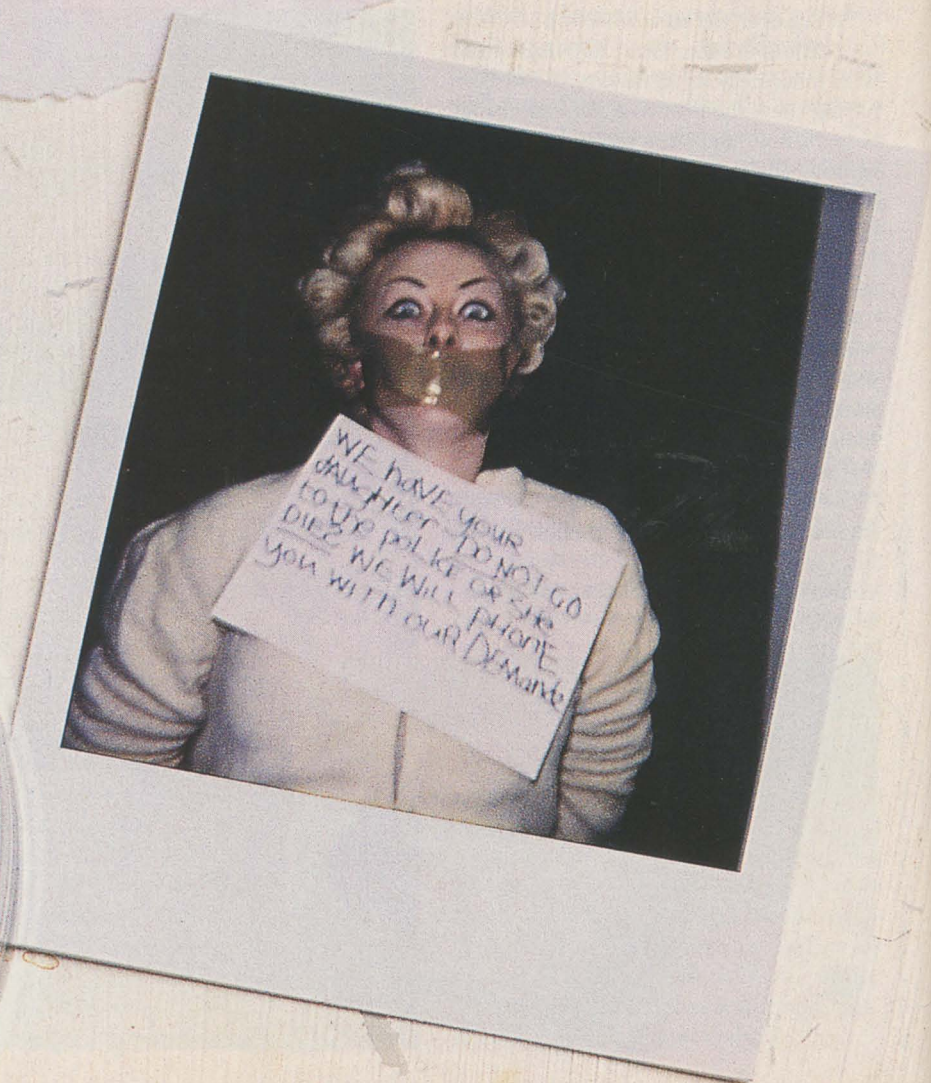
body into something entirely un-human: skin folds in unfamiliar ways; empty chests gape open like abandoned snakeskins. The cleanliness of the room contrasts horribly with the reality of flesh and blood. Her pictures of bodies burning in crematoriums are less shocking but no less relentless in the way they show a process that you may have imagined, but have never seen before.

Karl Grimes avoids morgues altogether. His recent exhibition, 'Still Life' at the Gallery of Photography in Dublin, is based on medical 'monsters' from the 1850s which he found in a Milan hospital: dead babies, deformed or freakish – some have the huge skulls of hydrocephalus sufferers, others have two heads – preserved in jars of formaldehyde. They have bleached over time, taking on a pale, ghostly appearance. They have outlasted their parents and the people who put them here by decades, if not centuries. The exhibition is unsettling, but also almost unbearably moving.

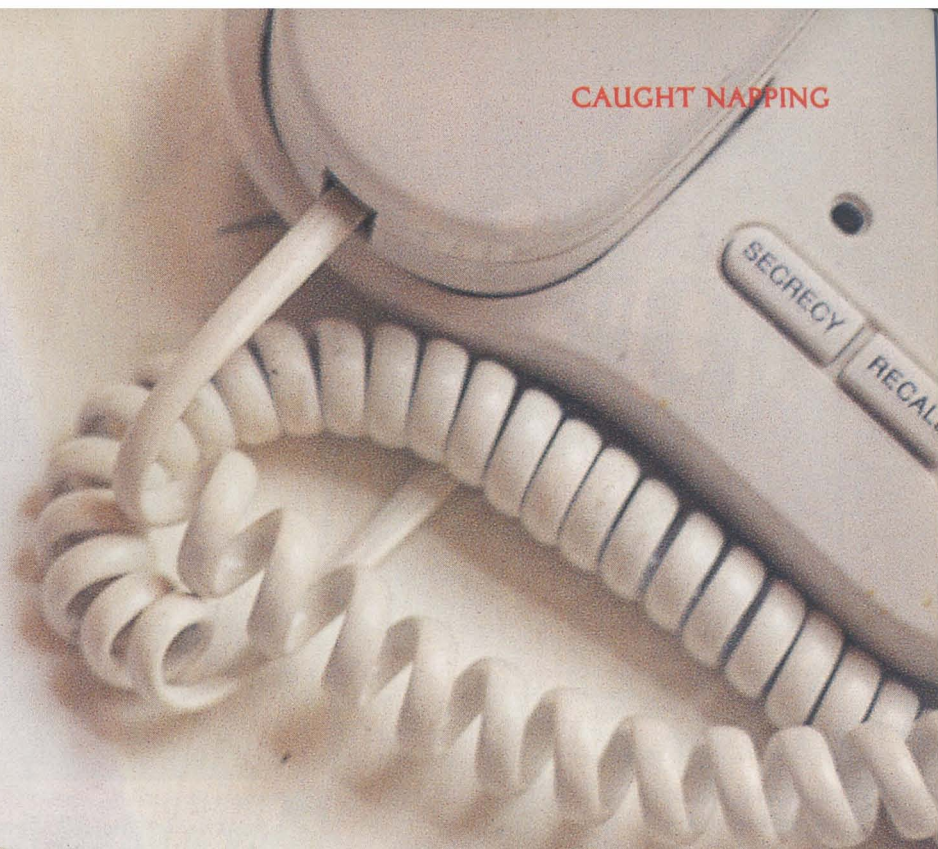
It's impossible to demystify death. The fear of it is so hardwired into the primitive parts of our brain that no rational logic can ever remove it. But art can help us to confront death and come to terms with it on a personal level, if not a rational one. Death defies rationality, as it defies the hands of the autopsist, the plasticiser, or the scientists who put dead babies in jars. Science has had five hundred years to show us what death is about, and it has failed. It's time to let the artists have their turn. **B**

The kicks of

kidnap



IN C



It looks like the easiest way to make big money from crime, so why do so many kidnaps end up with dead victims and bungled ransom-drops? JOHN MARR, editor of wild crime zine *Murder Can Be Fun*, finds a finger in his mail

K

IDNAPPING'S a tricky business. From the fine art of victim selection (think rich relatives) to the details of the ransom exchange (has anyone ever found a foolproof scheme?), it

demands taut nerves, careful planning and keen instincts. It ought to attract the keenest criminal masterminds, yet over the past 50 years it has become the entry-level offence of choice for inept amateurs.

Terrorist groups still pull off the occasional well-conceived job to fund their cause, and some Third World countries do shine at it. Columbia leads the world with a jaw-dropping 600 kidnappings every year – it's considered a fact of life there. In the Philippines, which notches up around 200 a year, kidnappers are so brazen they'll take a cheque as a ransom payment. But in Europe and America the crime is increasingly rare – the UK averages only two cases per year. And most often, it's attempted by clods who couldn't even knock over a petrol station.

The big attraction is the money. Kidnapping looks like an easy way to make that one big haul. Personal risk is minimal – even the dimmest kidnapper is careful to pick a victim who isn't armed and doesn't have bodyguards. Kidnapping doesn't require years of practice or preparation, like fraud, forgery or counterfeiting. Unlike drug dealing, you don't need underworld contacts to get started. And the payoff, large amounts of small, unmarked bills, is irresistible. Unfortunately, it almost never works out the way the kidnappers planned.

Consider the brothers Hosein, the Trinidad immigrants who introduced ransom kidnapping

to Britain in 1969. Especially keen on joining the local hunt, they aspired to the lives of country squires and needed cash to finance their new lifestyle. So, in spite of a complete lack of criminal experience, they decided to stage a kidnap.

Inspired by a David Frost interview with Rupert Murdoch, they grabbed a woman they thought was Mrs Murdoch. In fact their captive turned out to be Muriel McKay, wife of a top-ranking Murdoch executive. After lengthy negotiations the brothers were arrested, having been spotted near bungled ransom-drop sites, and convicted of murder. The only thing they did right was disposing of Mrs McKay's body, which has never been found. It's believed they fed it to their pigs.

Equally disastrous was the 1993 Matthias Hintze case in Germany. The 20-year old son of wealthy restaurant owners was taken by a pair of Russian low-lives intent on collecting a \$570,000

ransom. But it was not to be. They were scared off and didn't even show at the first two ransom-drops. The third time, the model boat they'd insisted on using to bring the money to them – a bad gimmick if there ever was one – broke down. They tried once more, but Hintze's mother couldn't understand the instructions they gave her in their wretched, heavily accented German. Not that it really mattered: they'd left Hintze to starve in a hole in a forest before they started the ransom negotiations. Police arrested them a few weeks later during a routine sweep. ►

America's most successful kidnapping

SINCE THE TRAGIC nabbing of four-year-old Charley Ross in 1874, generally thought to be the first case of kidnapping for ransom in the US, America has witnessed well over 1000 kidnappings. The overwhelming majority have ended with the kidnappers in jail. Only a handful have got away scot-free with the cash. The dean of this elite fraternity is Pat Crowe, who kidnapped Eddie Cudahay, the 15-year-old son of a multi-millionaire meatpacker, in Nebraska in 1900. Cudahay Sr paid the \$25,000 ransom and Crowe released the boy unharmed. He roamed the world for five years, spending his ill-gotten gains, but when he returned to the state he was immediately arrested. Things looked grim for Crowe – but wait! To their chagrin, officials discovered Nebraska had no laws against kidnapping! Crowe was acquitted of extortion after Cudahay testified he'd handed over the \$25,000 out of his own free will. It was all very civilised. For many years after, Crowe reportedly sent young Eddie Christmas cards signed "your kidnapper".

Take the money, or open the box? Barbara Mackle was trapped in kidnapper Gary Krist's 'capsule' for 83 hours





More satisfactory, at least for the victim, was the 1963 comedy of errors around the kidnapping of Frank Sinatra Jr. Barry Keenan, a young businessman down on his luck, planned to kidnap the son of Ol' Blue Eyes to raise enough cash to go into politics. The kidnap didn't begin well. His rag-tag gang of snatchers almost abandoned the plan when they ran out of money to pay for their hotel room. But the house detective stopped them when they tried to sneak out of the building, so they decided to turn back and grab Sinatra Junior after all.

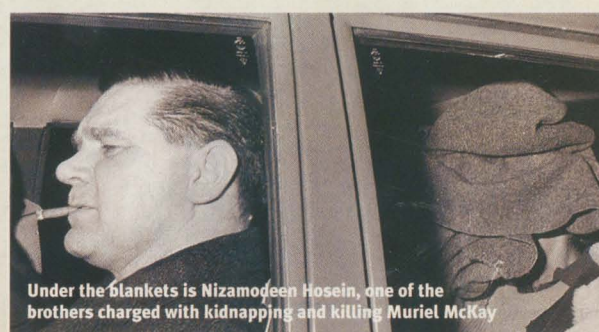
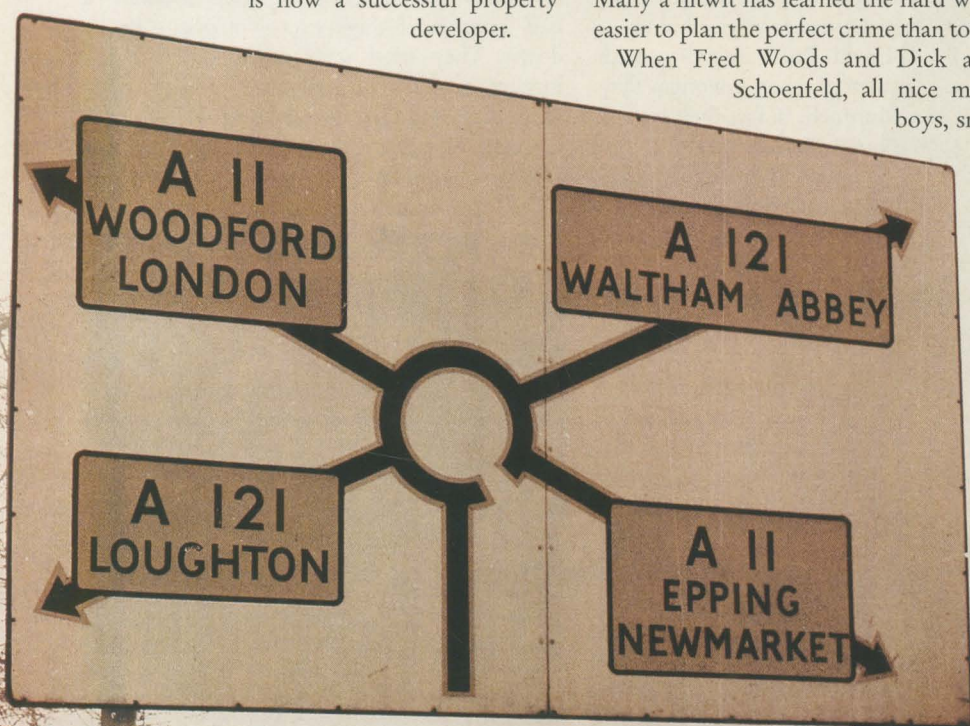
They got their \$240,000 ransom and released young Sinatra unharmed, but before you could say "Ring a ding ding!" the FBI was on them. Not only had the kidnappers been filmed collecting the ransom via the magic of infra-red photography, but Frankie Jr provided the FBI with almost everything except the address of the house where he'd been held. Keenan served his time in jail and, having spent long enough among crooks, gave up his plan of entering politics and is now a successful property developer.

Many a nitwit has learned the hard way that it's easier to plan a perfect crime than to execute it

For many neophyte kidnappers, the crime is more than a way to raise cash: it's a means of self-expression. Nowhere is this truer than America, home of the self-made man. Historian Paula Fass, author of *Kidnapped: Child Abduction in America*, says that in the US kidnapping has become "...an ideal criminal form, ready to be brought to a kind of aesthetic consummation." Many a nitwit has learned the hard way that it's easier to plan the perfect crime than to execute it.

When Fred Woods and Dick and James Schoenfeld, all nice middle-class boys, snatched an

entire school bus full of kids (26, plus the driver) from Chowchilla, California in 1976, they smuggly thought they'd committed the perfect crime. Their plot was elaborate, involving several vehicles and a buried removal van that served as an underground prison. They were even going to wait a day or two to let the tension build before they demanded a \$5 million ransom. But, even as they worked on the final draft of their ransom note, their little hostages were busily breaking out of what turned out to be their not-so-secure underground prison. All three plotters were arrested within a fortnight.



Under the blankets is Nizamodeen Hosein, one of the brothers charged with kidnapping and killing Muriel McKay

Thousands of police and 250 dogs hunt through 800 miles of wasteland for Muriel McKay's body - unsuccessfully





Bruno Hauptman was executed for murdering the Lindbergh baby – even though the body was never found



Another kidnapper in love with his own cleverness was Gary Krist. A classic underachieving drifter who boasted an IQ of 142, he almost pulled off what became known as the '83 Hours Until Dawn' kidnapping in 1968. He abducted Barbara Mackle, 20-year-old daughter of a Florida real estate developer and buried her alive in an elaborately designed underground 'capsule'. She spent 83 hours in this pseudo-coffin, supplied with light, food, water and even sanitary protection, before being rescued when Krist was nabbed collecting his \$500,000 ransom.

After his capture – he'd panicked and abandoned a car near a bungled ransom drop – Krist penned his memoirs. He proudly laid out his plan in elaborate detail, down to near complete instructions for designing, constructing and equipping your own ventilated coffin. Unfortunately, while his book (*Life*) languished in obscurity, Mackle's *83 Hours Until Dawn* hit the bestseller lists and was made into a TV movie.

In fact all kidnapers, well prepared or not, overlook the one crucial fact: they're almost certain to get caught. An experienced professional criminal, wise to the ways of false IDs, money-laundering and safe houses, has a shot at getting away with it. But a hapless amateur has almost no chance. The rare kidnapers who evade capture almost invariably have to kill their victims,

and not even this is foolproof. Most Western countries solve over 80% of ransom kidnappings. In America, since the FBI assumed jurisdiction over most kidnappings in the 1930s, only two cases are still unsolved. And neither of the suspects still at large got their ransom money.

The pitfalls are many and all-but unavoidable. Amateur kidnapers always underestimate the lengths the police will go to catch them. The kidnapers of Greek shipping magnate George Fraghistas were startled when, as they sat in a car in north-west London negotiating the ransom in 1996, they found themselves surrounded by police. They'd been traced through the mobile phone they were using.

Another pair of kidnapers in San Francisco had just collected \$500,000 and released their jeweller hostage when the cops closed in – unnoticed, they'd been following the kidnapers all afternoon. Even the tiniest details can prove fatal. For one case in the 1950s, FBI agents went through over a million handwriting samples held on file by various US government agencies, looking for a match for the handwriting on the ransom note. Amazingly, they found it.

Even if the ransom is collected without a hitch, there's still the problem of actually spending it. There are enough nosy, anal-retentive people who check the serial numbers on banknotes to make any kidnapper think twice. The most notable kidnapper caught by a carelessly spent bill was Bruno Hauptman, the man executed for kidnapping the baby son of famed aviator Charles Lindbergh in 1932 – although there is some doubt about whether he was actually the guilty party. But far more pathetic was the gang



Fed up: FBI agents escort John Irwin, one of Frank Sinatra Jr's kidnapers, off to jail. Left: Young Blue Eyes himself



that ransomed nine-year-old George Weyerhaeuser in 1935. After newspapers published the serial numbers of the ransom money,

two gang-members were quickly captured as they tried to spend the hot bills. The gang leader only managed to remain at large for a year by living on the rough, drifting through the skid rows of the Pacific Coast with thousands of unspendable dollars sewed in the lining of his tattered jacket.

Kidnapping is a poor entry-level crime. Yet, as long as people dream of that one big sting, amateurs will carry on scheming. Barry Keenan, the man behind the Sinatra kidnapping, summed up the kidnapper's ethos best: "I'd rather be dead than try to get money by working." ■

BEER

The list of kidnap victims has always been dominated by people of substance and their kin: oil men, bankers, stockbrokers, and the like. However, one anomaly is the seemingly disproportionate number of brewers. Perhaps because so many plots were conceived over several pints too many?



Jennifer Guinness, 1986
Married to a banker member of the stout-brewing Dublin clan, she was held for a £2 million ransom. Acting on a tip-off, police surrounded the place

where she was being held a few days later, freeing her and arresting the kidnap gang after a five-hour siege.



Alfred Heineken, 1983
The kidnapers of this Dutch beer baron thought they were about to enjoy a cool

35 million guilders when they went to collect their ransom money. But they never even got a chance to enjoy their booty. An enormous police raid on the heels of the ransom drop snagged most of the gang and freed Heineken.

Edward Bremer, 1932
Not only was he a bank president in his own right, Bremer's father owned the Jacob Schmidt

brewery. His kidnapers, the legendary, not one bit amateur Barker/Karpis gang, collected \$200,000 for his release.

William Hamm, Jr., 1933
This owner of one of America's earliest big breweries was freed for \$100,000 after also being kidnapped by the Barker/Karpis gang, who after their success with Edward Bremer obviously felt they'd got this kidnapping lark sussed. They apologised for serving him a rival beer, but Hamm admitted he couldn't tell the difference.

Adolph Coors III, 1960
After his disappearance, the Coors family received a ransom note demanding for \$500,000. The kidnapper never tried to collect, probably because he'd already killed Coors. But his caution was for naught; he got caught anyway.

In fact, all kidnapers, well prepared or not, overlook one crucial fact – they're almost certain to get caught



POPPER/PHOTO

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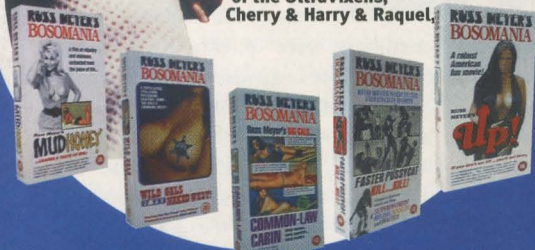
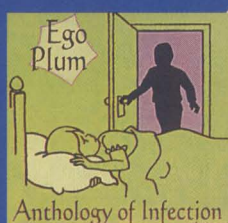
Not only is all this stuff specially selected for you, our beloved readers, by our own fair hands, it's also sent straight to your door in a plain brown wrapper, and still costs you less than it would in the shops



JUST £11.99 INC. P&P
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE **£12.99**

Magnificent mammaries, as seen through the sweaty lens of Russ Meyer

Tit-tastic Russ Meyer titles: **MudHoney**, **Common-Law Cabin**, **Wild Gals**, **Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!**, **Vixen**, **Beneath The Valley of the UltraVixens**, **Cherry & Harry & Raquel**.

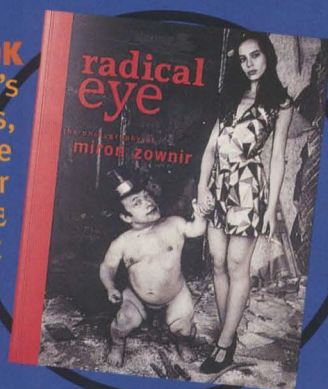



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ANTHOLOGY OF INFECTION

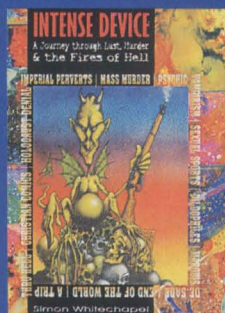
Several readers seem desperate to get their hands on this CD so we are now offering it as a special offer to all of you. Ego Plum calls his music 'uneasy listening', bills it as ideal for "third-rate carnivals, snuff films and kiddie porn" and plans to take it on the road with a band of dwarfs and amputee musicians. In the words of our music reviewer: "this CD fits the Bizarre brief as snugly as a slightly undersized pair of pants – uncomfortable in all the right places, yet strangely arousing."

RADICAL EYE BOOK
Back by popular demand, Miron Zownir's amazing collection of photos of freaks, dossers and strange performers is the weirdest book we've seen this year (or last for that matter). Every BIZARRE coffee table should have one, and at just £17.99 including p&p you'd be a fool to say no to this purchasing opportunity.



JUST £19.99 INC. P&P
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE **£25.00**

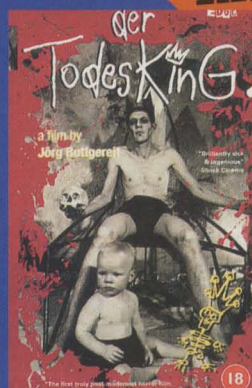
If you never thought a bit of girl-on-girl action could be improved, try this – hairy girl-on-girl action in Double D Productions' **Hirsute Lovers**, with "60 minutes of hot and sweaty sequences". Or if you think two fluffy beauties might be too much for you to bear, there's always the original hairy women, our very own Sandra, starring in 60 minutes of horny, hairy action which includes "close-ups of every hairy orifice". You have been warned!



JUST £9.95 INC. P&P
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE **£10.95**

A history of dildos? People who believe the Holocaust never happened? The end of the world? A guided tour of Hell? These are just some of the subjects tackled in **Intense Device** by Simon Whitechapel, a collection of extraordinary essays on bizarre subjects, written with wit, scholarship and verve.

JUST £11.99 INC. P&P
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE **£12.99**



Jorg Buttgerit's 1989 film **Der Todesking** or 'The Deathking' is one of our 'videos you should see before you die'. Although many people have classified it as a video nasty, **Der Todesking** is a bleak and provocative study of the solitude of self-destruction. So why not save yourself some money on downers and get some arthouse in at the same time?

All books £1.00 off normal retail price, inc. p&p



Fragments of Fear by Andy Boot, describes the history of British horror movies from its early days up to *Hellraiser*, via Hammer classics and the likes of *The Wicker Man*. Fine stuff.



Necronomicon 1: the journal of horror and erotic cinema, is filled with intelligent writing about movies normally dismissed as trash. A very impressive piece of work.

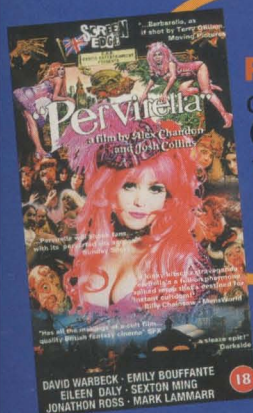


Deathtripping by Jack Sargeant covers the greatest and most notorious underground film makers, and their uncensored, uncategorisable works.

Inside Teradome by Jack Hunter is an exhaustive history of freaks in cinema, with an huge selection of photographs and stills. Probably the ultimate word on the subject.

Killing for Culture by David Kerekes and David Slater explores death on film. Do snuff films exist? Can you see actual death scenes in films? Not for the faint-hearted.

Meat is Murder by Mikita Brottman delves into cannibal culture, from biographies of serial killers to movies like *Silence of the Lambs* and *Cannibal: the Musical*, a film by the people who brought you *South Park*.



PERVIRELLA This blasphemous take on costume drama begins in the court of Queen Victoria and quickly progresses to Amazonia, via a lost city in the desert and a spectacular underwater world that would make Kevin Costner weep with shame. In the middle of this deranged action shines Pervirella, the sex-mad saviour of the world, who gets to wear pink wigs with devil's horns and shag half the known world... *need we say more.*



WHO SAW HER DIE – Aldo Lado's gripping precursor to *Don't Look Now* in which a villainous Venetian child-murderer causes havoc amongst decadents with a penchant for group sex sessions and the occasional knee-trembler in the back of a shaky gondola.



VAMPYROS LESBOS – This sleaze epic features fanged sex-kitten Soledad Miranda as an active skirt-lifter who lures unsuspecting beauties back to her island for a bit of necro nookie and vampiric enslavement – *your face or mine?*



**INSIDE
TERADOME**



**An Illustrated History of
Frank Fara**

£13.95



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Vixen	010	£11.99	\$26.00	£12.99		
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Hirsute Lovers	022	£19.99	\$42.00	£20.99		
Fragments of Fear	026	£11.95	\$26.00	£12.95		
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Inside Teradome	029	£13.95	\$30.00	£14.95		
Killing for Culture	030	£13.95	\$30.00	£14.95		
Meat is Murder	031	£13.95	\$30.00	£14.95		
Der Todesking	032	£11.99	\$26.00	£12.99		
Pervirella	033	£11.99	\$26.00	£12.99		
Intense Device	034	£9.95	\$22.00	£10.95		
Ego Plum	035	£9.95	\$22.00	£10.95		

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BIZARRE BUYS

music,

Porn mags

Everybody likes a bit of porn, but it's not all tits and bums. Even on the top shelf, you can find titles catering for more jaded appetites. We sort the foxes from the dogs

Rubber Nurse

Not so much a porn mag as a photo-novel: three nurses in rubber and one bloke in bandages. If you're not already panting at the thought of it, there's little in here likely to arouse you. **Presentation:** 3/5 **Pornography:** 2/5 £6 from G&M Fashions (Leisure) Ltd, PO Box 42, Romford, Essex RM21 2ED



Leg Sex

"When you get a girl like this, don't just fuck 'er! Lick her ankles and she'll be your sex slave for life!" Er... yes. Although it suffers from the occasional black blob (one over a strap-on, for heaven's sake), if you're into legs and feet, you probably won't care. Just about passes muster for non-fetishists too. **Presentation:** 3/5 **Pornography:** 4/5 £2.95 from newsagents



X-Net

If you've got a net connection then you can probably find all the true filth your dirty groin desires already, so heaven knows why you'd need this collection of URLs plus a CD-ROM with a few stills and video clips on it. There's a Grand Prix feature which has been added in a desperate attempt to inject some Playboy-esque respectability into something that's ultimately a bit shoddy. Eight quid? You can get a hand-job for that. **Presentation:** 4/5 **Pornography:** 1/5 £7.95 from newsagents



The Picture

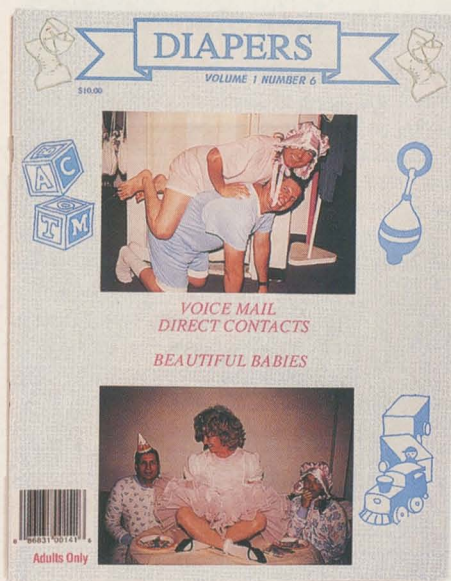
Aussie smut resembles other smut the same way Aussie Rules Football resembles soccer: baffling, in a very enjoyable way. *The Picture* isn't much harder than, say, *Razzle*, but it's all in the attitude. And you can't say no to a mag with a regular feature called "Me and my boobs", can you? **Presentation:** 3/5 **Pornography:** 4/5 Aus\$2.90, GPO Box 5201, Sydney, NSW 1028, Oz

Rubberist

There's a good story about the rubber-fetishist who bought a copy of the computer mag *What Mac?* by accident, which is spoiled only by the fact that *What Mac?* doesn't exist. *The Rubberist* is specialist stuff and is never going to challenge *Skin 2*, but then it's more of a lifestyle mag than a fetish one, strange to say. Could do with better pics. **Presentation:** 2/5 **Pornography:** Not the point £10 from G&M Fashions (Leisure), PO Box 42, Romford, Essex, RM1 2ED



film, gadgets, net, books, videos and...



Diapers

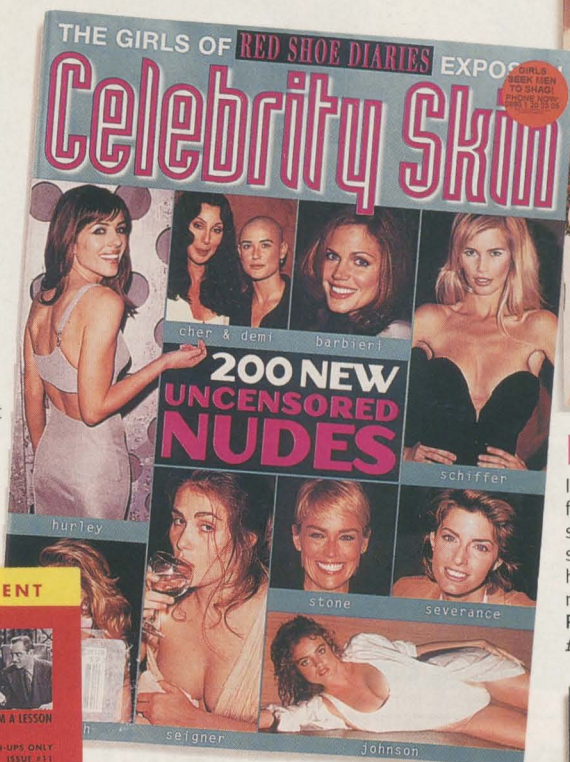
We've seen so much infantilism stuff that we know there must be a market for it, but we're at a complete loss to understand its appeal. Still, the small ads at the back are hysterical.

Presentation: 1/5 Pornography: 0/5
\$10 from Ground Zero Ltd, PO Box 7575, La Verne, CA 91750, USA

Celebrity Skin

If naked celebrities are your idea of fun, get an internet connection. The celeb pics on the web are infinitely better than the fuzzy, one-finger-on-the-pause-button, straight-from-video snapshots in here, almost all of them topless and most of them of 'stars' you've never heard of. The most explicit things in here are the phone-sex ads.

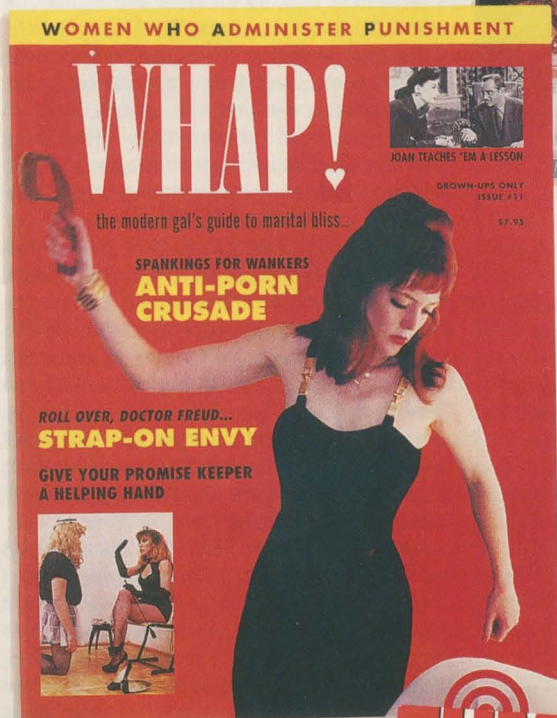
Presentation: 2/5 Pornography: 0/5
£2.95 from newsagents



Naughty Neighbors

If you like your women natural, *Naughty Neighbours* features a selection of enthusiastic amateurs from both sides of the Atlantic. The occasional professional really stands out amid the cellulite and rolls of fat: one model has fake tits, collagen lips, big false nails, and claims to manage a pet supply store. We are sceptical.

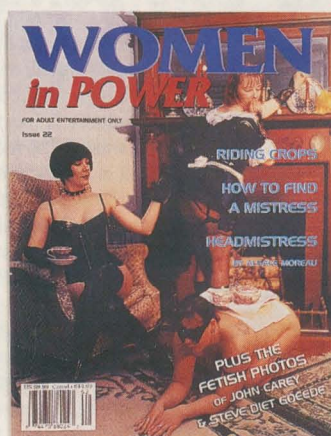
Presentation: 3/5 Pornography: 3/5
£2.95 from newsagents



WHAP!

Actually called *Women Who Administer Punishment*, and subtitled 'The modern gal's guide to marital bliss', this is a mostly black-and-white, mostly text publication about women spanking men. It's hard to tell if it's aimed at female spankers or men who get off on the idea... but they do sell correctional hairbrushes for \$24.95, so who cares?

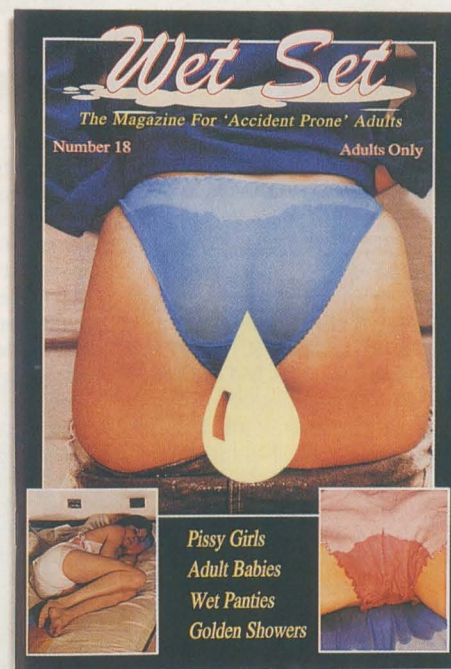
Presentation: 4/5 Pornography: 2/5
\$7.95 from Retro Systems, PO Box 69491, Los Angeles, CA 90069, USA



Women In Power

Not the Mo Mowlam fetish mag we'd been hoping for. We're fascinated that this mag used to be called 'Bitches With Whips', intrigued by the numerous adverts for dominatrixes, baffled by the record reviews, and astonished that it has 125,000 readers. But it doesn't turn us on.

Presentation: 4/5 Pornography: 2/5
\$9.99 from DM International, PO Box 16188, Seattle, WA 98116-0188, USA



Wet Set

Billed as "the magazine for 'accident-prone' adults", *Wet Set* is aimed firmly and only at people who are turned on by the sight of women peeing in their pants. If you're not – and we're not – then you'll find it all vaguely repellent. Still, at least they're not charging £30 for it.

Presentation: 2/5 Pornography: Depends on taste
Aus\$9 from W.S.P., PO Box 392, Turramurra, NSW 2074, Australia



If you fancy a wank but nudity turns you off, you could do worse than *FHM*. Maybe. £2.70, from newsagents



Live Fles

Dead funny

Spain's most flamboyant director is in stunning form

THERE'S NOTHING SO naff as an ageing *enfant terrible* still trying to shock: cool young upstarts quickly become the oldest swingers in town. As flamboyant Spanish director Pedro Almodóvar apparently realises – his latest movie *Live Flesh* is being touted as his first 'mature' work.

Almodóvar made his reputation in the 1980s with pictures like *Law of Desire*, *Tie Me Up Tie Me Down!* and the international hit *Women On The Verge Of A Nervous Breakdown* – all of them deliriously violent, erotic farces that celebrated camp trash and polymorphous perversity, all brilliantly shot in dayglo colour. Almodóvar's films were serious but silly; arty and populist.

However by the middle of the 1990s, audiences began to tire of Almodóvar's wayward way with a plot: his over-familiar stylistic tricks had become clichés, and the movies *High Heels*, *Kika* and *The Flower Of My Secret* played mainly to hardcore devotees of his work. So while it might be wrong to call *Live Flesh* Almodóvar's 'comeback' – he's never really been away – this time he's tied his usual obsessions to an utterly compelling story. Almodóvar has used a novel to provide him with a sound structure; this adaptation of a Ruth Rendell book relocates the action from Essex to Madrid but maintains an atmosphere of dread and mystery right up until the end. Almodóvar calls it "the most disquieting film I have made."

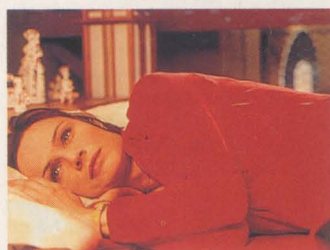
It begins on a cold night in January of 1970 with Franco's government declaring a State of Exception, legalising the detention of any Spaniard without the need for explanation. That same night a young Spanish prostitute gives birth to her son Victor on a bus travelling through the deserted streets of Madrid.

We move 20 years forward; the naive Victor (Liberto Rabal) visits Elena (Francesca Neri), a woman with whom he recently had his first sexual encounter. Awaiting her heroin dealer, Elena is not pleased to see Victor. They begin to argue, a gun is brandished, the police are called. Two detectives, David (Javier Bardem) and Sancho (Jose Sancho) arrive at the scene. Sancho is drunk because he suspects his wife is having an affair; in the struggle that soon breaks out David is hit by a stray bullet, leaving him paralysed.

Victor is blamed and sent to prison. After his release six years later, he begins to stalk a cleaned-up Elena: she has married David, now a paraplegic basketball star. When Victor also starts an affair with Clara (Angela Molina), Sancho's wife, all the characters become caught up in a twisting, secret-strewn narrative that "takes place in the field of bare carnal desire."

Almodóvar began making movies after Spain finally became a democracy at the beginning of the 1980s, and his early films were powered by a joyful sense of social and sexual liberation. Although this has given way to a more measured tone and a greater interest in real characters, *Live Flesh's* lack of rough edges only emphasises how disturbing Almodóvar's *noir* melodramas can be. Maturity and respectability have never been so rudely enjoyable.

Live Flesh is released on 15 May



THE EROTIC KINGDOM OF LUIS BUÑUEL

FOR AN INCREDIBLE twelve years Pedro Almodóvar worked for Spain's National Telephone Company, obsessively watching movies at night. His films are littered with homages to the film-makers who inspired him, chief among them the great Spanish surrealist Luis Buñuel.

Buñuel made his first film in 1928, *Un Chien Andalou*, co-directed by Salvador Dalí. It contains the still shocking sequence of a woman having her eyeball cut open. His next movie, the sensual *L'Age D'Or* (1930), was banned throughout Europe, making it difficult for Buñuel to find funding for his work. He did not complete any projects between 1932 and 1947, spending

15 years in the movie wilderness. When he returned, his distaste for bourgeois morality was undimmed, and he continued to mock both church and state. His scatological masterpiece *Viridiana* (1961) featured a vicious parody of the last supper, bound to appeal to a fellow lapsed Catholic like Pedro Almodóvar.

Viridiana also made plain Buñuel's enthusiastic foot fetishism. As Almodóvar puts it: "Buñuel was very attracted to feet, particularly women's feet. Feet and all their paraphernalia: stockings, shoes, shoe stores, shoe store sales-ladies, etc. He also liked legs quite a lot, and stockings. For Buñuel, a woman began at her feet." In one of the

most erotic scenes from *Live Flesh* Elena desperately embraces Victor's legs: Almodóvar compares it to Buñuel's *El* (1952), when a priest washes the feet of the faithful in an Easter ceremony.

Live Flesh pays more explicit tribute to Buñuel by including a clip from his 1955 fantasy *The Criminal Life Of Archibaldo De La Cruz*. A man drags a mannequin of a woman along the floor. When it grazes a staircase, one of the legs falls off. This memorable image becomes imprinted on Victor's mind and reappears throughout the film. It works to connect two generations of Spanish filmmaking; or as Almodóvar observes: "both films deal with Death, Chance, Destiny and Guilt."



Junk Mail

Scarlet letter

A comedy about the darkness of a postman's soul? It has to be Norwegian

YOU DON'T THINK of Norway as the kind of place with dark, gritty, inner-city smegholes, yet that's exactly the setting of *Junkmail*, an anarchic and dark comedy from Scandinavia that's being compared to *Delicatessen*.

Junkmail describes a tawdry and comical episode in the life of Roy, a tired, down-at-heel postman (Robert Skjærstad). Roy is a mess; he doesn't like his job and doesn't even bother to try and fulfill his professional responsibilities – dumping most of his deliveries in a landfill. He lives alone in a hovel of a flat and survives on a diet of cold canned spaghetti; the few pieces of mail he doesn't dump, he opens and reads. Despite being morally bankrupt, Roy does have one redeeming quality: he harbours romance in his soul and is trying to avoid getting caught in the greasy embraces of his only colleague who does not insult him, the not entirely pleasant, predatory Betsy (Eli Anne Linestad).

After one particularly hard day of slacking and lurching, Roy bumps into the attractive but deaf Line (Andrine Saether) and follows her

home. The following day he sees her leave her keys in her post-box, and seizes the chance to move his postal voyeurism up one level to the real deal, by breaking into her apartment. From this moment all manner of mayhem ensues as Roy attempts to pursue the course of true love through the highly questionable technique of stalking his beloved, and then embroils himself in the debris of a crime more hardcore than those to which he is accustomed.

Despite all the blackness and hopelessly dead-end characters of *Junkmail*, director Pål Sletaune has created a film that's filled with dark humour. The character of Roy is both funny and likeable, despite being something of a sado; at one point, in one of the funniest scenes in the film, he is honoured by the post office for refusing to give up his mail bag in a mugging. In fact Roy had wanted to give the bag to his wrecked and shambolic assailants but it had got caught on something and he took a beating for his misfortune. Later, an

ill-advised dalliance with a rosy Scandinavian scrubber from a karaoke bar leads to a realistically doomed attempt at unwanted drunken sex, and further violence.

Sletaune says of the film: "Roy the mailman is one of the invisible, the unlucky and the insignificant. He is the guy you don't notice until he crashes on the bus seat beside you on a Saturday night and is totally drunk and quarrelsome. But even if he vomits in your lap while trying to steal your wallet, you'll still begin to like this guy." Maybe because there's a bit of Roy in all of us.

Junkmail is playing at selected cinemas around the country now

Roy is morally bankrupt and a mess

MOST BIZARRE FILMS EVER

5. Let Me Die A Woman (1978)

An exploitation attempt to address the tricky issue of transsexuality, Doris Wishman's last flick *Let Me Die A Woman* obviously didn't hit the mark – she tried to have her name removed from the credits. A 'documentary' focusing on the work of specialist Dr Leo Wolfman, the film uses real operation footage.



VIDEOS YOU SHOULD SEE BEFORE YOU DIE

Suspiria



Dario Argento's suspenseful *Suspiria* is a genre masterpiece. An American ballet student travels to Germany to study at an academy in the Black Forest, which eerily used to be a school of the occult – and old haunts have old habits. Argento's gothic overstatement turns an amusing tale of murder, witchery and madness into something truly mind-blowing. Bizarre camera angles, coloured lights and a satanic soundtrack all work to make a film which is not just technically perfect, but sodding scary too.

Out 4 May; £14.99; Nouveau Pictures

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest



One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest explains why you'd have to be mad to undergo psychiatric therapy. Randall Patrick McMurphy (Jack Nicholson, of course) is belligerent, resentful, lazy and he talks bollocks. He doesn't fancy the idea of hard labour on a prison farm, so he swaps it for the easy life in a mental institution, under the guise of a man who 'fights and fucks too much' – only to discover that his new institution is worse than the one he left behind. A real classic.

Out 18 May; £12.99; Warner Home Video

Atlantis



It's that Marquis de Suave Luc Besson, and *Atlantis* is the ultimate in cinematic chillvision. If you imagine *Koyaanisqatsi* filmed by Jacques Cousteau then you'll get the idea. It's a marine opera where shoals of fish, the sea-lions and manta ray are the three tenors, with music that's part classical, part David Byrne-esque. It's great for bombed-out Sunday afternoons, can be left on in the background at parties, or watched as a lullaby. Gorgeous.

Out 18 May; £12.99; Warner Home Video

Jerry Springer: Too Hot for TV



The *Jerry Springer Show* has kicked off over here – in the uncensored white-rage sense. *Too Hot for TV* ranges from awful silicone breasts like ones bought in joke-shops, to the worst in mullet haircuts – neither of them really too unsuitable for TV. But you also see a chocolate sundae served on a huge pair of knockers, bare-knuckle family feuds, folk from the KKK and trousers that defy gravity. View in chunks, lest you be desensitised to the mayhem.

Available now; £13.99; Medusa Pictures



Gadget corner

The strange world of things that nobody needs but everybody wants

This month most of our gadgets are kindly provided by Bull Electrical (250 Portland Road, Hove, E. Sussex; tel 01273 203500; fax 01273 323077), purveyors of electrical goods to the surveillance, experimental and paranoid communities. They also do hydroponics equipment for those who like growing plants indoors. If you know what we mean.

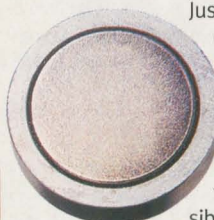
ADAPTER BUG-PLUG



Switch this for an adapter already in place at a friend's house and find out what everyone really thinks about you. The bug is

powered by the current running through the plug and transmits distances up to a 100 metres on FM frequencies. £45

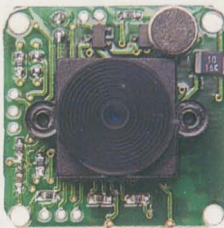
HIGH-POWERED MAGNET



Just 32mm in diameter, these Neodymium magnets can lift an amazing 33kgs. Why not buy two, wrap your younger sibling in tin foil, and

have some real fun playing with the annoying little bastard? £15

MINIATURE VIDEO CAMERA MODULE



At 70 x 45mm you can hide this little baby pretty much anywhere as long as you can conceal the leads and provide a 12-volt direct

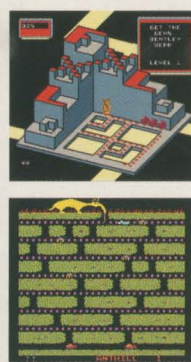
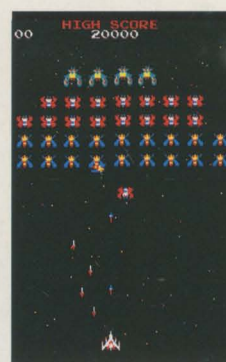
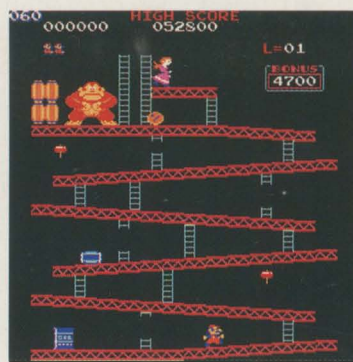
current power source. Find out what sort of faces your mates pull when they're talking about you. £79

BUGGED! PHONE GADGET



One for the paranoiac with a sense of humour. Switch it on, hide it in a room and wait for it to start ringing like a phone. Then mock your bemused friends as they answer it and there's nobody there.

£3.99 from all good high-street stores



Are you easily EMUsed?

How to make your Pentium-400 think it's a Sinclair Spectrum

WHIZZY FLASH-BANG games with fully-rendered in 3D hyperbolic upside-down graphics and sampled real-time farty noises are all very well, but sometimes even the hardest gamer years for the simplicity of *Space Invaders*. Not a revamped rip-off, but the original game. But where can you find it?

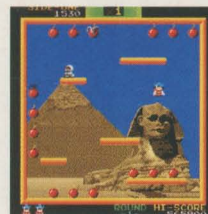
On the net. There's a type of software – emulators – which will convince your computer that it's almost any other kind of computer ever built. You can then download games for that machine and play them: anything from *Asteroids* and *Defender* to *Elite*. And mostly they're free.

The classiest emulator of all is MAME: the Multiple Arcade Machine Emulator project begun by Nicola Salmoria, which has now been ported to most computers. Better yet, you can find and download the ROMs for over 350 arcade games on the net – the original game code, with the original

gameplay and even the original bugs. Sometimes the sounds are wonky or the colours aren't quite right, but frankly who cares?

And there's more: almost every computer and game console has emulators. Remember the Atari 2600 or the Intellivision? People on the web do. You can run Gameboy games on your PC. There are even emulators for old calculators.

We don't often comment that people have too much time on their hands – but these people have too much time on their hands.



And the march of the EMUs continues. There are people trying to create emulators that'll make your home computer think that it's a Playstation, or even a Nintendo 64. They're having limited luck so far: the emulators run, but incredibly slowly. Still, give them time.

Even the Psion 5 has emulation software. You can convince your hip hand-held that it wants to be a Sinclair Spectrum, or you can even play *Doom*. The program for that is called *Encore* and the people who made it possible – in less than 100K – are commercial developers Palmtop. But, like all good emulation software, it's free and it's out on the web. Just follow the links.

Official MAME homepage: <http://www.media.dsi.unimi.it/mame/>
Emulators, including MAME, for PCs: PC Arcade
<http://dSPACE.dial.pipex.com/dodge/>
Alternatively, hit Emuworld: <http://www.cadvision.com/surmanoj/>
Emulators for Macs: <http://emulation.net>
Playstation emulation: PSEmu: <http://www.szczezin.top.pl/~duddie/>
N64 emulation: Project Unreality: <http://projunreality.blackbag.org/>
Emulators for Psion 5s: <http://www.palmtop.nl>



- 1. Vehicular Phenomena**
<http://www.roadtripamerica.com/wheels/vphen.htm>
Vehicles of destruction. Ideal to take out on a Sunday afternoon.
- 2. Art Cars**
http://www.bonus.com/bonus/card/car_art.bottom.html
Tony Hart never taught kids this.
- 3. Monster Trucks**
<http://dcweb.designcraft.com/monster/trucks/monhom.htm>
All-American fun.

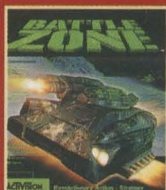
Top ten cool car sites

- 4. My Lord of Cars**
<http://www.sonic.net/yronwode/tklordofcars.html>
Cars, poetry and Indian gods.
- 5. Grim Rides Funeral Car Club**
<http://members.aol.com/hearseq/grimrides.htm>
Novelty hearses for those with no sense of propriety.
- 6. Odd Eastern Cars**
<http://www.japatrans.com/oddcars.htm>
Tiny quirky cars from Japan.
- 7. Armoured Cars**
<http://www.ansaldo.it/~paesani/armcars.htm>
For the survivalist action man about town.
- 8. The Ultimate Taxi**
<http://www.ultimatetaxi.com/>
Dry-ice machines and mirrorballs.
- 9. Cool Cars**
<http://lagopus.nordlys.no/~vegardo/cars.htm>
Three wheels but 0-60 in 3.8 secs.
- 10. Vacuum Cleaner Cars**
http://www.electrolux.se/house/livingroom/vacuum/vacuum_history2.html
Turn a dusty living room into Silverstone for the afternoon.



Games review

BATTLEZONE



Set in an alternate reality where the Cold War takes a leap into hyperspace following the discovery of a strange bio-metal, *Battlezone* places

you in the role of an American or Soviet commander in charge of mining the precious material in secret operations on the moon. Imagine the strategy of *Red Alert* coupled with the first-person action of *Quake II* and you're only half-way there. One of the best control systems ever conceived, plus realistic vehicle handling (don't play it after a few pints – you'll hurt!) result in a dream of a game. (Activision; Win 95; £34.99; out now)

ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A...



Rose... is a multimedia project from Australian John Watermann. It features a combination of freaky and disturbing

animations (babies vibrating in a *Jacob's Ladder* flashback style, planes crashing, people who don't look well), his music and noises and a selection of weirdy slogans. This is the first really interesting CD-Rom we've come across which isn't intended to be either informative or educational. It doesn't really have a point but doesn't need one; it's cleverly arranged (you navigate your own course through the vast amounts of material and can interact with the animations) and basically top-quality weirdness. (Lean Yellow Supporting Productions – Mac US\$49.99) available from Artware.prod@t-online.de

INTERNUTTER: Sea-monkeys

<http://users.uniserve.com/~sbarclay/seamonk.htm>

In the ads they looked like little people in a jar, but really they were the Angel Delight of the shrimp family – just add water for bugs-a-go-go. S. Barclay likes them anyway. "Sea-Monkeys" are amazing pets, portable, active, disposable... easily replaced every 2-3 months. Just remember that they don't appear exactly as illustrated!"



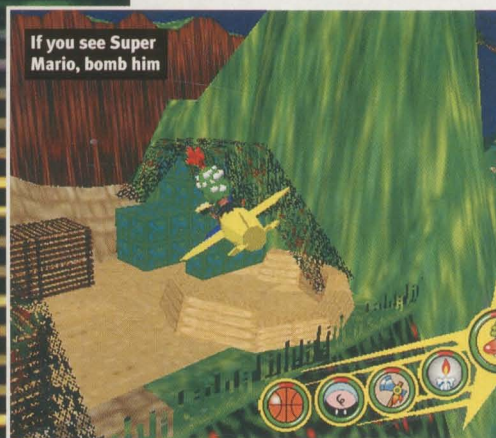
Bad brains

Check your hedz



HEDZ: more bonces than Wurzel Gummidge

If you see Super Mario, bomb him



A new game has come to save us from goblins and fast cars. It's called HEDZ

FANS OF THE weird and wonderful will find little of interest amongst the latest wave of tediously predictable video game releases. It's a well-known fact that 90% of all new computer games are designed solely for Dave and Geoff Sadcase who live at home with their mother and their collection of *X-Files* sticker-albums. They keep three budgies, Kirk, Spock and Uhura. Dave likes games where he can drive fast cars and fly fast spaceships, and Geoff likes running down corridors shooting at goblins.

So it gives us warm thoughts to hear that Scottish developer Vis Interactive is putting the final bells and whistles on a title that might just sate our desire for original games. It's called *HEDZ* and it's weird as hell. Hurrah! So what's it about?

Unbeknownst to mankind, an alien race has been visiting Earth, throughout history, abducting prominent figures of fame and notoriety. They've taken Einstein, Salvador Dali, Marilyn Monroe and, more recently, Eric Cantona and scooped out their brains and polished up the insides of their heads to make nifty novelty headwear. Apart from Dali's crazed expression and Eric's penchant for seagull haikus, we never had a clue.

Hats off to the aliens then, but why are they doing this? Well, it's not just fancy dress. After a quick UFO oil change, they're off across the cosmos, back to their own planet and that's when the fun begins. The aliens, Vis say, like nothing more than competing in their favourite sport: *HEDZ*.

Battle takes place in themed zones, each with different decor, obstacles and puzzles. Each head has unique special abilities – Punk Rocker Hed, for instance, kills opponents by gobbing on them. As you can take only five heads into a zone, you must choose which of those in your limited collection will be best suited to each challenge. As the game goes on, heads you win or buy become more useful. There are over 200 heads in the game, some of them famous, some not so famous and some just plain weird – Mr Aircraft-Carrier-For-A-Head, anyone?

One thing's for sure, *HEDZ* will be unlike anything you've played before – not a race-track or dungeon in sight. Producing a game which blatantly refuses to follow one of the guaranteed money-making formulas is a bit of a gamble but it's one which, in this case, might just pay off for Vis Interactive and publishers Hasbro.

HEDZ will be released this summer

90% of all new computer games are designed solely for Dave and Geoff Sadcase

Dead dead good

Death: it'll happen to us all. Since this issue's turned into a bit of an impropu death special, here's some mortality-specific URLs for you

<http://www.mayhem.net>

Surreal sex art meets one of the largest archives of information on killing available online. Antonio Mendoza's massive serial killer selection was invaluable for putting together our sicko special in issue 7, but that's only a tiny cyber corner of his amazing collection of info on slaughter.

Read about child killers and cannibals, look up killer cults and mass murderers to your heart's content – even the most obscure are here. Most murder sites concentrate on grisly photos. Here's one that puts its faith in the written word to send a tingle down your spine.



<http://www.sondralondon.com/>

If that hasn't sated your appetite for sickos, find out about the woman who loves to befriend them: Sondra London. This site features her interviews with the likes of the Gainesville Slasher, plus links to serial killers' own sites.

http://www.uio.no/~mostarke/forens_ent/forensic_entomology.html

How do you investigate deaths using insects? The Forensic Entomologist can help, with gems like: "If there is a sexual assault prior to death, causing bleeding in the genitoanal region, blowflies will be more likely to oviposit in these regions."

If you win our amazing **Maverick Directors Competition**, you'll need a
WEEK'S HOLIDAY*

just to view them all!

***ha, fooled you – no, it's not a holiday competition**

IF YOU'RE THE sort of person who'd miss the World Cup to sit with a dustbin of popcorn and a fridge full of beer to watch classy classic movies all day and all night, then this is the competition for you. The second 'Maverick Directors' range from Warner Home Video features 13 great movies chosen by people who love cinema, for people who love cinema. Who could say no to seeing *Dog Day Afternoon*, Charles Laughton's *Night of the Hunter* (is there another? you ask haughtily. Unfortunately, yes, we answer, but it's crap), *Thieves Like Us*, *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*, *Heaven's Gate* or *The Man Who Fell To Earth*? Not to mention Luc Besson's *Atlantis*, Steve McQueen in *The Getaway*, *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being*, *Network*, *Mosquito Coast*, *Amadeus* and Jack Nicholson in *The Postman Always Rings Twice* – titles that would feature in any cinefreak's wet dreams. And the best bit is that they're only £12.99 each.

We've teamed up with Warner Home Video to give away five complete sets of this bumper package of delights, worth over £160 each. All you have to do is tell us:

Who directed the enormously long *Heaven's Gate*?

A Alan Smith

B Kevin Costner

C Michael Cimino

Send your answer with your name and address, on a postcard to: **Bizarre Maverick**, John Brown Publishing, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR by 18th June 1998. If you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings of interest, please write "no mailings" on your card.

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Edited by James Wallis

Hard-core text

Headpress 16



edited by David Kerekes
(Headpress, £4.95)

The self-proclaimed 'journal of sex religion death' covers everything from obscure comics to celebrity suicides, public information films, bestiality and the London Erotica show. Intense, cool and enthusiastic, this is essential reading that leaves you wanting more.

I Was A Teenage Warehouse



by Max Décharné
(Thirst Editions, £6.99)

A collection of short stories from the cult musician, film star and man about town, I Was A Teenage Warehouse

lurches from the winningly punsical to the dark and disturbing, but is never less than entertaining.

The Ultimate Internet Terrorist



by Robert Merkle
(Paladin Press, \$15)

If you've got an email address and want to make new friends on the internet, do not read this book. Robert Merkle is a

cyber-activist with attitude, and this book covers everything from how to defend yourself from hackers and net stalkers, to forming your own gang of codeslingers.

Preacher: Ancient History



by Garth Ennis
(Titan Books, £9.99)

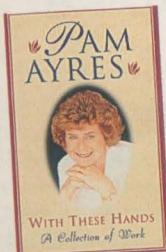
A graphic novel retelling of the origin of DC Comic's demonic Preacher, as written by the absurdly talented Garth Ennis. Also

in the mix: how Arseface got his name and face; and two good ol' bayou boys. Not the best introduction to the series, but big fun all the same.

WORST NEW BOOK

We can only guess that sending us **With These Hands**, a collection of work by Pam Ayres (Orion, £5.99) was some PR person's idea of a joke. If you'd thought

that Pam Ayres had died in the 1970s, trampled to death by goats maddened by her flat poetry and nauseatingly nice prose, then we're sorry to disappoint you. Awful, awful, bloody awful.



Original screamplays

Neon bibles

Creation's books on avant-guard cinema are chilling them in the aisles

ANYONE SERIOUSLY INTERESTED IN the sort of films that don't usually make it into your local multiplex or onto the shelves of Blockbuster will probably already know about Creation Books and their range of titles covering what they call the 'Cinema of Transgression'.

For those who haven't had the pleasure, Creation has, over the last decade, published titles ranging from a history of Hammer movies to books on cannibalism in films and whether or not real snuff movies exist. The sort of cinephile who reads BIZARRE will get a huge kick and a lot of useful information here. Any line of factual books with the warning 'Contains Adult Material' on the cover has to be worth checking out.

Founded as a division of Creation Records, Creation Books quickly split from its parent company. Today, it's also the home of the Velvet imprint of erotic works, which includes a collection of photographs from the Torture Garden and reprints of the works of the Marquis de Sade; and a line of fiction that covers everything from *Cows* by Matthew Stokoe, which Lawrence Raine of Creation describes as "a *Wasp Factory* for the 1990s", to reprints of the classic eldritch horror stories of H. P. Lovecraft. Not exactly W H Smith fodder. "It's the underground stuff we're into, rather than the mainstream," says Raine.

But it's the cinema books which form the backbone of the company's range. All of them are meticulously researched, written by people who really know their stuff, and heavily illustrated with black and white stills and photographs. The range is simply too large to describe every title, but here is a select bibliography.

• **Killing for Culture** describes itself as 'an illustrated history of death film from Mondo to Snuff', and covers pretty much every relevant film in the field, from *Cannibal Holocaust* to SPK videos and the Roswell alien autopsy video. It's more than a little stomach-churning, but incredibly informative.

• **Fragments of Fear** covers the history of the British horror film, going far beyond Hammer to include arty favourites like *A Clockwork Orange* and *Peeping Tom*, and a fair amount of obscure schlock as well.

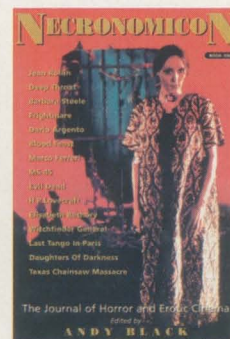
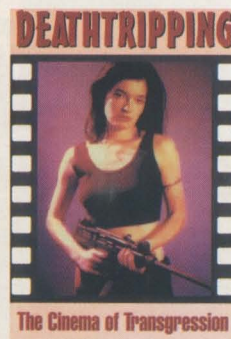
• **Deathtripping** covers the 'Cinema of Transgression' itself: underground film-makers who make the films they want, with no regard for commercial appeal or censorship, from Andy Warhol to Nick Zedd. With its huge scope, long interviews and satisfyingly well-written essays, this feels like one of the classic Re/Search books from the late 1980s.

• We also particularly enjoyed **Necronomicon**, a semi-regular 'journal of horror and erotic cinema' which contains mature articles on *Deep Throat*, *Last Tango in Paris* and the *Evil Dead* trilogy, among others. Intelligent without ever being dull, this is really good stuff.

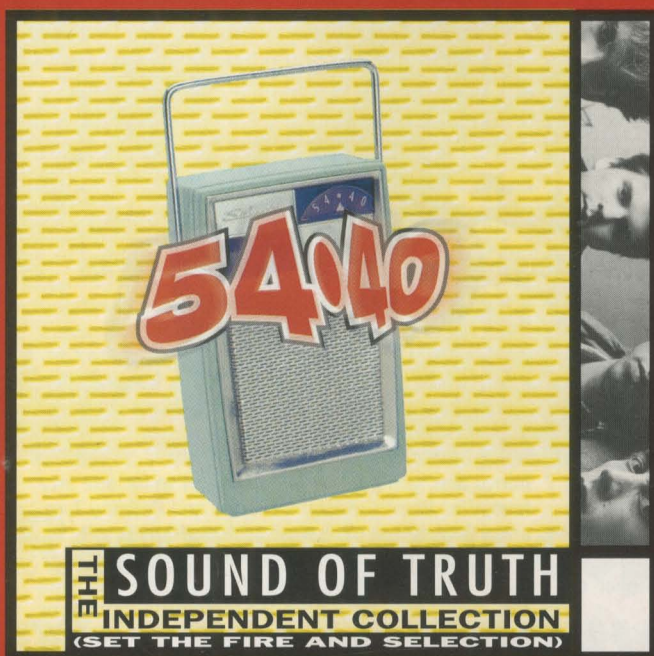
Apart from forthcoming titles like *Eros in Hell* ('sex, blood & madness within Japanese cinema'), Creation Books will also be producing more music books. As they're covering artists like the Sex Pistols, Lydia Lunch and Scott Walker, it looks like they'll be keeping their cutting edge and incisive vision in the future. Good.

Check out pages 74-75 for ways to get Creation's cinema titles at a special BIZARRE price. Or you can contact Creation Books direct on 0171 430 9878

Stomach-churning but incredibly informative



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Been a naughty boy? Missed our earlier issues? Lucky for you we've got some left which we'll generously let you have in return for £3 each. (US \$6.95, OS £3.50).



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Edited by Mark Blacklock

Buy 'em now - if you can find 'em!

Barry Adamson - *As Above So Below*



Still he rises. Barry's new offering is quite simply awesome; blues, jazz, techno, songs and innovative production. Start smiling now: when you buy

it, take it home and listen, you'll be grinning like a clown on brown at the masterfully cool lyrics and pure groove throughout. It's so accomplished, we're taking bets on whether Barry met a man at a crossroads at midnight and got him to tune his studio.

Mute, out 1 June

Diamanda Galás - *Malediction and Prayer*



Mute are on fire with two of their top artists turning out stunning albums: first Bazza, now Diamanda.

Malediction and Prayer is a recording of both power

and beauty. Galás turns her take-no-prisoners, octave-hopping vocal talents to blues, jazz and soul. She covers Johnny Cash, BB King and the Supremes amongst others, taking in themes like death, damnation and salvation. Bed-wetters beware, this is XXX-tra strong.

Mute, out now

Amon Tobin - *Permutation*



This is dark and downbeat drum'n'bass with tinges of jazz, samba and oodles of atmosphere. Amon casts his beats from a voodoo man's spell bag to make drooling

zombies out of us. Uniquely frenetic and noisy at times, but the music keeps a hold on the soul with some deft touches on the rough-edged bass noises and flutey bits.

Ninja Tune, out 1 June

Various - *Sounds from the Electronic Lounge*



A compilation of tunes played at Scanner's monthly electronic music social in the bar at the ICA in London, which includes contributions from Scanner himself, as

well as Finnish minimalists Panasonic and the highly rated band To Rococo Rot.

React, out now

Cornelius - *Fantasma*

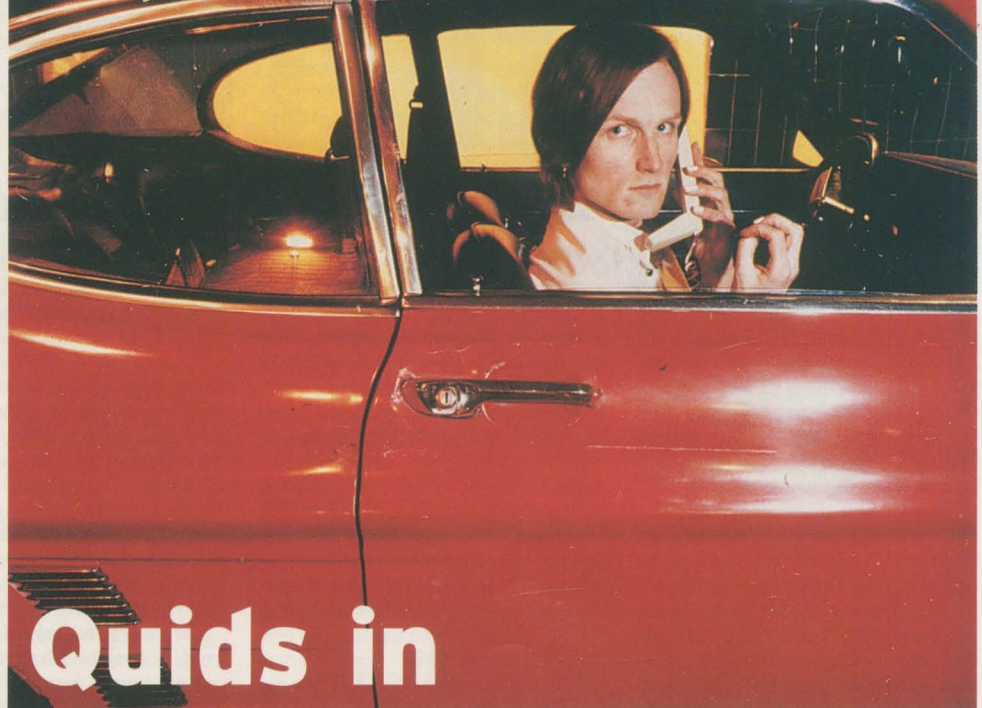


Cornelius is a Japanese producer with a skewed vision of pop that has already made him huge over there - he can sell out the Budokan - and is set to

raze Western charts to the ground. His collection of referential loud guitar samples, everyday objects playing the percussion and madly melodic pop tunes from a mutant-studio boffin rounds off a top month for CDs.

Matador, out 15 June

Bowling Green



Quids in

Prepare to be bowled over by the multi-talented Micko Westmoreland

BOWLING GREEN IS Micko Westmoreland, an ex-art student from Leeds who has made a top-drawer fun and funky album which disrespects genre and decade to bring the listener something entirely new. Although perhaps not one for the purists, *One Pound Note* is one of those debut albums that'll have A&R men scrabbling for their car keys and mobile phones. But there's more strings to Micko's bow than music production alone - he stars in the eagerly awaited Britglam film *Velvet Goldmine*, opening this September, and he's got a nice line in anecdotes.

So tell us the story of how you got to meet Kraftwerk then, Micko.

"When I was at college in Berlin I did my dissertation on electronic music and I really wanted to speak to Ralph or Florian Schneider, the two original members of Kraftwerk. Completely coincidentally they were playing at an electronic arts festival in Linz in Austria. I went to the gig and was handed the pocket calculator by Florian Schneider in the final song. They control all their synths using little pocket calculators when they do the encore, and pass it out to a member of the audience to trigger sounds.

"Afterwards I managed to get backstage by a complete and utter fluke. I said to Florian Schneider, 'I've been trying to speak to you because I'm doing a dissertation on electronic music,' and ended up leaving the building with him. Their manager tried to get in the way but Florian said, 'It's okay, he's all right.' And then, when they drove off, the manager

leaned to me and said, 'Florian only likes you because you could play the calculator.'

"The next day we went to see a band called the Balanescu Quartet who do classical string versions of Kraftwerk songs. Then when I left he shook my hand and said, 'Go home and make electronic music.' So I received the father's blessing."

And what about the film *Velvet Goldmine*?

"I went to New York last year to see the final cut, and it's brilliant. I'm really pleased with my part in it. My brother makes gay porno movies in the States and a friend of his is the director Todd Haynes. I met him in London at the end of 1995 and he said, 'I'd really like you to come down and try out.' I was asked to do a video-tape demo and submitted that for another part, that of Jack Fairy, a glam rocker who opens and closes the film."

One Pound Note is released mid-June on Blue Planet Recordings.

They control their synths using little pocket calculators

BIZARRE OLD FOLK

9. Tony Mortimer

Before Tony went 'Deep' and 'Around the World' he went to the 1990 Smash Hits Awards as a dancer for the ill-fated female pop trio Faith, Hope and Charity - which included future TV babe Dani Behr as one of its members. Tragically their debut single 'Battle of the Sexes' only reached 53 in the charts. They broke up before their second single was released and Tony bugged off to sort out some caps for his new band East 17.



WINNERS!

At last! The results of the BIZARRE musicians competition are in and the winners are Oxford-based unsigned band Retrogen. Their demo tape showcases a blend of bouncy ska, swirling indie and a lively horn section. Retrogen's unique sound stood out from the crowd as both strange and groovy. Please contact Mark Blacklock at the editorial address for further info and contact details.

MARSEILLES ATTACKS!

Marseilles is famous for its Foreign Legion, dodgy politics, football and Pastis. DAVID ATKINSON braves the back-rooms of France's most sinful city

MARSEILLES IS ONE big anomaly. France's second city and the world's eighth largest port is known primarily as the centre of the French National Front's racist activity against its enormous immigrant population, *les pieds noirs*. Secondly, it's notorious for its beloved football team, Olympique Marseilles, who were stripped of their European Cup crown after owner and flamboyant local socialist MP Bernard Tapie became embroiled in an ugly match-rigging scandal. It's a provocative place.

Today the city is still closely associated with images from the 1971 cinematic classic *The French Connection*, depicting virulent vice and crime rackets run by the local Mafia, *le milieu*. Yet, paradoxically, despite

attracting the least tourism of any city in France, it's a busy and charming metropolis with plenty to offer visitors. Indeed, a million-strong population and a thriving arts scene as well as burgeoning technological industries make it Europe's largest and best kept urban secret.

The author Alexandre Dumas once described Marseilles as "the meeting place of the entire world." As the city blossoms and matures, these words have never been more appropriate.

11.30am LE BISTROT DU PORT Quai Du Port

We kick off gently, watching the sun glisten on boats in the harbour while sipping coffees. The local clientele, meanwhile, are already on their third Pastis of the day. This cloudy, aniseed-flavoured alcoholic beverage is the local speciality; the famous Ricard brand originates from here.

12.30pm PLACE JULES GUESDE Centre Of The Quartier Belsunce

Heading north towards the bus station, you turn a corner and find yourself leaving France on a one-way ticket to Marrakesh. The cafés and patisseries suddenly converge into a rabbit-like labyrinth of windy side-streets straight out of the North African casbah, and the greeting changes from open arms to open hostility.

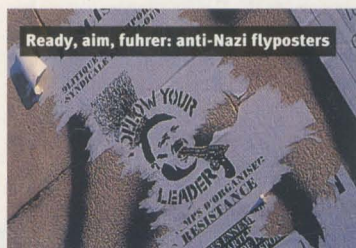
An old Arab man shouts at us while a small boy explains that we're not allowed to take pictures of them as they're doing something they would prefer that we didn't photograph. The mind boggles. We make our excuses as politely and hurriedly as we can, and leave.

1pm CENTRE POLYCULTUREL VEILLE CHARITE Le Panier District

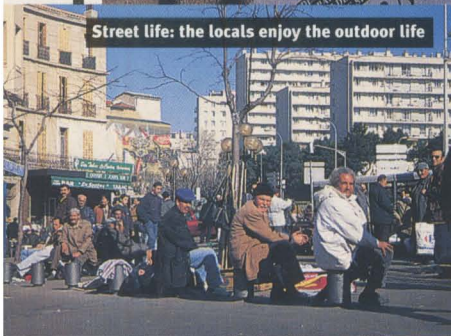
We stop to admire some classic old-school graffiti, the kind to make Goldie blush with shame, before proceeding onto Marseilles' centre of cultural activity in the oldest part of the city, Le Panier. It was in this close-knit series of little streets that the Resistance had its base during the Nazi occupation of the city in 1943.

Here the Museum of African Arts proves the best find, with its collection of African tribal masks as worn, according to an accompanying video, by tribes with unfeasibly long goatbeards and even more unfeasibly long willies.

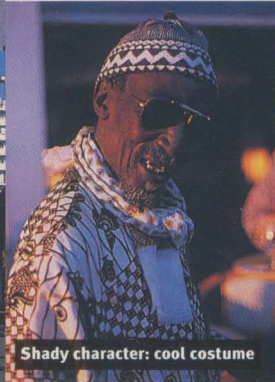
Better still, another room houses a fantastic collection of genuinely scary



Ready, aim, fuhrer: anti-Nazi flyposters



Street life: the locals enjoy the outdoor life



Shady character: cool costume



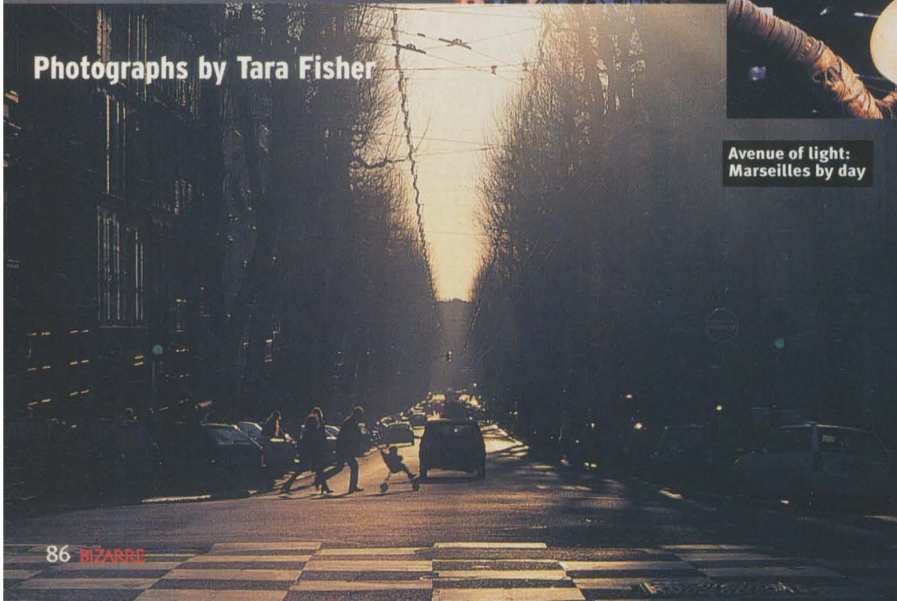
Tray bon: local specialities



Tribe and onions: this chap in the Museum of African Arts doesn't look too unhappy

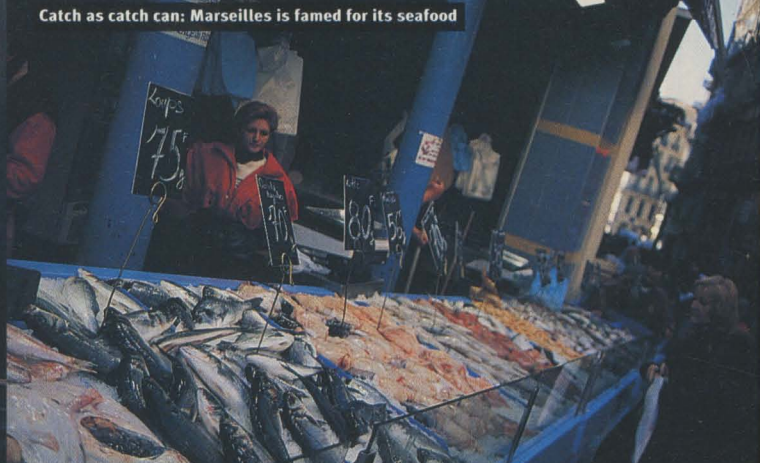


Writing on the wall: French graffiti



Photographs by Tara Fisher

Avenue of light: Marseilles by day



Catch as catch can: Marseilles is famed for its seafood

shrunk heads, some of which are trophies of war while others are simply the tribe's way of preserving the memory of their ancestors. This fascinating insight is brought to us by the Bella Emborg-lookalike curator who is, amazingly, even more scary than the masks themselves.

2.30pm L'OASIS TUNISIAN La Canebiere

Stopping for sustenance at a little café just off the Champs Elyées of Marseilles, we eat overlooking the Marche du Cappucines, where the streets run with water from the sewers, old Arab men spit heartily and the store-holders trade unimaginable parts of dead animals around us.

We also sample some Tunisian pastries, one of which we decide – after much deliberation – tastes like little girls' pants. The friendly café owner tells us it's a baklava, made with almonds. We don't ask where they've been.

3pm COURS JULIEN

From here we move on another café near the Cours Julien for a quick beer and a chat with 72-year-old Henri. He reminds us why Marseilles is considered to be such a racist city, by embarking on a diatribe about how the city's not like it used to be in the old days. Blah. Blah. Blah.

Nearby is a set of market stalls selling an amazing collection of vintage French porn mags, which we delve into – purely for research purposes. I also pick up a bargain Jacques Dutronc CD solely because one of the song titles translates into English as “the man who pulls in supermarkets”. Daft Punk? Air? Who needs 'em?

4pm EXTREM'X VIDEO 47, Boulevard De La Liberation

Pit stop for a quick porn fix, for no other reason than it's good to know that even on foreign shores you can still get a decent bit of good old-fashioned filth. Here, smiling local porn king José informs us that Marseilles men are particularly fond of amateur video porn. Dildos also feature heavily, apparently. Say no more.

5pm PALAIS DE LONGCHAMPS Boulevard Longchamp

The tranquillity of the gardens and majestic sculptures in the observatory provide us with our token bit of culture. Right. Enough culture. Back to the filth, namely spying on young French couples getting it on in the shady alcoves and shouting, “Donne-lui une pour moi.” Work it out.

5.30pm CAFÉ DE COMPTOIRS DE PARIS Quai Du Port

Back to the old harbour

to watch sunset over the port, famous for appearing in scenes from, er, *The French Connection*, while Sounga from Senegal, apparently a local wandering madman, tries to sell us his wooden carved elephants.

I decide it's time to try the local tippie and treat myself to a Pastis. Two minutes later, after gagging and retching several times, I decide it tastes like old men's pants. Make mine a beer.

7.30pm LA SAMARITANE Quai Du Port

Regroup after a quick break to freshen up. We start the night's beers while a wandering French minstrel serenades us with some funky jazz guitar. Nice. It's also here that we meet up with our new tour guides, Doira and Sebastian, who have promised to show us the nightlife.

9.30pm DAR DJERBA TUNISIAN RESTAURANT 15 Cours Julien

After perusing the assorted restaurants in the fashionable Cours Julien area, kind of like Islington with better licensing hours, we opt for place that serves a huge dish of couscous with delicious spicy merguez, a North African speciality sausage. Afterwards we're so stuffed we feel like Wile E. Coyote swallowing an anvil in the *Roadrunner* cartoons, as the expanding weight of couscous hits the bottom of the stomach, transforming it into the dimensions of a small South American country.

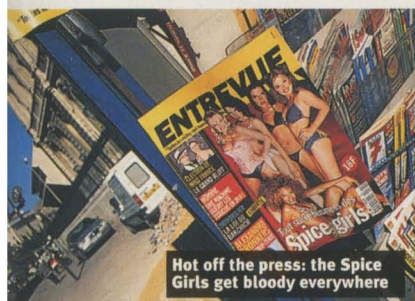
French fancies

The Provençal are known for using their own phrases that you won't pick up in any French school text book. We present our faves:

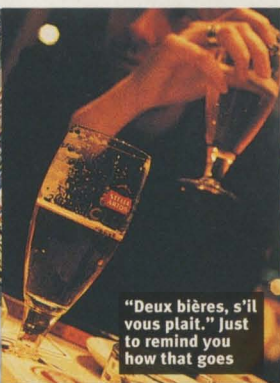
Une seigue/cagole – a right slapper
Un cake – a male slapper
Estrassime – fucking knackered
Fais moi voir les nichons – get 'em out for the garçons
Elle a du monde au balcon
(Literally, there's loads of people on the balcony) – she puts Melinda Messenger to shame
Il pet plus haut que son cou
(Literally, he farts higher than his arse) – he has ideas that are far above his station

12am LE NOUVEAU CAN-CAN 20 Rue Senac

Marseilles' leading transvestite club proves quite a experience, and we're not just talking about the tranny floorshow live every night. Throughout dinner Sebastian has been warning us not to go into “Le Back-room”. Now we see why. Downstairs, a pitch-black door frame leads into a maze of alcoves and cosy corners. ►



Hot off the press: the Spice Girls get bloody everywhere



“Deux bières, s'il vous plait.” Just to remind you how that goes

Goo vibrations: supplies for a night in Marseilles' back rooms



Crashing boa: sultry barmaid ignores increasingly pissed writer



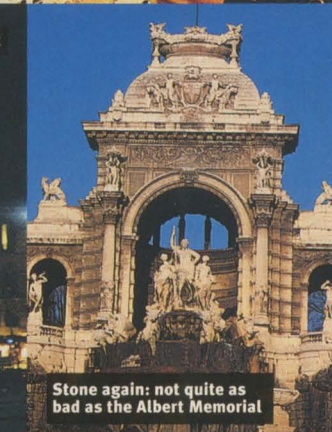
Crate character: Henri, local old bloke



The French Collection: friends and beers at La Samaritane



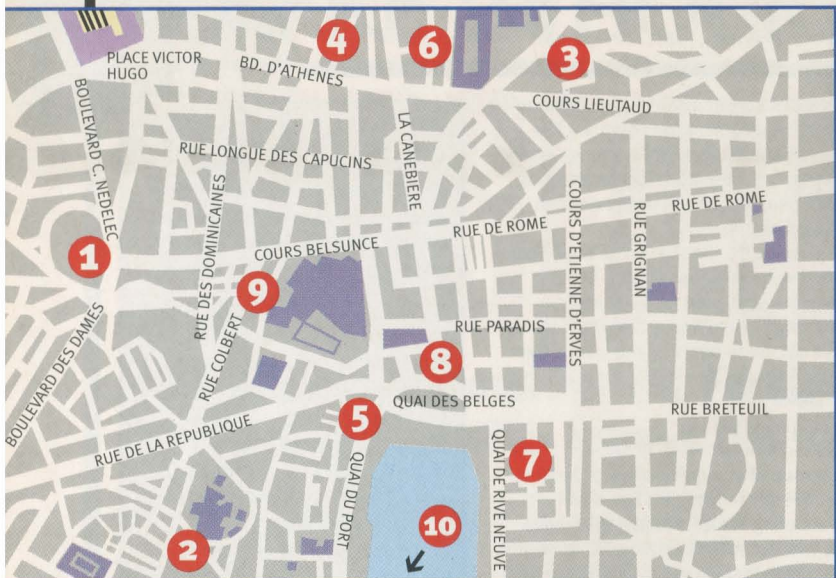
Harbour lights: Quai du Port



Stone again: not quite as bad as the Albert Memorial



City of light: Marseilles by night



"You just strip off and wade in," he advises us. "First thing you find, just grab and insert."

Kind of like a lucky-dip tombola at a church fair, except with leather strap-ons, it's not for the faint-hearted. Even the hardcore gay videos beaming anal visions of intercourse and fisting across your field of vision while you're trying to sip your beer become highly disconcerting after about ten minutes.

So just remember, kids, if you come to Marseilles, don't go into the "Back-room." Not unless, that is, you like the idea of watching several hundred oiled up gay French men fucking each other senseless at close proximity.

2am **L'EXCESS** 2/4 Rue Fortia, La Quai De Rive-Neuve

Back to the left bank of the harbour, to dance till dawn at Marseilles' only techno club, where a man in a kilt gyrates in a cage and a shaven-headed barmaid in a leather bra-top gives the customers the evil eye.

4am **HOTEL MASCOTTE** 4 La Canebière

A cold beer in the mini-bar. *Showgirls* on the cable channel. A soft bed. Bliss.

10am **LA SAMARITANE**



Quai Du Port
Sunglasses on while we tuck into coffee and croissants in the morning sun. The aroma from the nearby fish market along the port side does very little to help our hangovers.

**12pm
ILE D'IF**
We blow the hangovers away with a blast of ozone on a boat trip to the Ile d'If. The huge Gothic castle that dominates the island was the setting for Dumas' classic *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Check the cell marked "Dante's".
Trip over, I bid farewell to Marseilles with a tear in my eye and a merguez and chip butty in my hand. I venture into the bus station toilets to find a sign: 'Back room par ici.' I think I'll cross my legs until Nice. **B**

MARSEILLES

- 1 Place Jules Guesde, Quartier Belsunce
- 2 Centre Polyculturel, Panier District
- 3 Cours Julien
- 4 Palais de Longchamps
- 5 La Samaritane
- 6 Nouveau Can-Can
- 7 L'Excess, Quai de la Rive Neuve
- 8 Hotel Mascotte/Tourist Information
- 9 Centre Bourse
- 10 Ile d'If

So what's it like to live in Marseilles?

Muriel, 22, student:
"I love the sun and the laid-back way of life. Anything goes here."

Caroline, 21, owner of L'Excess and top local totty:
"I never see Marseilles during the day. I live for the night. And for l'amour."

Dauphine, aged undisclosed, playgirl:
"Marseilles guys are okay but I prefer men from Paris. They've got more cash."

Letitia, 19, shop assistant:
"I love Marseilles men. They've got the best arses in France."



The Count of Monte Cristo was set here. Not Mounty Crisco. Really. No

Frogs' breakfast: no Boursin in sight

ESSENTIAL INFO

GETTING THERE

Flying to Marseilles with British Airways or Air France can be pricey. Cheaper deals may be available if you fancy mixing Marseilles with a tour of the South of France: fly to Nice with British Midland, Air UK or cheapest of all, Easyjet at £90 and then take a coach along the coast to Marseilles (140F). For more information consult the *Rough Guide to Provence & The Côte D'Azur*, published by Rough Guides, £9.99.

The airport is 20km out of the city. A bus runs every 20 minutes to the city centre (40F).

PLACES TO STAY

Not being a major tourist city, finding room is no major hassle. The tourist office offers a free accommodation-finding service and youth hostel accommodation is cheap and cheerful, despite being bit of a trek out of the city. Try the HI Youth Hostel at 47 Avenue J-Vidal in the 8th District. No curfew, 50-100F. Tel 91 732181.

Nearer the centre prices range from around 150F at the Hotel Manon, 36 Boulevard Louis Salvator, near the trendy Cours Julien to 300F at the luxurious Hotel Mascotte 5, La Canebière, bang opposite the tourist office and with views over the harbour. Breakfast tends to be extra so sod it and head for a café.

GETTING AROUND

Most of the obvious places to visit are near the port or just off La Canebière's main drag, which makes Marseilles very walkable. Buses and trams are available but not cheap, so get yourself a carnet of six tickets for 41F or a day pass for 20F. Taxis are an occasional luxury.

Look at the size of my meat



INFORMATION

The main Tourist Office is at 4, La Canebière, tel 91 549111. It's just next to the old port's café-laden harbour area. Also worth a look is the free local listing magazine, *Taktik*, which comes out every Wednesday and is available free from the tourist office, the Virgin Megastore at 75 Rue St-Ferrol and the FNAC music shop on the top floor of the Bourse shopping centre.

EATING

Worth trying are Dar Djerba, 15 Cours Julien, a mosaic-panelled Tunisian restaurant with a mean cous-cous. It's around 150F per person. Watch out for the stuffed camel's head.

Lets Mets de Provence, 18 Quai Rive Neuve, caters for more trad Provençal fare. Try it at midday when the lunch menu is far cheaper.

DRINKING

Marseilles' sunniest harbour cafe is La Samaritane, 2 Quai du Port, with a terrace overlooking the port, making it ideal for a quick beer. Le Cadratin, 17 Rue St-Saens, is a student hang-out with cheap drinks and a rowdy jukebox.

CLUBS

La Cave à Jazz, 24 Quai de Rive-Neuve, and Le Dégust Rock, 12 Place Jean-Jaures, cover live music ranging from ragga to heavy metal.

L'Excess, 2-4 Rue Fortia, is the only techno club in town and Le Trolleybus, 24 Quai de Rive Neuve, is where the chart kids hang-out. Women may get in free, blokes pay up to 100F.

Le Nouveau Cancan, 20 Rue Senac. Contraception was only legalised in France in 1967 but here they give them out on the door. And they're extra thick. Say no more.

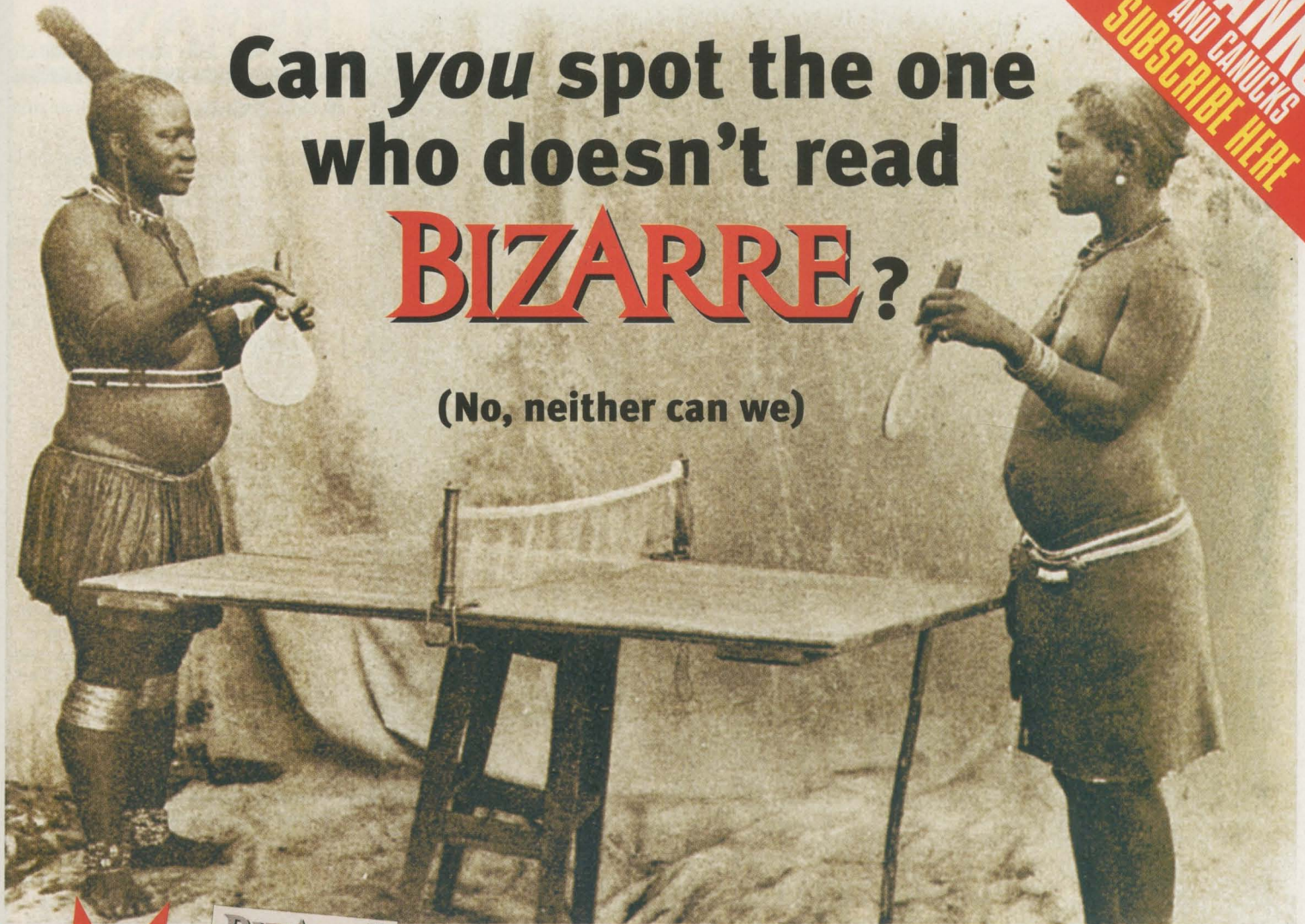
David Atkinson flew to France with Easyjet from Luton airport (bookings 0990 292929). Flights cost around £90 return to Nice.



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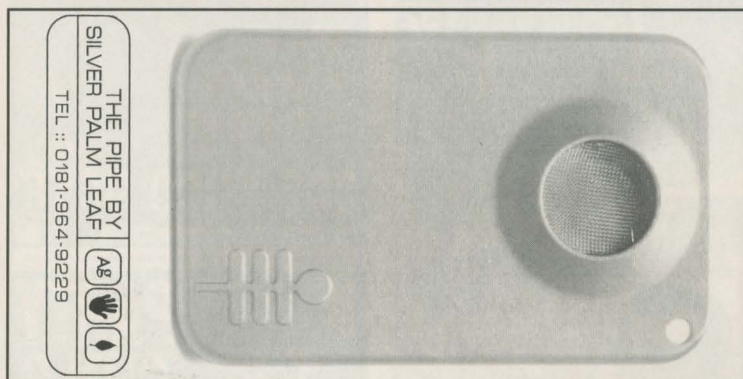
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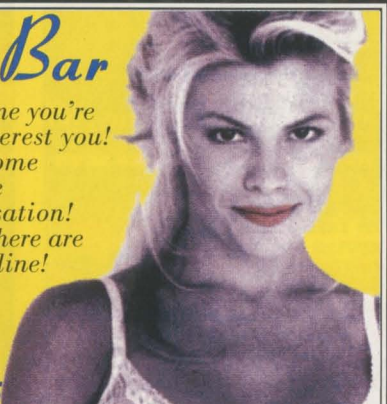
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BIZARRE BAZAAR

HOW TO ATTRACT GIRLS

Contact 18 will give you an unfair advantage with women - Guaranteed (or your money back)!

Everyone knows that some men (a tiny minority) are able to instantly attract women. It used to be known as "animal magnetism". Scientists now say this natural attraction is due to pheromones - body smells that are not consciously detected, but that affect the behaviour of others towards the person giving off these chemical signals. It's nature's way of attracting the opposite sex.

Scientists have now isolated and synthesised two natural attractants - ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone. Carefully controlled experiments show they work and have been widely reported on television and in the press. Androstenone pheromone has been successfully tested on BBC TV's "Tomorrows World" and by Desmond Morris (Author of "The Naked Ape" and "Manwatching" and renowned human behaviourist) on BBC TV's "Friday Night ... Saturday Morning."

WHAT THE PRESS SAY:

- * "The woman finds the man attractive but she doesn't know why." - *Lifestyle*.
- * "The stuff attracts women like you wouldn't believe." - *Colorado Telegraph*.
- * "Pheromones influence human behaviour in a subtle way. Women are attracted to the smell." - *The Daily Telegraph*.
- * "A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females." - *Time* (Vol.115 No.2)
- * "The scent is likely to produce a state of sexual excitement or arousal." - *Men Only* (Vol.44 No.4)
- * "And now this pheromone has been marketed, we've tested it - and good grief, it works". - *Knave*.
- * "Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair" - *The Sunday Times*.
- * Lowell Ponte, a former consultant on exotic weapons and a *Readers Digest* science writer, said in an interview that "use of the recently discovered chemical Androstenone should be banned - Congress should pass a law making it a crime to use this chemical to influence voters by making politicians appear more lovable." - *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

As featured on T.V. and Radio.
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Why Pheromones = Instant Sex Appeal!!

Pheromones are a chemical sex signal that all animals secrete to attract the opposite sex. Most sexual behaviour of animals is controlled by pheromones. They are nature's chemical sex signal to attract the opposite sex. Humans are of course also animals and we produce the same class of aromas which subconsciously affect our behaviour.

ANDROSTENOL (5 ALPHA ANDROST - 16 - EN - 3 ALPHA - OL) is a very powerful chemical in this field and is associated with youthful exuberance. Men on average produce about two to three times as much as women.

The aroma of ANDROSTENONE (5 ALPHA ANDROST-16-EN-3-ONE) seems to be the very essence of aggression or dominance in man. A Home Office criminal pathologist found in a survey of a prison population, that it was the people in the violent wing who were naturally high secretors of it. The value of Androstenone is reflected in its open market price. In small quantities it is £9,100 per gram coming down to £4,595 per gram if bought in bulk.

The effect a smell has on us depends very much on the way it is presented. If a man had the smell of territorial aggression about him, yet displayed a gentle caring character, he would be perceived as even more attractive by women. This echoes the phenomenon in

the animal kingdom, where a mate is chosen for his greater strength and vigour.

It has been proven by independent research (1) (2) that if you take a row of say ten identical chairs and spray one of them with Androstenone's aggressive odour, women sit on it more often. It is believed that as the chairs offer no difference to the smell message and are definitely not threatening, women subconsciously go towards them and find it to be some kind of invisible sanctuary.

Yet More Pheromone Facts...

- 'Boarmate' and 'Acceptance' are sprays containing pheromones which farmers use to prepare livestock for artificial insemination. The spray encourages the female animal to take up the mating posture.
- Other pheromones can induce anger or fear. The C.I.A. are using Pheromones for interrogation purposes and the U.S. Army in Crowd Control experiments. It is thought that the U.S. Air Force is experimenting with fear inducing crop spraying for use in jungle warfare
- The use of Pheromones in Perfumes has been barred in some American States for fear that people might lose all control.

The power of pheromones has been featured on 20/20, Dateline, and in articles in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Chic*, *Swank*, *Vogue*, *Omni*, *Discovery* and numerous medical journals, television shows and newspapers from *The Times*, to *The Sunday Times*, to *The New York Times* to *The Los Angeles Times*!

Androstenone is blended with Androstenol in CONTACT 18 so that every time you wear it, you will give out a natural chemical signal to women that will subtly encourage them towards you (and they will not know why).

It doesn't matter what you look like. When you use tCONTACT 18 you will enjoy more eye contact, more conversations, more dates and more sex. We are so convinced you will see the difference, that if you're not completely satisfied with the results you experience, just return the unused portion and we will refund your money with no questions asked.

References.

- (1) Dr M.D. Kirk-Smith, Pheromonal Components in Social Attitudes, Mood and Behaviour. Department of Psychology, Faculty of Science and Engineering, University of Birmingham.
- (2) Dr. Tom Clark, World Medicine.

New improved formula CONTACT 18 from G.K.S. Research Technology, maker of Pheromone products for over 9 years, contains both ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone and produces an undetectable scent that subconsciously attracts women to the wearer. It is the world's number one selling and most concentrated (5-7 x normal active strength) pheromone spray for men - don't be misled by cheaper (or more expensive) imitations.

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He's the world's leading expert on serial killers, he was a consultant for the *Millennium* series and *Silence of The Lambs*, and he's tracked down some of the most extreme murderers of the last thirty years. MARK BLACKLOCK talks to...

Robert Ressler

With the millennium fast approaching, are you getting ready for a surge in bizarre violent crimes?

The aberrant population of our society is always present. The film *A Clockwork Orange* predicted that sometime in the future adolescent society was going to become increasingly psychopathic to the point where there would be monsters in our society. There is a certain amount of truth to that. American youth is becoming more ambivalent to their responsibilities; there is a great deal of selfishness, low moral standards and no stigma attached to committing crimes; and that's not a good thing. In the United States we just had a terrible mass murder committed by kids. You can't imagine anything worse than Dunblane until you see two kids doing it.

Do you think that there's an element of exploitation to the media's coverage of serial killers?

The fact is that people are fascinated with this thing, they're just not going to stay away from it. I don't think it's particularly harmful. If anything, it enables the public to be more aware of the myths and realities of violent crime and serial murder.

Have you ever come across any serial killers who have taken their lead from fiction?

I think that the bizarre and unusual fantasies which serial killers develop through their lifetimes and which lead them to their crimes can be inflamed by various things – you might say the fuel is poured on the existing problems and they can be accelerated that way. I have seen violent

offenders who have taken cues from fiction and carried them out in real life. But even without the fiction they'd still have found a way of escalating their violent behaviour.

Have you been involved in any cases involving the unexplained or paranormal?

I've come across a number of vampire cases, werewolf cases, cannibal cases, and cases involving satanic or occult activities – but not aliens. None of them are really supernatural occurrences, but people who drink blood and eat human flesh.

So how often do you come across cannibalism?

On occasion. Jeffrey Dahmer was a cannibal, for example. The first chapter of my first book, *Whoever Fights Monsters*, was about a vampire I dealt with in Sacramento, California. He didn't suck blood, he scooped out the blood with a knife, then put it in a blender and mixed it with human organs. A hi-tech vampire.

Have there always been serial killers – have they only recently caught the macabre side of the public's imagination?

Serial killers have been around for a long time. You can go back to Jack the Ripper and the Whitechapel murders in the 1800s, but they date back even further than that. Even in the Middle Ages there were all these recorded cases of multiple homicides. The fact is that we can only publicise it now because we have connected these crimes, whereas previously there may have been ten murders but the

connections between them would have gone unnoticed. People saw them as ten different homicides. Today we're sophisticated enough to link them and investigate them, and we have a little knowledge about the violent offenders themselves. Serial killers were definitely around before, but I do think their numbers are escalating now.

Why do you think that's happening?

The world is becoming more educated and sophisticated, and there's a certain degree of emulation – copycat-type behaviour. When people see these crimes occurring, it can feed their fantasies. It's impossible to expect the media to do a news blackout on violent crime. Something you have in England is the bizarre focus on the royal family, but could you possibly get the media to say, "Let's not cover it, let's cut it out"? No. Look what's happening with Clinton's sex scandals in the States. The media's having a frenzy.

How much do you earn as an expert witness in court?

My fee is \$2500 dollars per day for expert witness work. My only problem is that there's too many cases.

Who would play you in the film of your life?

Good question. Someone macho like Clint Eastwood.

Do you ever have nightmares?

Not really. I have had frustration-type dreams. I have to admit that I have had dreams of trying to shoot somebody but the gun doesn't work. But that was back when I was working on the street.

What do you feel about the public's present fascination with the FBI?

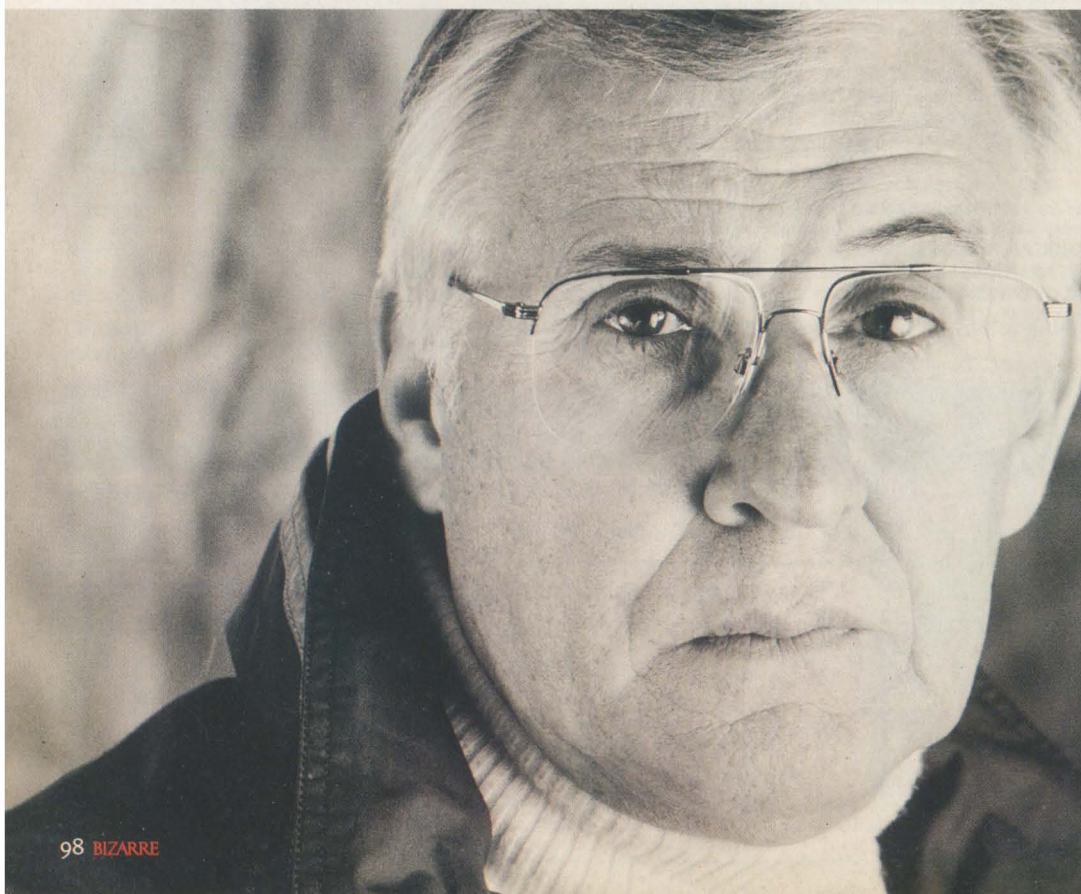
I don't think it's a bad thing. With the public's access to the news and entertainment media and the way they've really expanded in their scope over the past few decades, it's just a logical conclusion that people are finding out more and more about what the FBI does.

Twenty to thirty years ago people had little information about what the FBI really did, now there are books, TV documentaries, fictional TV series; and the public at large is becoming more educated about what the FBI does. FBI agents like myself are writing books about their work after they leave the FBI. Years ago the FBI would've gone berserk had this happened. Now they just accept it as a matter of fact.

Who are the Men in Black?

A fictional entity within the government structure. I don't know of any organisation that specifically deals with alien investigation, although it wouldn't surprise me, let's put it that way. Every single investigative arm of the federal government has its black operations, which are things that the public are not privy to. The Blues Brothers used to wear black suits – maybe they were in the FBI?

Robert Ressler's latest book, *I Have Lived In The Monster*, is published by Simon & Schuster, priced at £5.99, and is out now. The first series of *Millennium* is now available to buy on Fox Video, priced at £12.99. ■



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